

THE

ALL NEW FEATURES

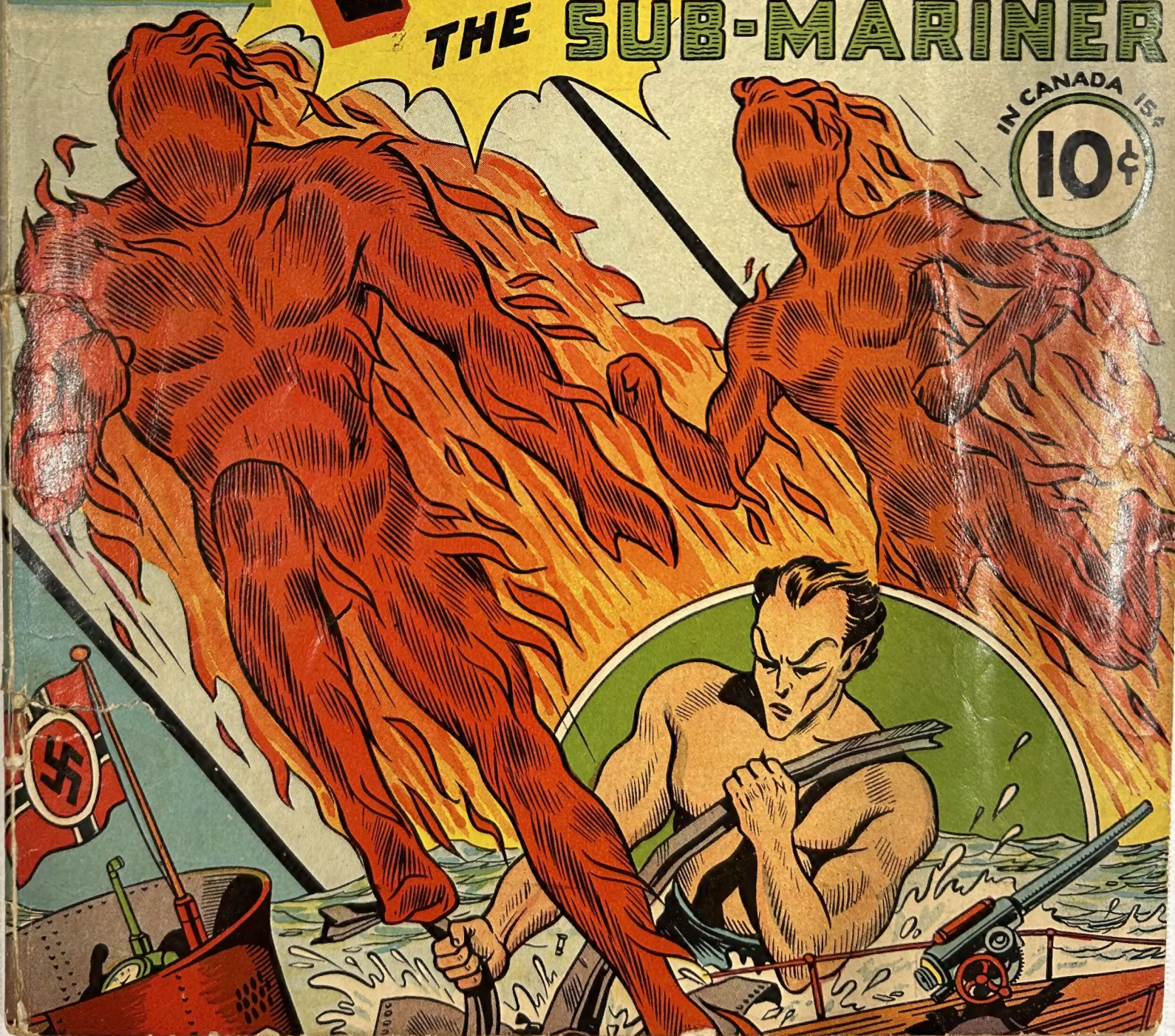
HUMAN TORCH

MARVEL COMICS
Special Features

FALL NUMBER

also
THE SUB-MARINER

IN CANADA 15¢
10¢



PN 6728.1 • M3 R4
no. 2

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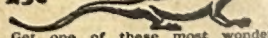
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The FLAMING TORCH KID

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WITH HIS FLAME ON...THE TORCH IS
ATTRACTED BY THE GAY COLORED TENTS
OF A TRAVELING CIRCUS BELOW...AND AS
HE NEARS THE GROUND, PANIC BREAKS
AS TORO...THE FIRE-EATING BOY, SUD-
DENLY TOPPLES FROM HIS STAND WITH
HIS BODY ABLAZE!

A BRAND NEW **TORCH** STORY
BY CARL BURGESS

THERE'S SOMETHING
STRANGE ABOUT THIS!
THAT BOY'S BODY IS
BLAZING—YET HE IS
NOT BEING BURNED!

INSTANTLY THE TORCH SUBDUES
THE BOY'S AND HIS OWN FLAME!

W-WHAT
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CAN'T SAY... BUT
IT'S MIGHTY
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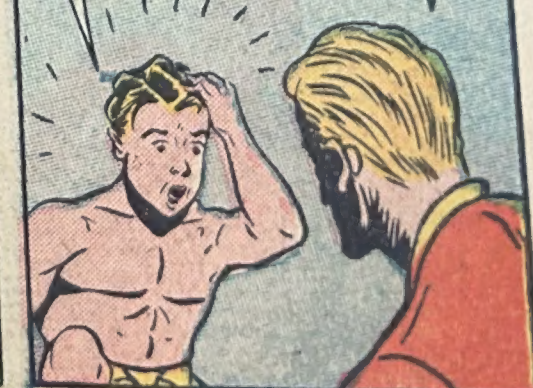


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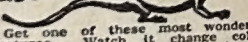


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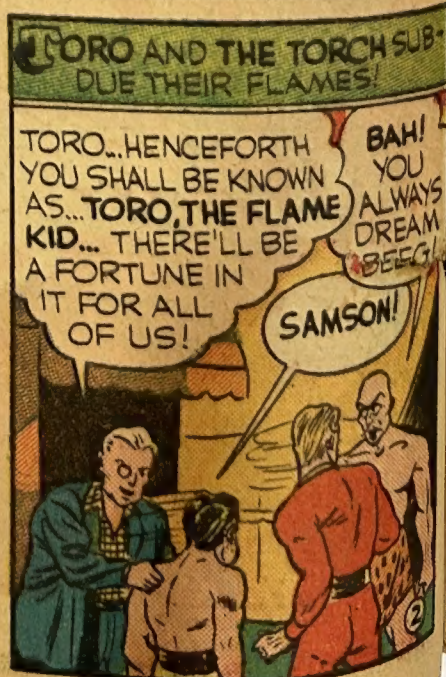
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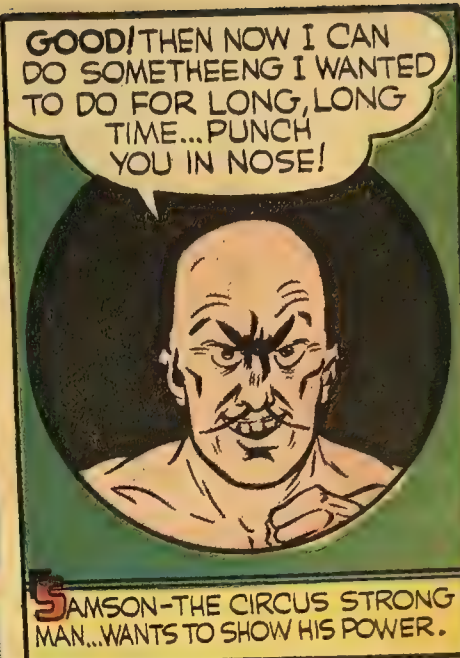
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BUT ALWAYS PAY OFF WEETH LEETLE MONIES! WHERE EES THE BONUS YOU PROMISED ME?

BONUS? AFTER MAKING US FOLD UP IN MEMPHIS? YOU BIG BUM- YOU'RE FIRED! GET OFF THE LOT!



GOOD! THEN NOW I CAN DO SOMETHEENG I WANTED TO DO FOR LONG, LONG TIME... PUNCH YOU IN NOSE!

SAMSON- THE CIRCUS STRONG MAN... WANTS TO SHOW HIS POWER.

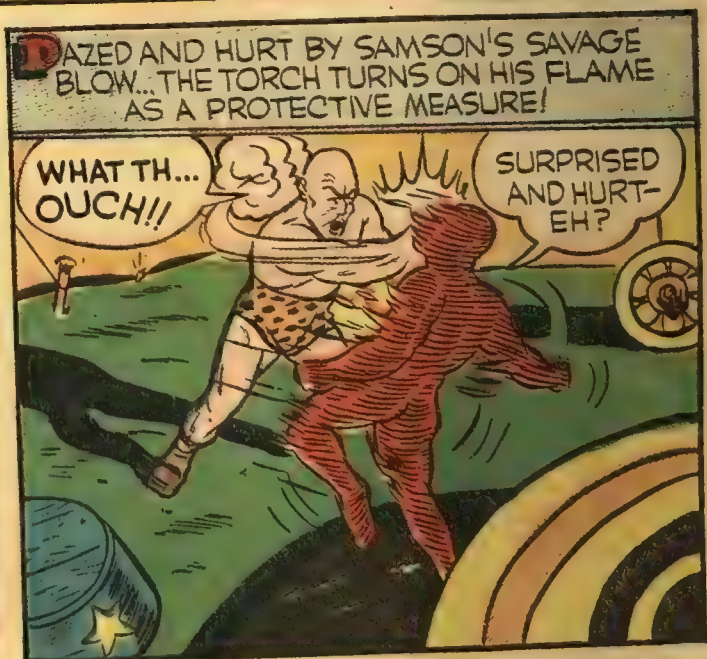


HOLD ON- STRONG MAN! FISTS DON'T ANSWER ANYTHING... RELAX!

OUT OF MY WAY- INSECT!



MEDDLESOME FOOL... HOW'S THEES?



DAZED AND HURT BY SAMSON'S SAVAGE BLOW... THE TORCH TURNS ON HIS FLAME AS A PROTECTIVE MEASURE!

WHAT TH... OUCH!!

SURPRISED AND HURT- EH?



THE TORCH THEN CRASHES HIS FLAMING FIST TO SAMSON'S JAW!

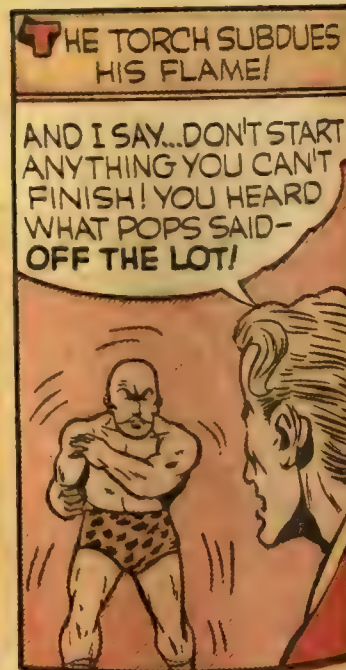
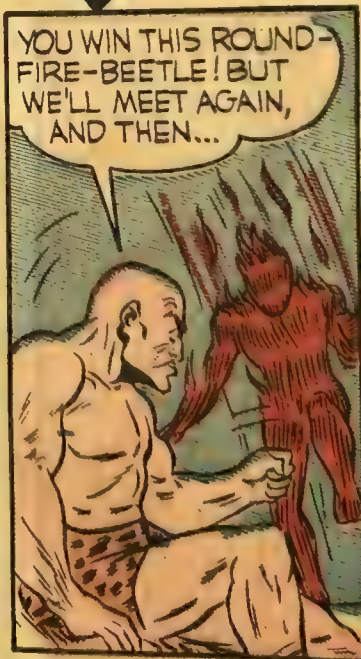
YOU ASKED FOR IT!

WH-O-O-O-OW!



NO ONE CAN DO THEES TO SAMSON AND GET AWAY WEETH EET!!

OKAY... MUSCLE BOUND! BUT REMEMBER... "THOSE WHO PLAY WITH FIRE GET BURNED!"



GS THE
E GROUND.



CH SUBDUES
FLAME!

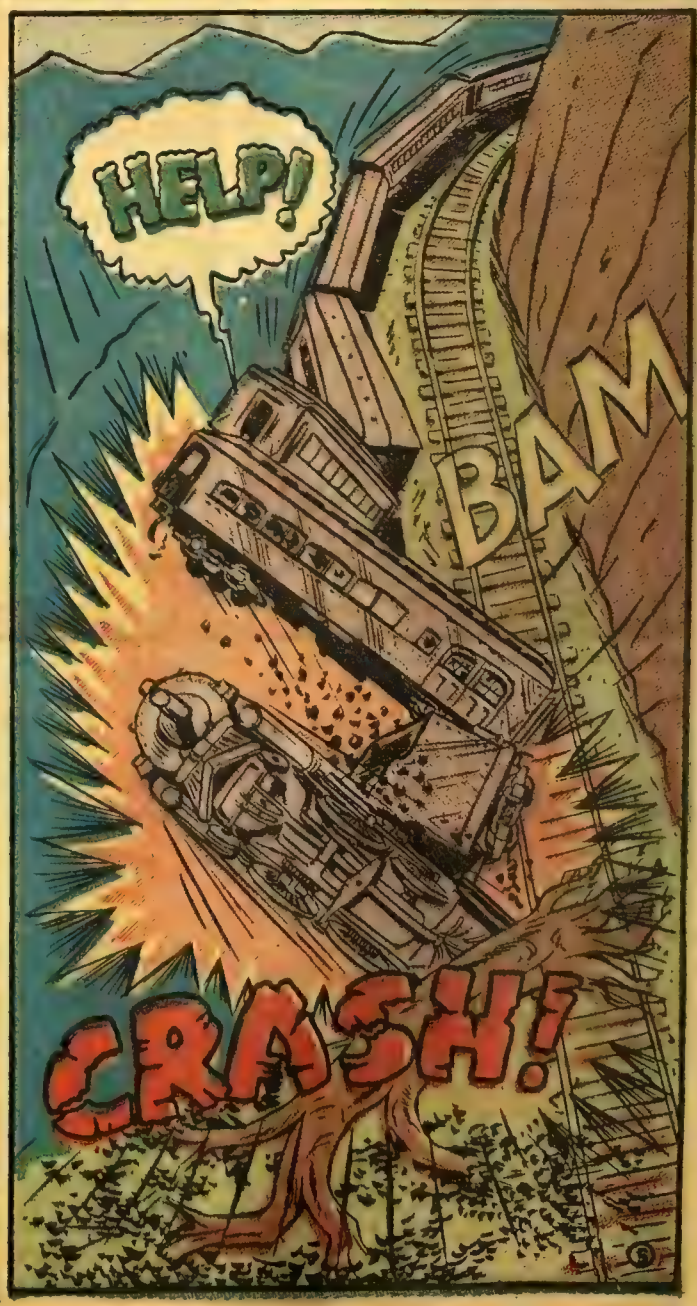
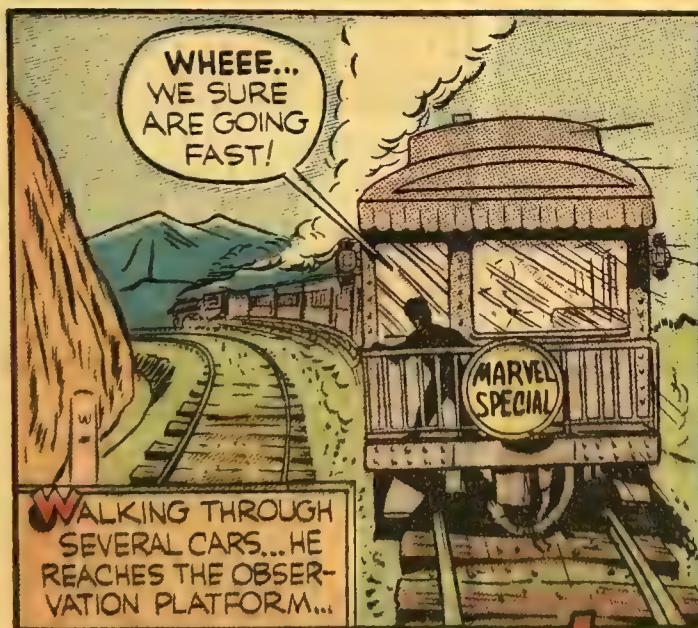
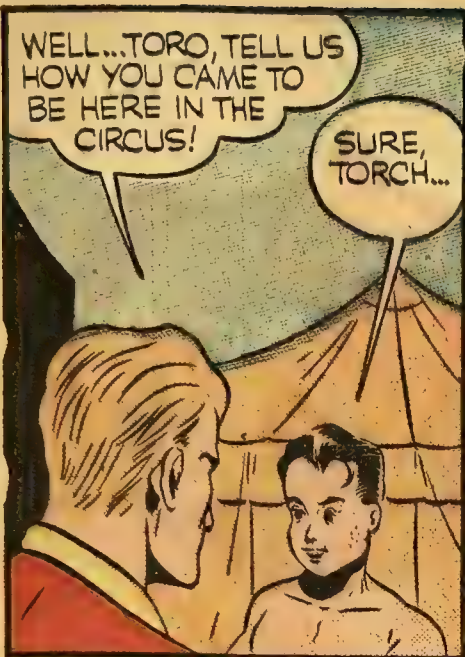
...DON'T START
YOU CAN'T
YOU HEARD
PS SAID--
LOT!



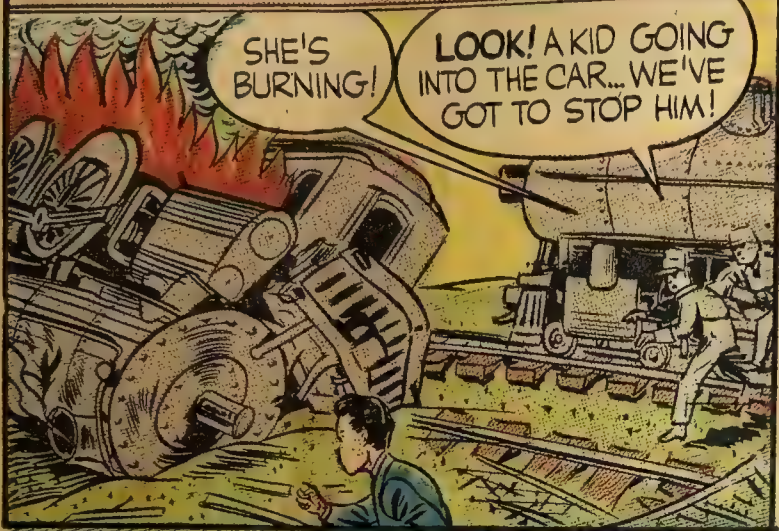
AND AS YOU
... ON
HOW!



TORCH AND TORO
THE DRESSING
TORO WILL REST
XT PERFORMANCE.



THE WRECKED TRAIN BURSTS INTO FLAMES AS A CIRCUS TRAIN SCREECHES TO A HALT ON THE OPPOSITE TRACK!



SHE'S BURNING!

LOOK! A KID GOING INTO THE CAR... WE'VE GOT TO STOP HIM!

MOMMY...
M-MOMMY!
DAD... DAD!

HOLD IT, SON!
YOU CAN'T GO IN THERE! YOU'LL BE BURNED ALIVE!



I DON'T CARE!
LET ME GO...
LET ME GO!



LIKE A SLIPPERY EEL... THE BOY SQUIRMS OUT OF THE STRANGER'S GRASP!



MOMMY...
DADDY...
I'M COMING!

THE FLAMES LASH AT THE BOY AND FORCE HIM BACK...



POOR KID--
HE'S FAINTED!

POOR CHILD!
IF WE COULD ONLY
DO SOMETHING
FOR HIM!



MAYBE
WE CAN...
LOOK!

WHAT
IS IT,
TOM?



W-WHAT
HAPPENED?
WHERE'S MO
DADDY? OH
REMEMBER
THE FIRE!



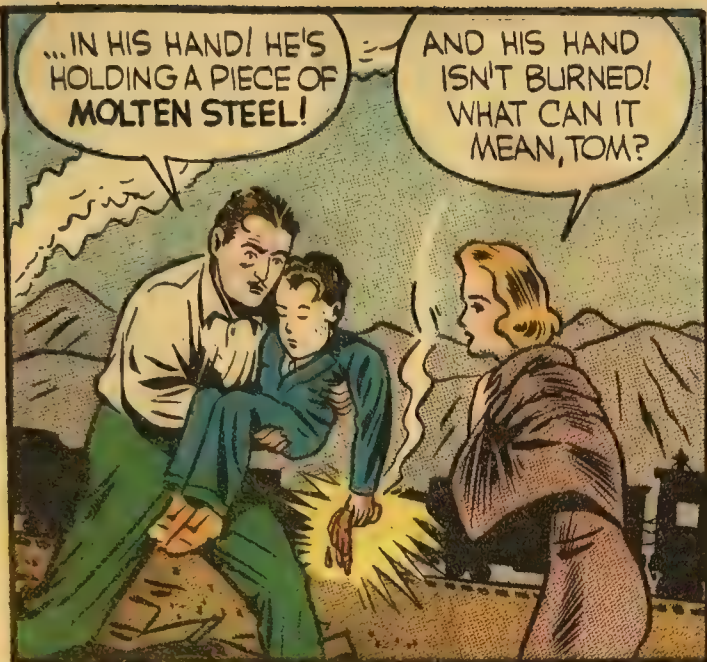
HOW ABOUT
WE'RE THE
ATTRACTION
POP'S TRAVEL
CIRCUS



ON!
GO IN
'LL BE
LIVE!

...IN HIS HAND! HE'S
HOLDING A PIECE OF
MOLTEN STEEL!

AND HIS HAND
ISN'T BURNED!
WHAT CAN IT
MEAN, TOM?



I DON'T KNOW... BUT IT LOOKS
LIKE WE'VE FOUND THE GREATEST
ATTRACTION IN THE WORLD!
HE'S WAKING UP!



AT THE
BACK...

W-WHAT
HAPPENED?
WHERE'S MOMMY?
DADDY? OH...I
REMEMBER-
THE FIRE!

YES...YOU
RAN RIGHT
INTO IT!
WEREN'T
YOU AFRAID?



GEE...NO! **FIRE**
NEVER HURT ME!
I USED TO PULL
BAKED POTATOES
OUTA THE FIRE
FOR THE
GANG!

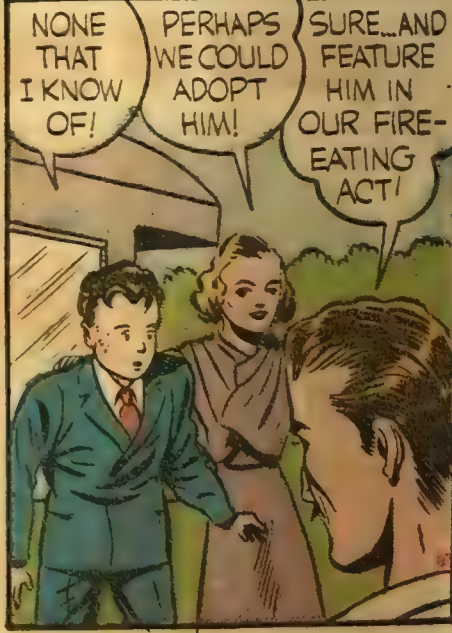
INCREDIBLE!
HAVE YOU ANY
RELATIVES
WE CAN
GET IN
TOUCH
WITH?



NONE
THAT
I KNOW
OF!

PERHAPS
WE COULD
ADOPT
HIM!

SURE...AND
FEATURE
HIM IN
OUR FIRE-
EATING
ACT!



HOW ABOUT IT, SON?
WE'RE THE MAIN
ATTRACTION IN
POPS TRAVELING
CIRCUS!

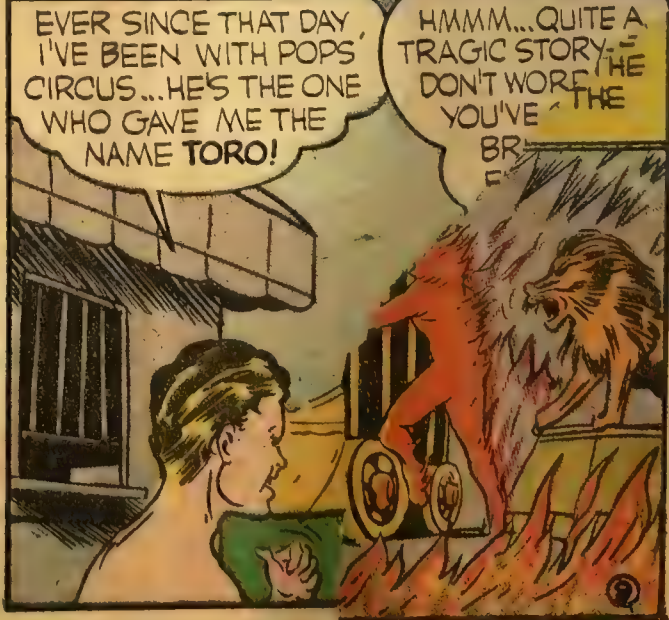
SOUNDS
ALL RIGHT
TO ME!

WE'LL
MAKE
YOU
HAPPY!

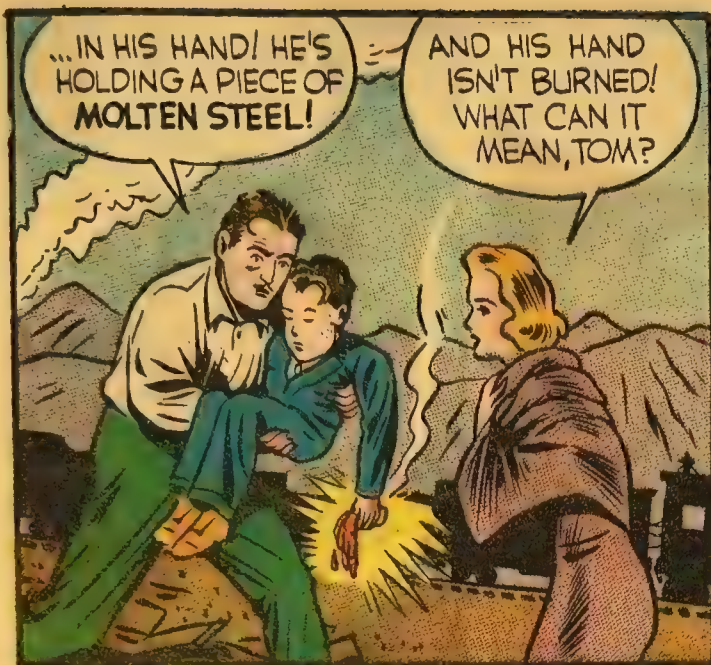


EVER SINCE THAT DAY,
I'VE BEEN WITH POPS'
CIRCUS...HE'S THE ONE
WHO GAVE ME THE
NAME **TORO!**

HMMM...QUITE A
TRAGIC STORY...
DON'T WORRY...
YOU'VE GOT THE
BR...



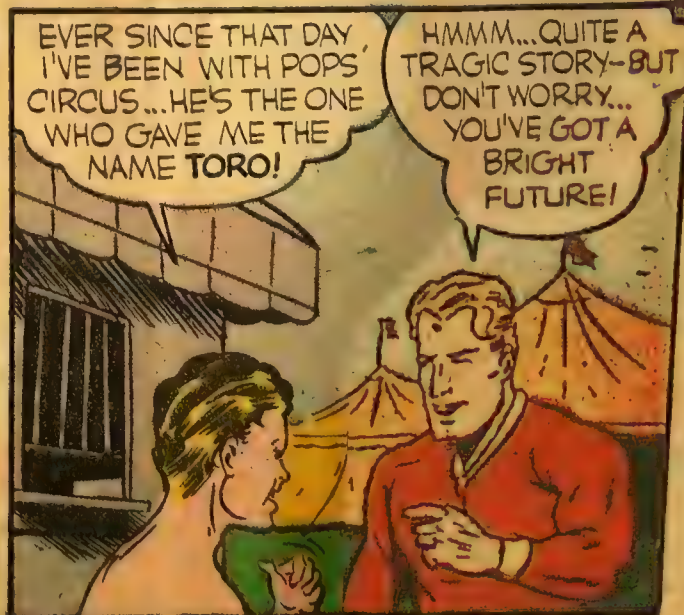
ON!
GO IN
'LL BE
LIVE!



AT THE
BACK...



AT
T,
M?



ONE WEEK LATER...IN THE BOX OFFICE.

WOW! WHAT A DAY, TORCH! A COMPLETE SELLOUT...NOT A SEAT LEFT IN THE HOUSE!

WHAT'S THAT NOISE, POPS?

OH...THAT MEANS TORO IS ABOUT TO GO INTO HIS NEW ROLE AS THE FLAME KID! LET'S WATCH IT!

THE BALLYHOO BEGINS AS THE NEW "SENSATION" IS ANNOUNCED!

JUMPIN' FIRE! WHAT AN OPENING SPECTACLE THIS IS!

THIS IS ONLY A STARTER TORCH!

SUDDENLY HIS PERCH A THE AIR...FOR LETTER T... SHOW

TORO IS COMING!

TORO IS HERE!

WELL- I'LL...DO YOU SEE WHAT?

YEP... THAT ADDED THE FINISHING TOUCH TO TORO'S TRAINING!

ENTER TORO, SEATED IN MID-AIR OVER A SOFT CUSHIONED, CLOWN-CARRIED CONVEYANCE...

IN THE
WHAT'S
THAT
NOISE,
POPS?

OH...THAT MEANS TORO IS
ABOUT TO GO INTO HIS
NEW ROLE AS THE FLAME
KID! LET'S WATCH IT!



THE BALLYHOO BEGINS AS THE
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JUMPIN' FIRE!
WHAT AN
OPENING
SPECTACLE
THIS IS!

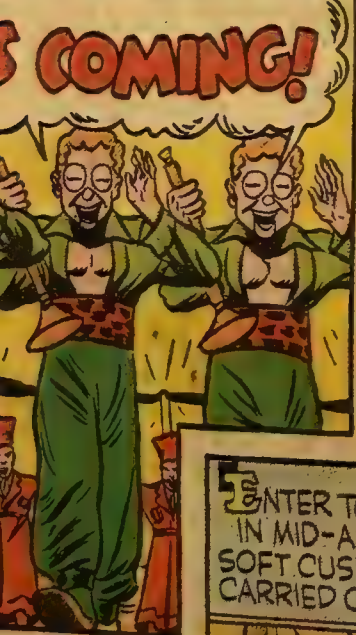
THIS
IS ONLY
A
STARTER,
TORCH!

SUDDENLY TORO LEAPS FROM
HIS PERCH AND WEAVES THROUGH
THE AIR... FORMING A BLAZING
LETTER T... THE CUE FOR THE
SHOW TO START!



WOW!

INSTANTLY SOL
DRUMS, TWO FEET
BROUGHT IN THE
THE RING, AND F
FEET APA



YEP... THAT
ADDED THE
FINISHING
TOUCH TO
TORO'S
TRAINING!

ENTER TORO, SEATED
IN MID-AIR OVER A
SOFT CUSHIONED, CLOWN-
CARRIED CONVEYANCE...



TORO IS HERE!

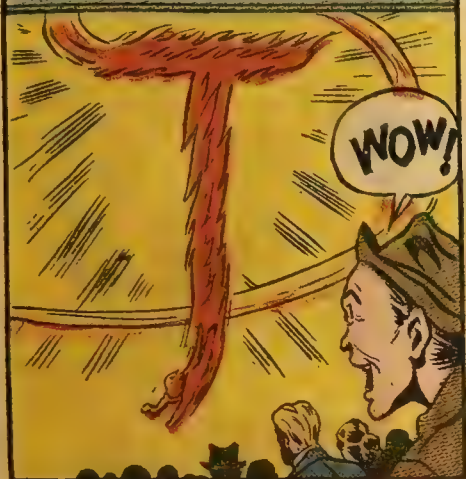


40-50-60...
HE MADE
IT!

NOW-
BRING
ANIM

LEAV
CAG
PRO

SUDDENLY TORO LEAPS FROM HIS PERCH AND WEAVES THROUGH THE AIR...FORMING A BLAZING LETTER T... THE CUE FOR THE SHOW TO START!



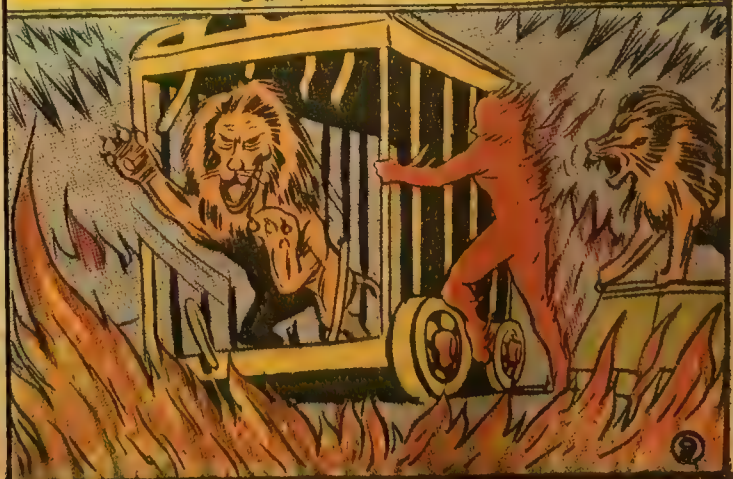
INSTANTLY SOLID STEEL DRUMS, TWO FEET THICK, ARE BROUGHT IN THE CENTER OF THE RING, AND PLACED FIVE FEET APART...



WATCH HIM, FOLKS...HE WILL MELT THROUGH THE STEEL AND DO A SOMERSAULT BETWEEN EACH IN EXACTLY SIXTY SECONDS...



LEAVING A CIRCLE OF FLAMES AROUND THE CAGES...TORO'S BLAZING HANDS MELT THE PROTECTIVE STEEL CAGE BARS...AND THE BEASTS ARE FREE!



SUDDENLY FIREMEN ENTER THE TENT AND OPEN THE HOSES ON THE BLAZING RING OF FIRE!

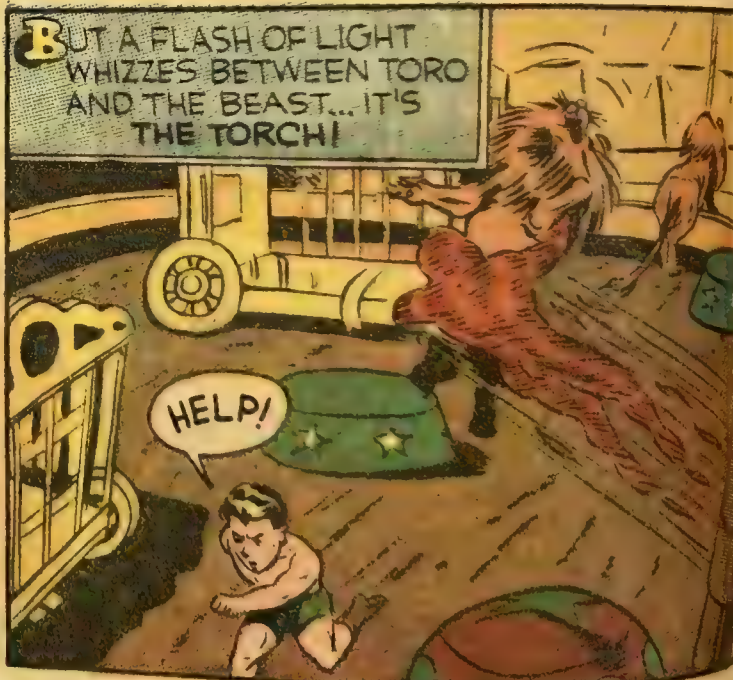


THE FOOLS! THEY ARE PUTTING OUT THE FLAMES... MINE INCLUDED!

AS THE FIRE HISSES OUT... THE BEASTS BECOME BOLD, AND MOVE SWIFTLY TO ATTACK THE CROWD!



MY FLAME WON'T WORK! YEOW! THAT LION IS AFTER ME!



BUT A FLASH OF LIGHT WHIZZES BETWEEN TORO AND THE BEAST... IT'S THE TORCH!

HELP!

AS THE LION DROPS TO THE FLOOR... THE TORCH TAKES TO THE AIR AND ROUNDS UP THE OTHERS!



BY SPREADING A SECOND CIRCLE OF FIRE AROUND THE ARENA, AS TORO'S SKIN DRIES HIS FLAME BRINGS THE BEASTS UNDER CONTROL.



THE TORCH THEN SUBDUES HIS FLAME.

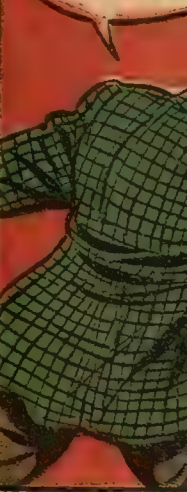


FOOLS! YOU ALMOST CAUSED A RIOT IN THE AUDIENCE! WE DIDN'T KNOW IT WAS AN ACT! SOMEONE REPORTED A FIRE HERE!

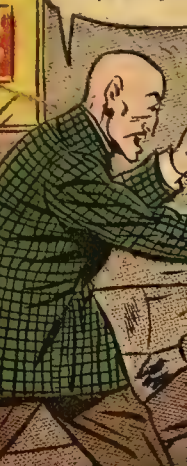
IT'S JUST A ASK ME- IS... SA



WHAT? FOOL TELL YOU TO WHEN HIS WAS OUT



CARAMBA! IDEA! THEES SUCCEED IN FIRE-BU



ONLY FIREMEN ENTER THE TENT
OPEN THE HOSES ON THE BLAZING
RING OF FIRE!

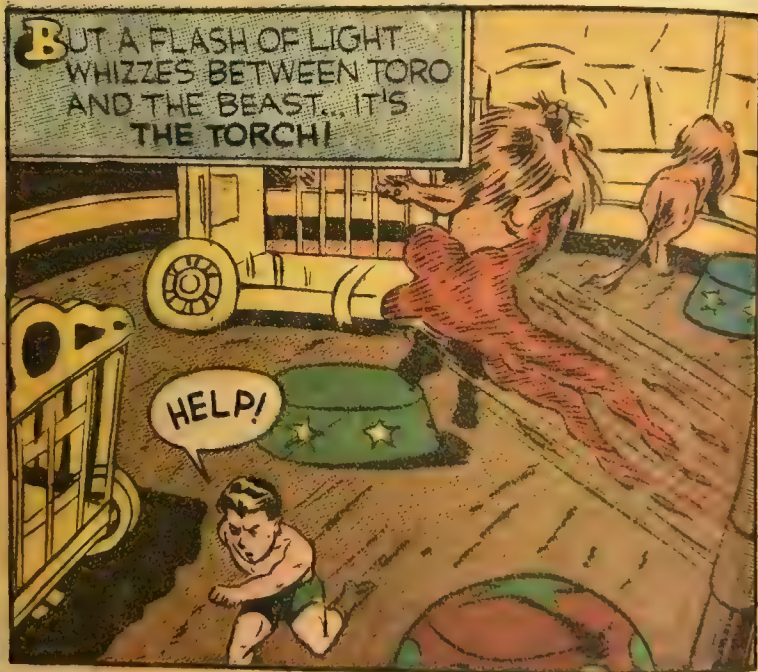


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HELP!

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THE AIR AND ROUNDS
UP THE OTHERS!



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FLAME BRINGS THE BEASTS
UNDER CONTROL.



THE TORCH THEN SUBDUES
HIS FLAME.

FOOLS! YOU ALMOST
CAUSED A RIOT IN
THE AUDIENCE!



WE DIDN'T
KNOW IT
WAS AN ACT!
SOMEONE
REPORTED A
FIRE HERE!

IT'S JUST A HUNCH-BUT IF YOU
ASK ME-THAT SOMEONE
IS... SAMSON!



WHAT? FOOL! DIDN'T I
TELL YOU TO GET HEEM
WHEN HIS FLAME
WAS OUT?

EVERY
HAPPENED
I DIDN'T
A CHANCE



CARAMBA! I HAVE GREAT
IDEA! THEES TIME I'LL
SUCCEED IN GETTING
FIRE-BUG!



WHY
SAMSON
ARE





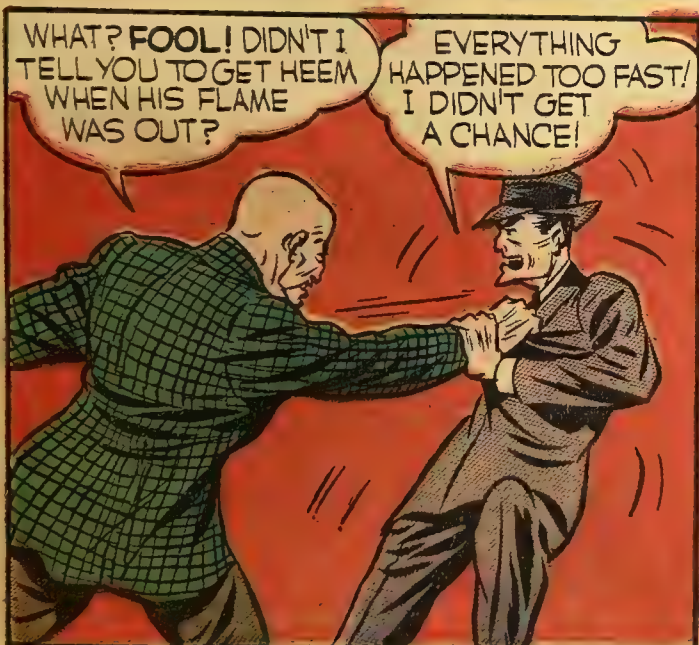
IT'S JUST A HUNCH-BUT IF YOU ASK ME-THAT SOMEONE IS... **SAMSON!**



MEANWHILE... NOT FAR AWAY--

HAH! BY NOW THEESE ANIMALS SHOULD HAVE HAD A HUMAN MEAL...NO? POPS' CIRCUS WEEL HAVE TO VAMOOSE-- THAT IS GOOD!

YOU'RE WRONG, SAMSON... I'VE JUST COME FROM THERE! THE TORCH PREVENTED THE BEASTS FROM ATTACKING THE AUDIENCE!



WHAT? **FOOL!** DIDN'T I TELL YOU TO GET HEEM WHEN HIS FLAME WAS OUT?

EVERYTHING HAPPENED TOO FAST! I DIDN'T GET A CHANCE!



BAH! THEES WEEL TEACH YOU TO BE FASTER THAN THE TORCH!

SLAPP



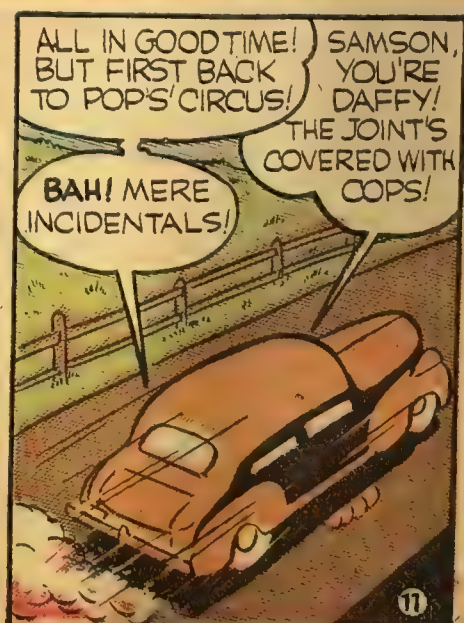
CARAMBA! I HAVE GREAT IDEA! THEES TIME I'LL SUCCEED IN GETTING FIRE-BUG!



WHAT'S THE RUSH, SAMSON? WHERE ARE WE GOING?

YEAH.. AND WHAT IS YOUR GREAT IDEA?

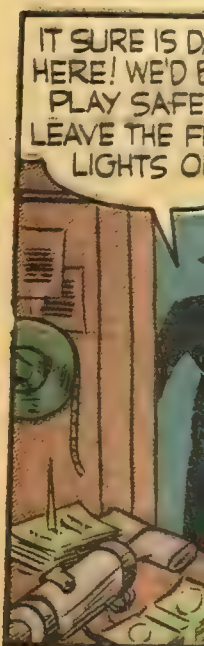
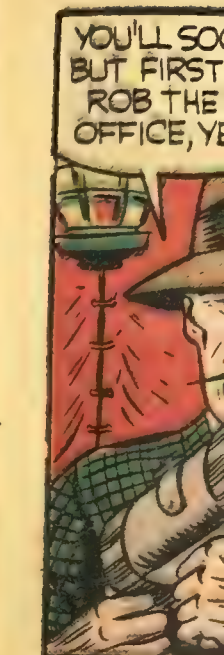
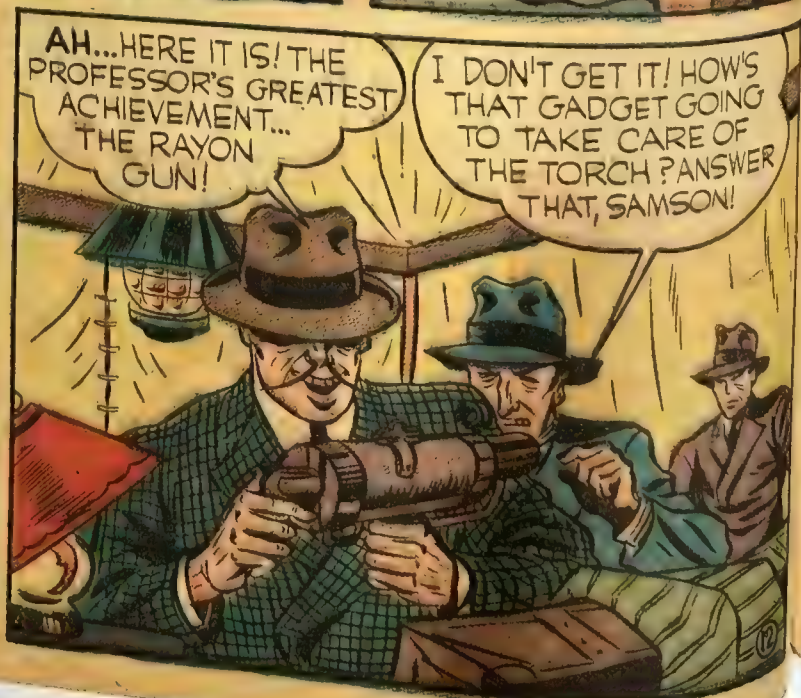
SAMSON KEEPS HIS MISSION A SECRET-AS HE AND HIS PALS START OUT...

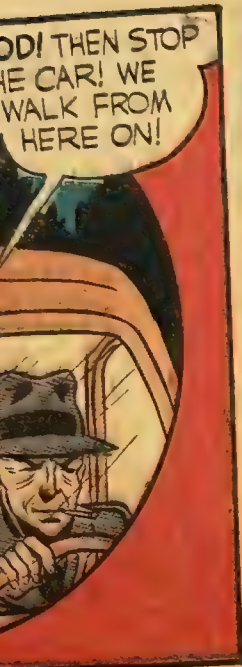


ALL IN GOOD TIME! BUT FIRST BACK TO POPS' CIRCUS!

SAMSON, YOU'RE DAFFY! THE JOINT'S COVERED WITH COPS!

BAH! MERE INCIDENTALS!



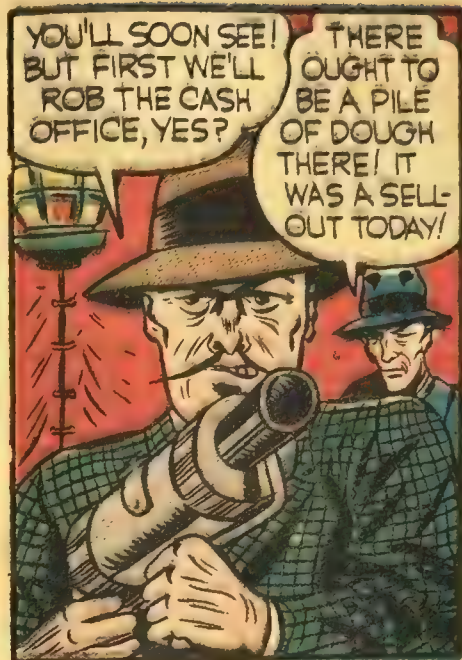


OD! THEN STOP
THE CAR! WE
WALK FROM
HERE ON!



SILENTLY AND SWIFTLY
SAMSON AND HIS MEN
MOVE PAST THE POLICE
AND MAKE FOR A TENT!

SURE IS QUIET
TONIGHT, TOM.



YOU'LL SOON SEE!
BUT FIRST WE'LL
ROB THE CASH
OFFICE, YES?

THERE
OUGHT TO
BE A PILE
OF DOUGH
THERE! IT
WAS A SELL-
OUT TODAY!



THERE'S THE BOX-OFFICE
HMMM...THAT'S FUNNY...
NO POLICEMEN
AROUND!

LOOK
THERE
HEAT
PADLOCK
THE DOOR



WELL...WHAT
DO YOU WANT...
TROUBLE
MAKER?

THE RAYON
GUN YOU
SHOWED ME!
I HAVE USE
FOR IT!



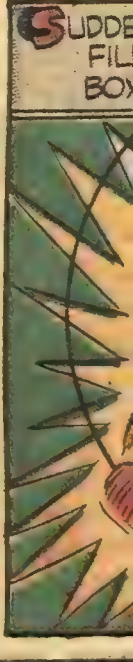
CONSARN YOU!
YOU'LL NEVER
GET MY
INVENTION...
NEVER!

VERY GALLANT,
PROFESSOR!



IT SURE IS DARK IN
HERE! WE'D BETTER
PLAY SAFE AND
LEAVE THE FLASH-
LIGHTS OUT!

VERY WISE! AH-H...
LOOK! OODLES OF
MONIES! WE
ARE RICH, NO?
HAH! THEES MAKES
UP FOR MY BONUS,
YES?



SUDDEN
FILM
BOY



AH...HERE IT IS! THE
PROFESSOR'S GREATEST
ACHIEVEMENT...
THE RAYON
GUN!

I DON'T GET IT! HOW'S
THAT GADGET GOING
TO TAKE CARE OF
THE TORCH? ANSWER
THAT, SAMSON!



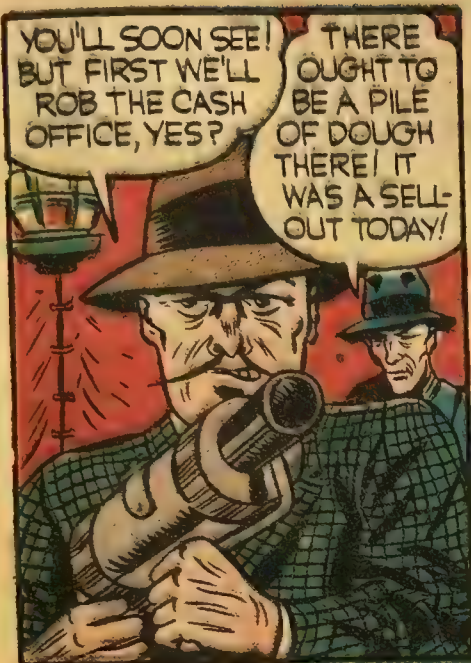
CARAMBA!
THE FIRE-BUG!
WHERE'S THE
RAYON GUN?
I'VE GOT IT!



WHAT TH-? THE
TORCH TURNED
OFF HIS FLAME!
HEY...O-O-W!

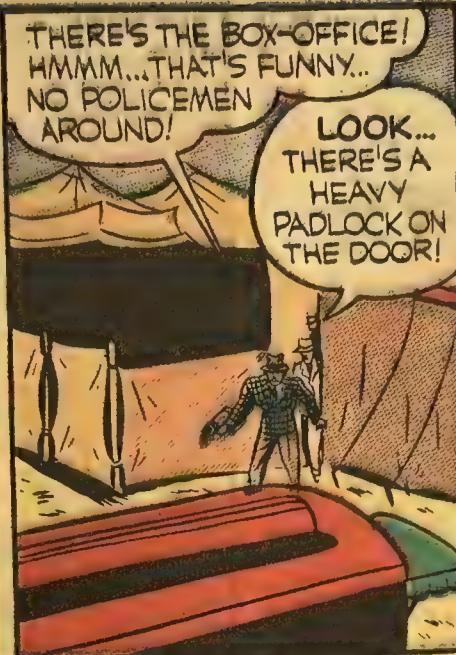
IT'S PIT
DARK H
I'M
GET
OU

SOCK



YOU'LL SOON SEE!
BUT FIRST WE'LL
ROB THE CASH
OFFICE, YES?

THERE
OUGHT TO
BE A PILE
OF DOUGH
THERE! IT
WAS A SELL-
OUT TODAY!



THERE'S THE BOX-OFFICE!
HMMM...THAT'S FUNNY...
NO POLICEMEN
AROUND!

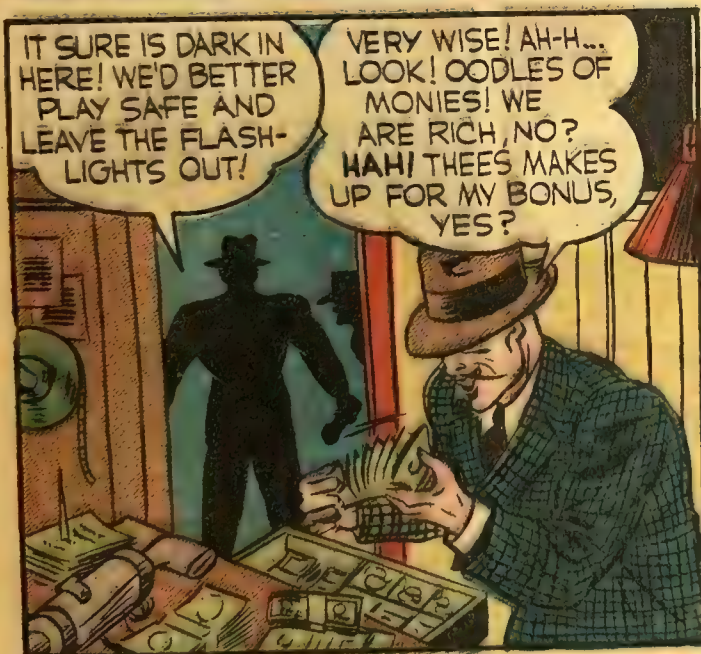
LOOK...
THERE'S A
HEAVY
PADLOCK ON
THE DOOR!



SAMSON GRASPS THE LOCK
WITH HIS BARE HANDS, AND
RIPS IT FROM THE DOOR!

THEES EES GOOD PRACTICE
FOR THE GREAT SAMSON...
NO?

SNAP!



IT SURE IS DARK IN
HERE! WE'D BETTER
PLAY SAFE AND
LEAVE THE FLASH-
LIGHTS OUT!

VERY WISE! AH-H...
LOOK! OODLES OF
MONIES! WE
ARE RICH, NO?
HAH! THEES MAKES
UP FOR MY BONUS,
YES?



SUDDENLY LIGHT
FILLS THE
BOX-OFFICE!

THAT'S WHAT YOU
THINK, SAMSON!
BUT I'M GOING
TO GIVE YOU
YOUR BONUS
--WITH FIRE!



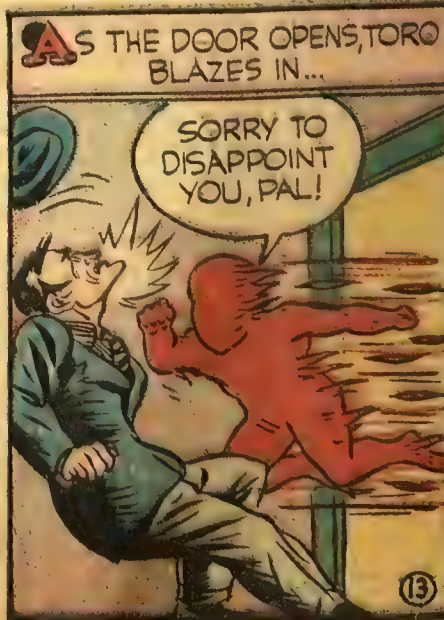
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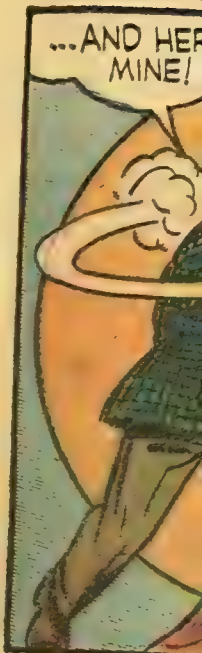
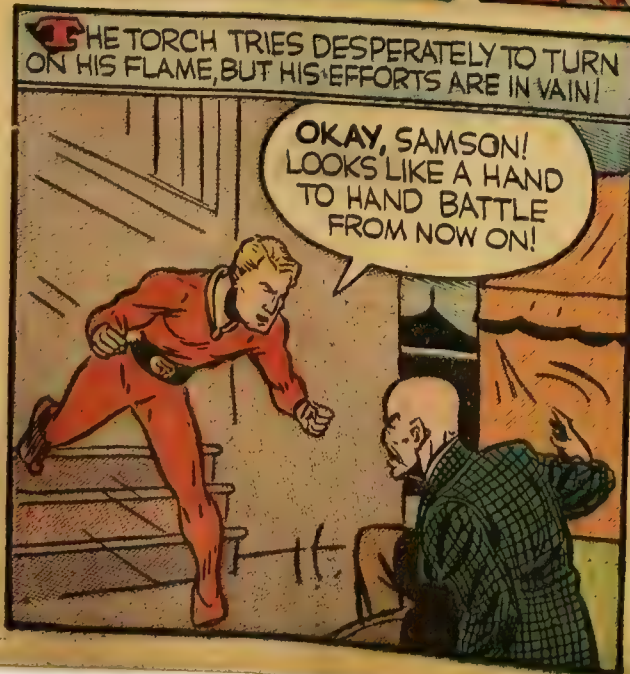
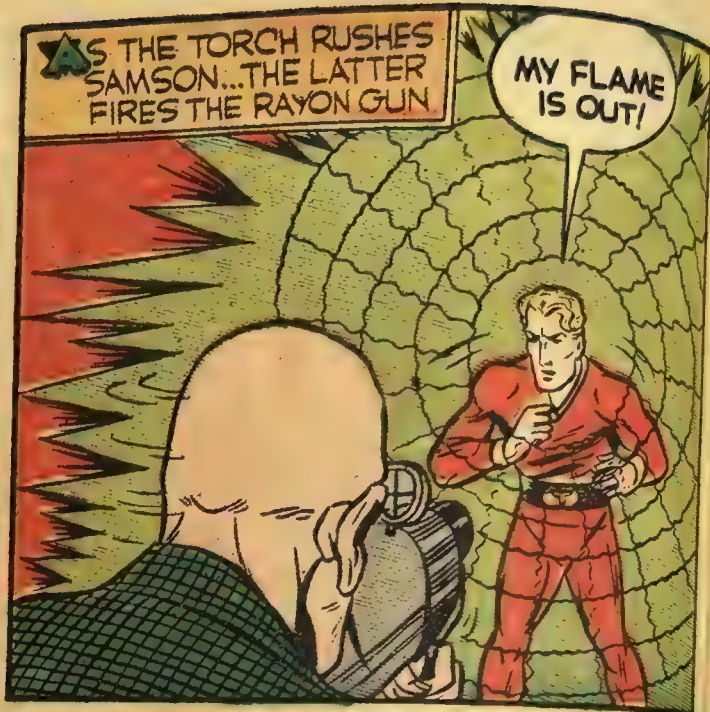
IT'S PITCH
DARK HERE!
I'M
GETTING
OUT!

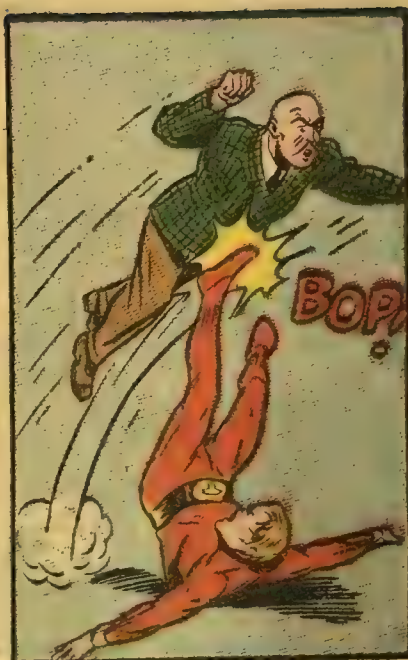
SOCK



AS THE DOOR OPENS, TORO
BLAZES IN...

SORRY TO
DISAPPOINT
YOU, PAL!





BUT SAMSON'S SUPERIOR STRENGTH BRINGS HIM BEARING DOWN ON THE TORCH AGAIN!

KICK ME IN STOMACH, EH?



WITH THE TORCH OUT COLD,SAMSON DRAWS HIS GUN!

NOW...WHAT TH-- POLICE!

HOLD ON-MISTER!



THE POLICE RUSH SAMSON BEFORE HE CAN PULL THE TRIGGER...BUT THE STRONG-MAN RACES TOWARD A NEARBY SQUAD-CAR!



SUDDENLY TORO...WITH HIS FLAME ON...WINGS IN FRONT OF SAMSON-CUTTING OFF HIS ESCAPE!

WHAT IN....



NEAT WORK, TORO! START CLOSING IN ON HIM... HE'S TRAPPED!

BUT HE'S STILL GOT THE GUN!





TRAPPED, EH? WELL...
NOT FOR LONG!
I SHOW THEM!



SAMSON TRIES A BREAK...

HE'S RUSHING
US!



BUT TORO...BEHIND SAMSON,
SENDS A SIZZLING BALL OF
FIRE WHISTLING PAST HIS HEAD!

CARAMBA!
WHAT'S THEES?



THE TORCH
CATCHES IT!

-AND NOW FOR A
LITTLE BALL GAME,
EH...TORO?

RIGHT!



YEOW! MY
MUSTACHE!
I-I-IT BURNED
OFF!

WE'RE
OFF!



THAT WAS ONLY
A SAMPLE...STRONG
MAN! NOW FOR SOME
REAL SPORT!

N-NO!
WAIT...
DON'T!

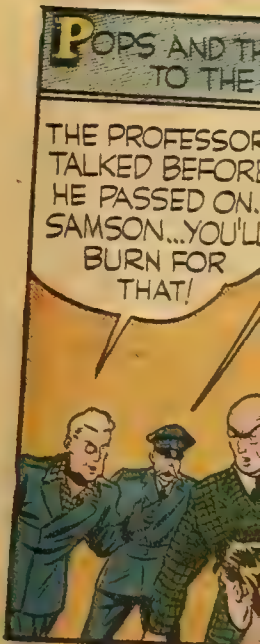


SO YOU'RE SCARED?
WELL...THE STATE
PEN WILL BE YOUR
NEW HOME FROM
NOW ON! TAKE
HIM, OFFICER!

BUT SAMSON'S TWO
HENCHMEN, RECOVERING
FROM THE TORCH'S AND
TORO'S BLOW'S...ESCAPE
UNNOTICED.



THERE'S
C'MON...

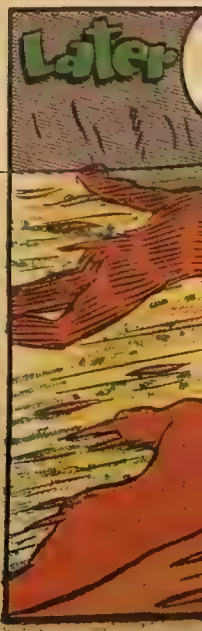
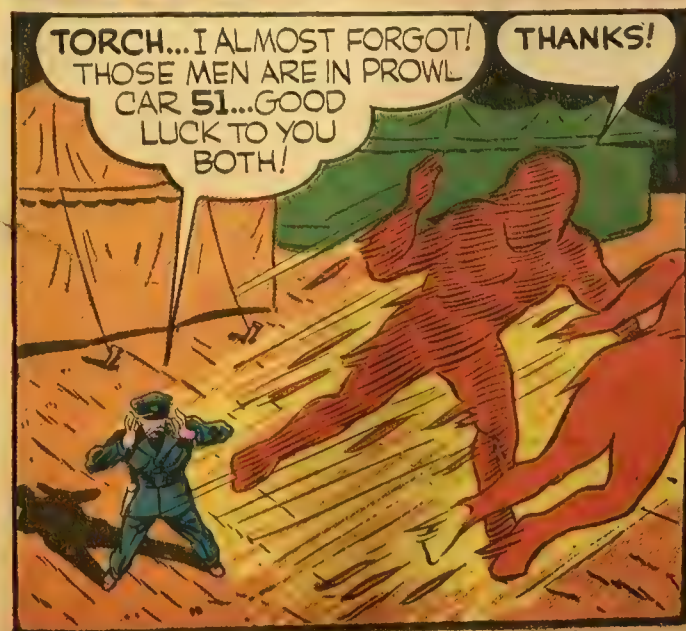
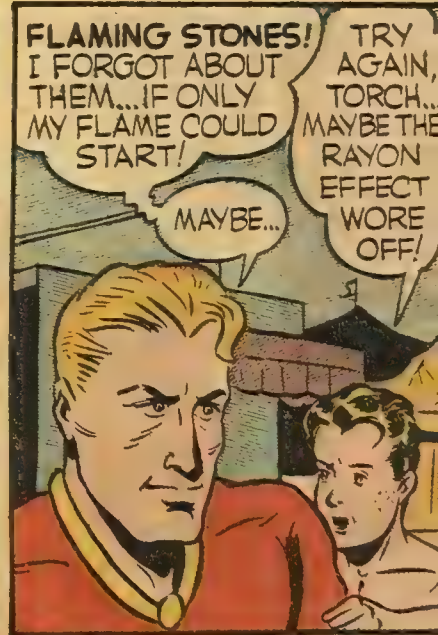
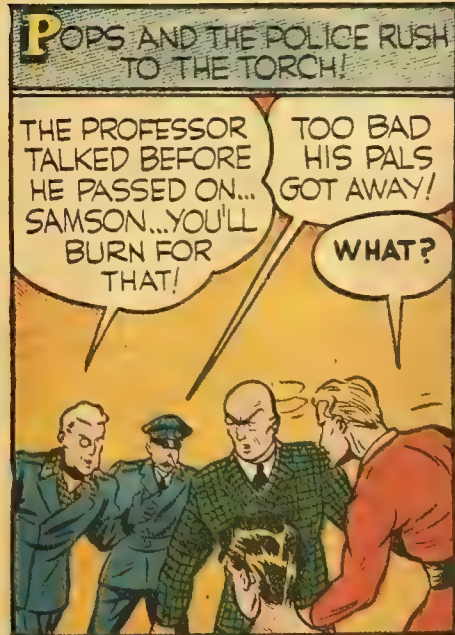
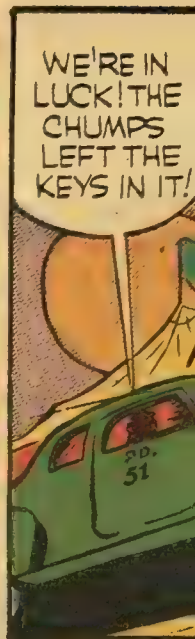
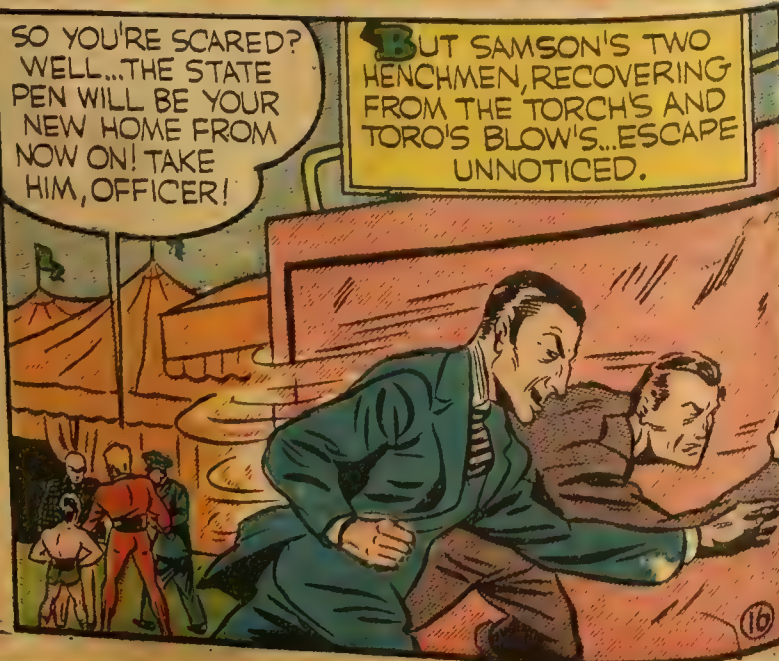


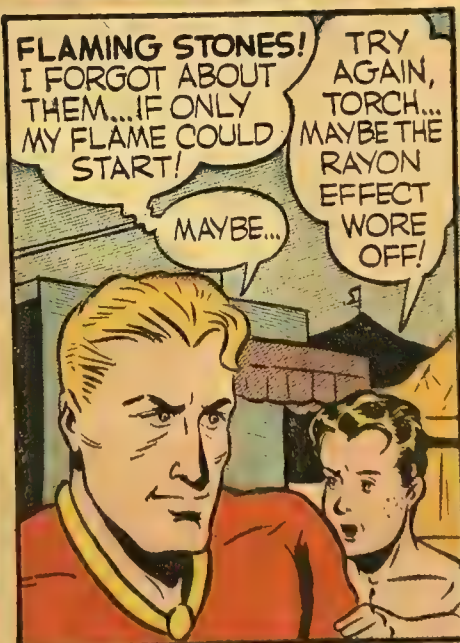
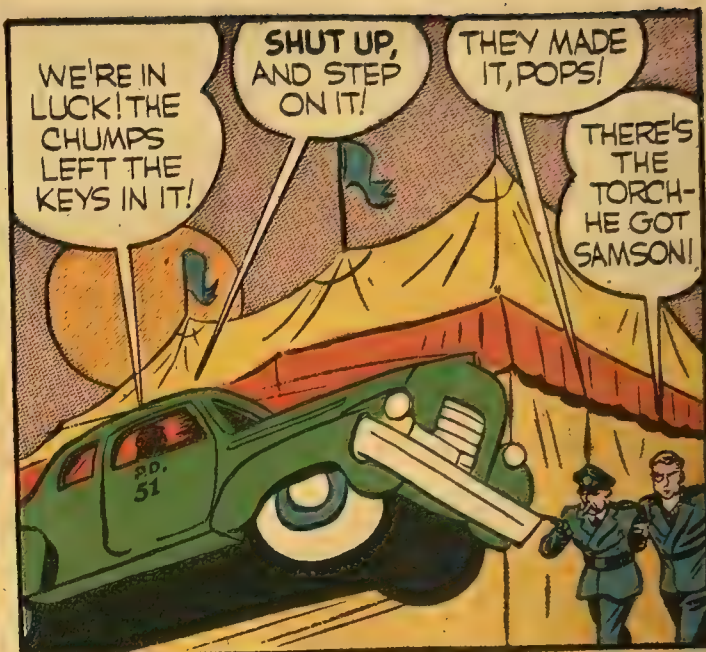
POPS AND TH...
TO THE

THE PROFESSOR
TALKED BEFORE
HE PASSED ON.
SAMSON...YOU'LL
BURN FOR
THAT!



TORCH...I ALM...
THOSE MEN A...
CAR 51...G...
LUCK TO...
BOTH





LIKE TWO BLAZING COMETS...THE TORCH AND TORO SWOOP DOWN ON EITHER SIDE OF THE FAST MOVING POLICE CAR...



...AND CRASH THEIR FLAMING BODIES INTO THE GET-A-WAY CAR!



INSIDE THE CAR...

THEY'RE MELTING OUR MOTOR!

WATCH OUT-- WE'RE GONNA CRASH!



AS THE CAR CRASHES INTO THE BOULDER...THE TORCH AND TORO LEAP TO SAFETY!



LOOK...THE TORCH AND TORO ARE COMING BACK! GET YOUR ROD...WE AIN'T GOIN' TO GIVE UP!



BUT FLAMES STREAK FROM THE TORCH AND TORO...INSTANTLY THE GUNS BECOME A MOLTEN MASS!

IT'S NO USE...WE'D BETTER GIVE UP!



THE TWO B

THE YELLOW ONCE THEIR GONE, THEY UP! SAY, TORO WE GOING TO BACK TO TH WITHOUT W



TIE THESE DO UP...LIKE TH START YOUR F TORO--ALL EX YOUR ARM, A GRAB THE OT END OF THIS ROPE!



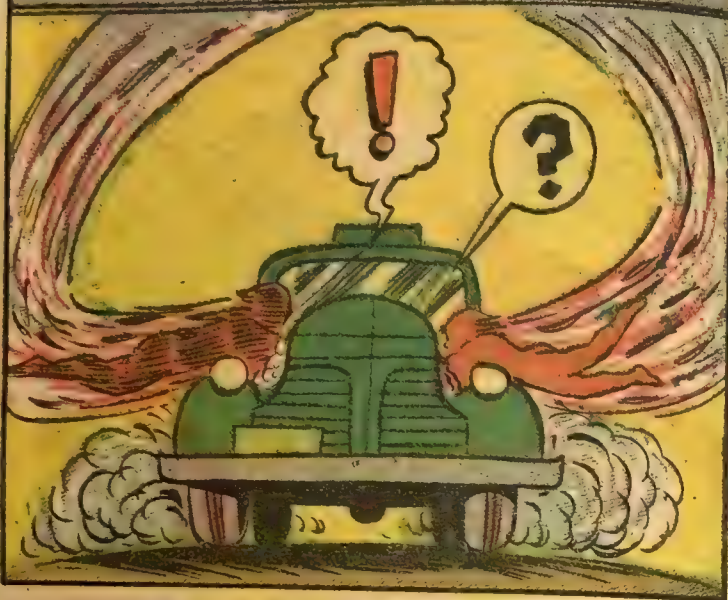
LATER...THE S LANDS ON THE

HA! THE LAW OF GRAVITY TOOK CARE OF THEM!



CH
DE

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GET-A-WAY CAR!



INSIDE THE CAR...

THEY'RE
MELTING OUR
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WATCH OUT--
WE'RE GONNA
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GONNA GIVE UP!



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THE TORCH AND TARO... IN-
STANTLY THE GUNS BECOME
A MOLTEN MASS!

IT'S NO USE...WE'D
BETTER GIVE UP!



18

THE TWO BLAZING FIGURES LAND AND SUBDUCE
THEIR FLAMES!

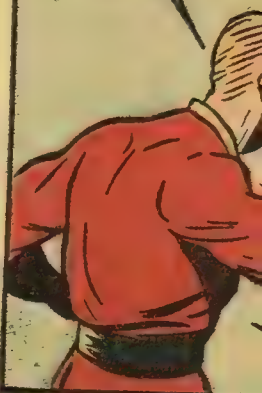
THE YELLOW RATS!
ONCE THEIR GUNS ARE
GONE, THEY EASILY GIVE
UP! SAY, TORCH... HOW ARE
WE GOING TO GET THEM
BACK TO THE CIRCUS
WITHOUT WALKING?

DON'T KNOW...
WAIT... I'VE GOT
IT!



THE TORCH
AND

HA! WE'RE
IN LUCK...
LOOK!



TIE THESE DOGS
UP... LIKE THIS!
START YOUR FLAME,
TORO-- ALL EXCEPT
YOUR ARM, AND
GRAB THE OTHER
END OF THIS
ROPE!

I GET
IT, TORCH!



THEY JUMPED
INTO THE AIR!
THEIR BODIES
BLAZING... EXCEPT
THEIR ARMS...
I DON'T
GET IT!

YOU
WILL IN A
MINUTE!



LATER... THE SMALL GROUP
LANDS ON THE CIRCUS LOT...

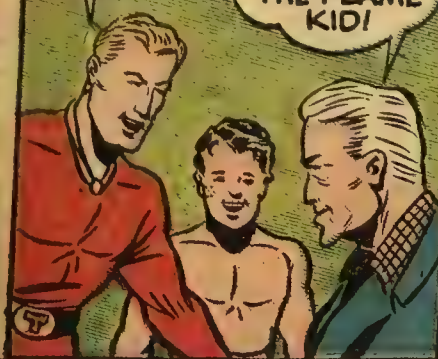
HA! THE LAW
OF GRAVITY
TOOK CARE
OF THEM!

NASTY
SPILL! BUT
THEY
DESERVED
IT!



...AND THAT-
POPS... ENDS
ANY FUTURE
TROUBLE
IN YOUR
CIRCUS!

YES, TORCH...
AND IT ALSO
MARKS THE
BEGINNING OF
THE GREATEST
SHOW ON EARTH...
WITH TORO--
THE FLAME
KID!



WRITING
THE H
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TIMELY
330 V
NEW

THE TWO BLAZING FIGURES LAND AND SUBDUCE THEIR FLAMES!

THE YELLOW RATS! ONCE THEIR GUNS ARE GONE, THEY EASILY GIVE UP! SAY, TORCH... HOW ARE WE GOING TO GET THEM BACK TO THE CIRCUS WITHOUT WALKING?

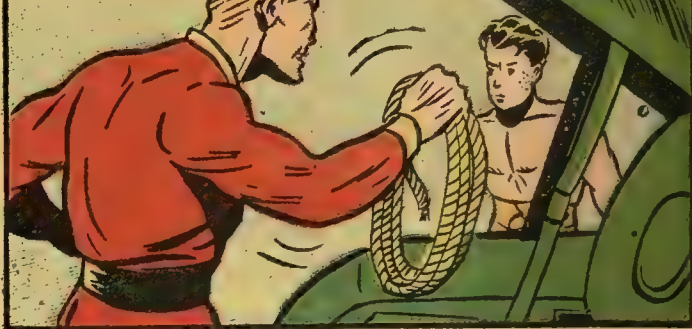
DON'T KNOW... WAIT... I'VE GOT IT!



THE TORCH MOVES TO THE WRECKED CAR AND OPENS THE TRUNK!

HA! WE'RE IN LUCK... LOOK!

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO WITH THE ROPE?



TIE THESE DOGS UP... LIKE THIS! START YOUR FLAME, TORO-- ALL EXCEPT YOUR ARM, AND GRAB THE OTHER END OF THIS ROPE!

I GET IT, TORCH!



THEY JUMPED INTO THE AIR! THEIR BODIES BLAZING... EXCEPT THEIR ARMS... I DON'T GET IT!

YOU WILL IN A MINUTE!



YEOW!! WE ARE GOING UP!

THEY'RE DRAGGING US THROUGH SPACE!



LATER... THE SMALL GROUP LANDS ON THE CIRCUS LOT...

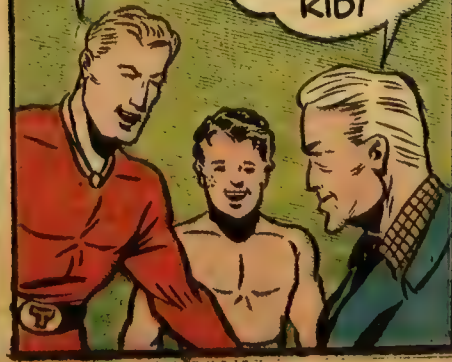
HA! THE LAW OF GRAVITY TOOK CARE OF THEM!

NASTY SPILL! BUT THEY DESERVED IT!



...AND THAT-- POPS... ENDS ANY FUTURE TROUBLE IN YOUR CIRCUS!

YES, TORCH... AND IT ALSO MARKS THE BEGINNING OF THE GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH... WITH TORO-- THE FLAME KID!



WELL... KIDS... THAT'S THE STORY OF TORO! IF YOU LIKED TORO, AND WANT TO SEE MORE OF HIM... WHY NOT WRITE TO ME... IF YOU DON'T-- JUST SAY SO! REMEMBER... THIS IS YOUR COMIC STRIP-- SO GET YOUR LETTERS IN! SO-LONG, FELLERS!

WRITE... THE HUMAN TORCH IN CARE OF TIMELY PUBLICATIONS 330 W. 42ND ST. NEW YORK CITY



Daily Express
 EXTRA!
 PRICE: 10 CENTS
 EDITION
 ALL 1940

MARINER

NEW YORK AGAIN!!!

IN OLD GOTHAM

NAMOR, THE MUCH FEARED AND RESPECTED PHENOMENON FROM THE ANTARCTIC ICELANDS, ONCE MORE INVADDES MANHATTAN!

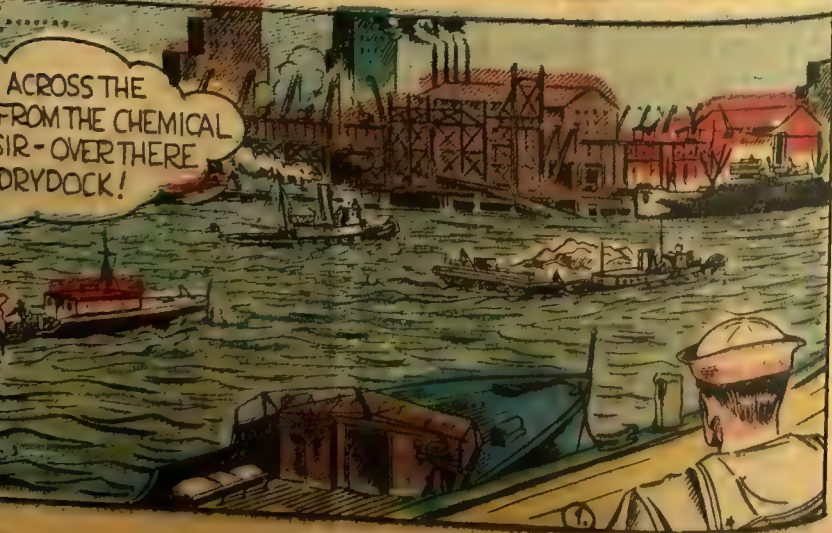
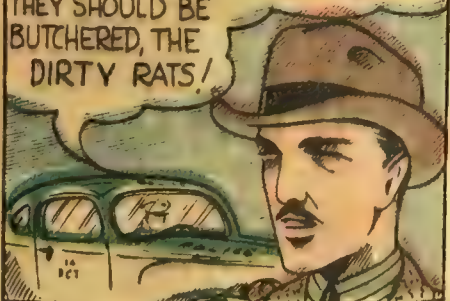
BY BILL EVERETT
 (SPECIAL TO MARVEL COMICS)

NEW YORK, N.Y. (Continued from page 1) ...

BUT HERE'S AN INTERESTIN' ARTICLE - SAYS THAT TH' 'FIFTH COLUMN' IS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE SINKIN' OF THEM FOUR NEW-FANGLED BATTLESHIPS AN' DESTROYERS IN TH' NAVY SHIP-YARDS AT BALTIMORE!



YES - I READ ABOUT THAT. THEY'VE DONE CONSIDERABLE DAMAGE, I UNDERSTAND - BOMBED A LOT OF GOVERNMENT PROPERTY, SHIP-YARDS, ARSENALS, ARMORIES, TRAINING CAMPS, AND THE LIKE. THEY SHOULD BE BUTCHERED, THE DIRTY RATS!



SURE LOOKS LIKE SABOTAGE, CAPTAIN. I CAN'T UNDERSTAND HOW THESE 'FIFTH COLUMNISTS' WORK IT - OUR YARDS ARE SO CLOSELY GUARDED.



THAT NIGHT NAMOR, DISGUISED AS A DOCK HAND, READS THE NEWS IN A NEW YORK NEWSPAPER.

OH-OH! THIS IS GETTING BAD!



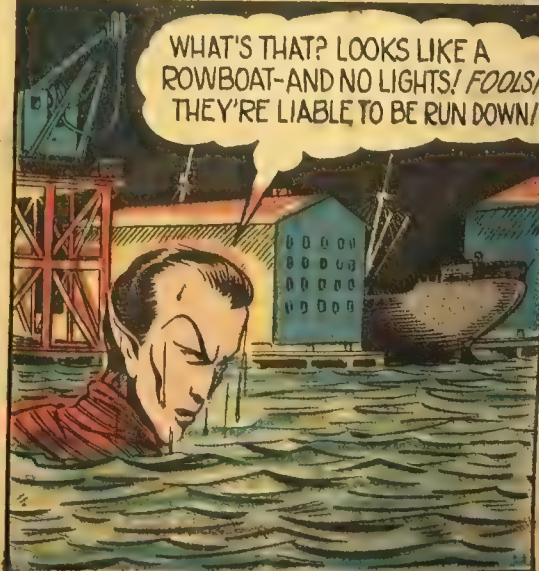
SHOULD BE THERE IN TEN MORE MINUTES. I'LL GET RID OF MY COAT - IT MIGHT HAMPER ME IF I TANGLE WITH ANYONE.



AS HE SLIPS INTO BALTIMORE HARBOR HE SEES -

WHAT? A GERMAN U-BOAT! WHAT'S IT DOING HERE?

ISING TO THE SURFACE HE FINDS THAT NIGHT HAS FALLEN. LOOKING BACK ACROSS THE HARBOR -



WHAT'S THAT? LOOKS LIKE A ROWBOAT - AND NO LIGHTS! FOOLS! THEY'RE LIABLE TO BE RUN DOWN!

SWIMMING OUT TO WITHIN REACH



JA! DIS ISS VORKING OUD SVELL! A LIDDLE FURDER, HERMANN UND MAX!

RA! **MANHATTAN DAILY EXPRESS** EXTRA!
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 PRICE: 10 CENTS
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SUB-MARINER


CRASHES IN BALTIMORE

NEW YORK AGAIN!!!

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BY BILL EVERETT
 (SPECIAL TO MARVEL COMICS)




SAY, MAC, WHAT'S THIS I HEAR ABOUT THE SUB-MARINER?

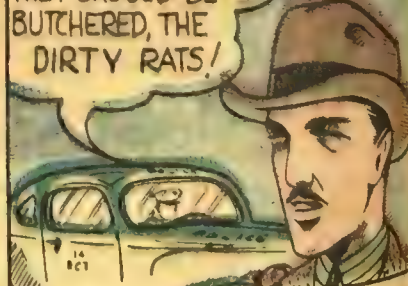
OH, NOTHIN' MUCH, DOC. SOME REPORTER JUST SEEN 'IM SWIMMIN' AROUND TH' BATTERY, LOOKIN' TH' TOWN OVER.



BUT HERE'S AN INTERESTIN' ARTICLE - SAYS THAT TH' "FIFTH COLUMN" IS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE SINKIN' OF THEM FOUR NEW-FANGLED BATTLESHIPS AN' DESTROYERS IN TH' NAVY SHIP-YARDS AT BALTIMORE!



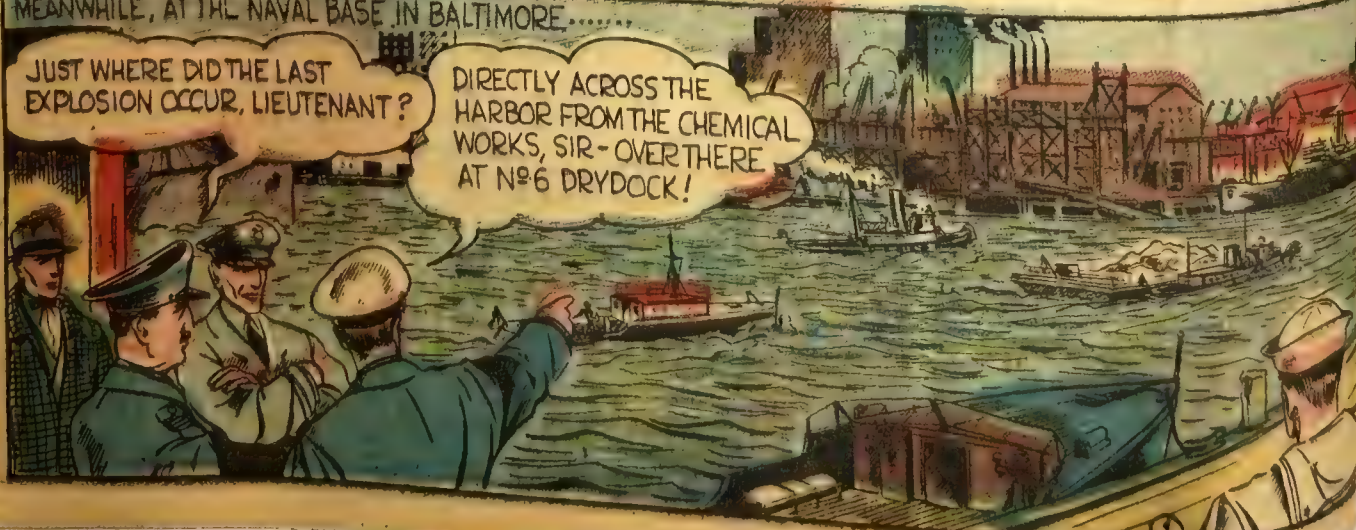
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MEANWHILE, AT THE NAVAL BASE IN BALTIMORE.....

JUST WHERE DID THE LAST EXPLOSION OCCUR, LIEUTENANT?

DIRECTLY ACROSS THE HARBOR FROM THE CHEMICAL WORKS, SIR - OVER THERE AT NO. 6 DRYDOCK!



SURE LOOKS LIKE SABOTAGE. I CAN'T UNDERSTAND HOW "FIFTH COLUMNISTS" WORK. YARDS ARE SO CLOSELY GUARDED.



SHOULD BE THERE IN TEN MORE MINUTES. I'LL GET MY COAT - IT MIGHT HARM ME IF I TANGLE WITH ANY...



ARISING TO THE SURFACE HE FOUND HE HAD FALLEN. LOOKING BACK AT...

WHAT'S THAT? LOOKING BACK AT THE ROWBOAT - AND NOW THEY'RE LIABLE!



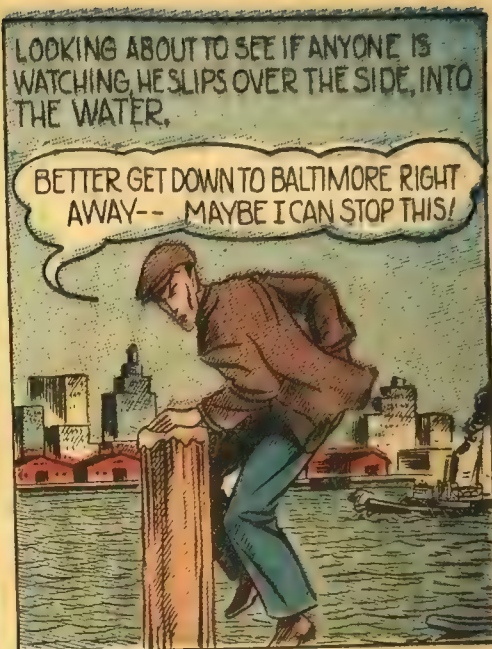


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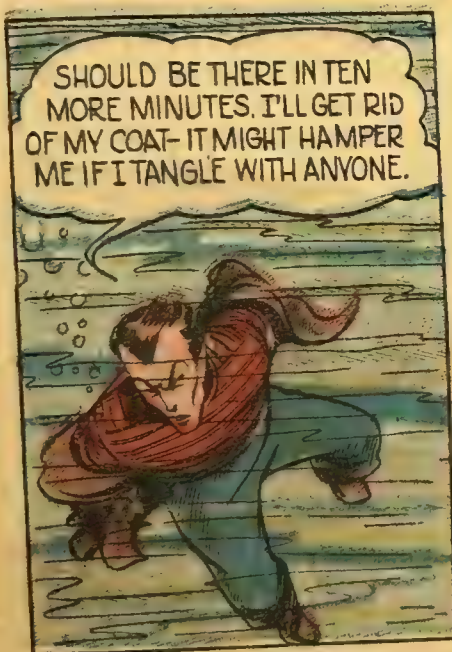
THAT NIGHT NAMOR, DISGUISED AS A DOCK HAND, READS THE NEWS IN A NEW YORK NEWSPAPER.

OH-OH! THIS IS GETTING BAD!



LOOKING ABOUT TO SEE IF ANYONE IS WATCHING, HE SLIPS OVER THE SIDE, INTO THE WATER.

BETTER GET DOWN TO BALTIMORE RIGHT AWAY-- MAYBE I CAN STOP THIS!



SHOULD BE THERE IN TEN MORE MINUTES. I'LL GET RID OF MY COAT- IT MIGHT HAMPER ME IF I TANGLE WITH ANYONE.



AS HE SLIPS INTO BALTIMORE HARBOR HE SEES—

WHAT? A GERMAN U-BOAT! WHAT'S IT DOING HERE?



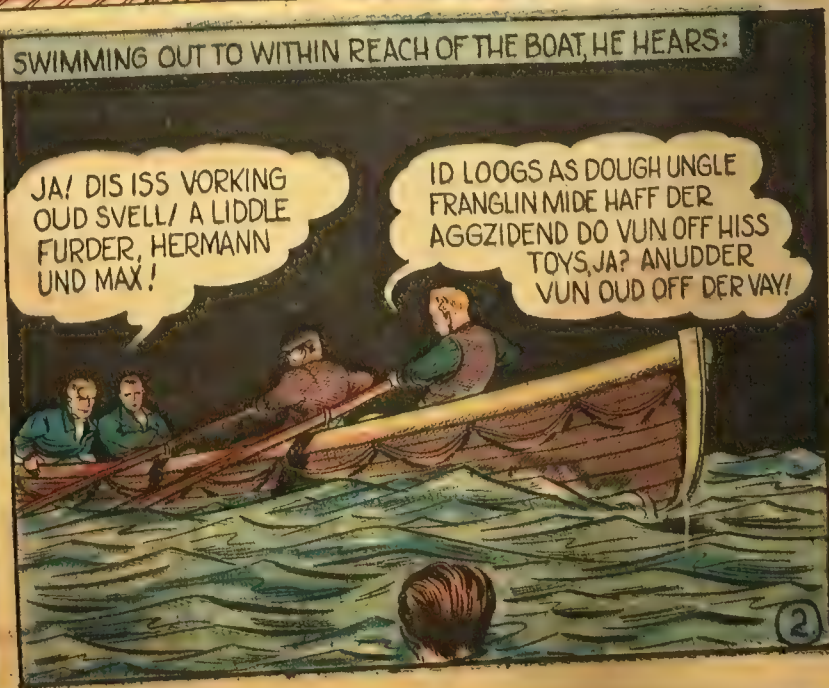
PUTTING HIS SUPER-SENSITIVE EAR NEXT THE HULL, HE LISTENS...

PRETTY QUIET- DOESN'T SEEM TO BE ANYONE INSIDE. I WONDER....



RISING TO THE SURFACE HE FINDS THAT NIGHT HAS FALLEN. LOOKING BACK ACROSS THE HARBOR

WHAT'S THAT? LOOKS LIKE A ROWBOAT-AND NO LIGHTS! FOOLS! THEY'RE LIABLE TO BE RUN DOWN!



SWIMMING OUT TO WITHIN REACH OF THE BOAT, HE HEARS:

JA! DIS ISS VORKING OUD SVELL! A LIDDLE FURDER, HERMANN UND MAX!

ID LOOGS AS DOUGH UNGLE FRANGLIN MIDE HAFF DER AGGZIDEND DO VUN OFF HISS TOYS, JA? ANUDDER VUN OUD OFF DER VAY!

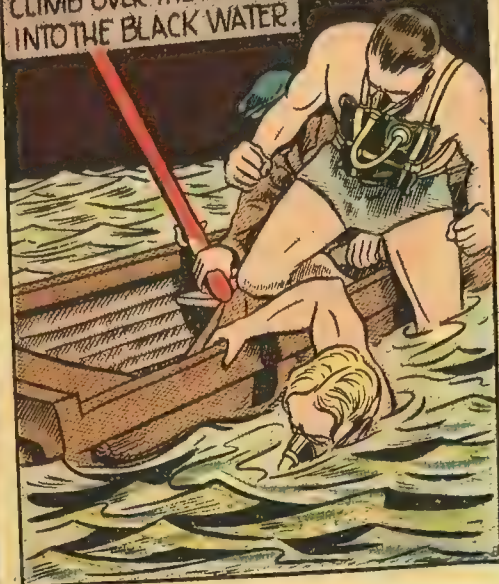
A MOMENT LATER THE TWO MEN IN THE STERN OF THE BOAT DOFF THEIR CLOTHES AND DON "ARTIFICIAL LUNGS".

ARE VE DERE, FRITZ?

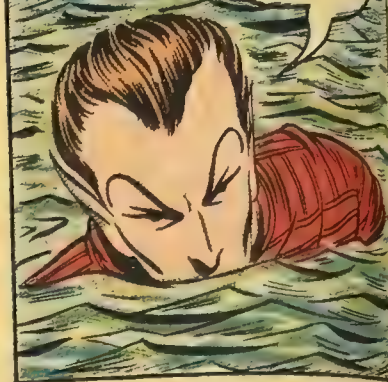
JA! LED'S GO!



WHILE NAMOR LOOKS ON ASTOUNDED, THEY CLIMB OVER THE SIDE AND DISAPPEAR INTO THE BLACK WATER.



SO! WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS? THEY MUST BE THE SUBMARINE'S CREW, RETURNING AFTER DOING THEIR DIRTY WORK ON SHORE! PRETTY CLEVER - LEAVING AND ENTERING THE SUBMERGED U-BOAT BY THE ESCAPE-HATCH!



SO! NOTHING CAN HAPPEN! I'LL LAY TEN TO ONE THAT SOMETHING DOES!



WASTING NO TIME, NAMOR RACES FOR THE DOCKS.



SHOULD BE EASY ENOUGH TO GET INTO THE NAVY YARD, BUT ONCE I'M THERE, WHAT? ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN, I GUESS, BUT I INTEND TO FIND OUT WHAT THIS ALL MEANS!



HOPE FOLMA'S GOT TH ORGANIZED - CAN'T V TIME AT ALL!



As Namor watches, silently, the boat rows back to shore and picks up more passengers, who repeat the process - eight times, and sixteen men have sunk below the surface!

NAMOR'S WINGED FEET CARRY HIM LIGHTLY OVER THE HIGH CYCLONE FENCE SURROUNDING THE GOVERNMENT PROPERTY.



ROUNDING THE CORNER OF A BUILDING, HE SEES TWO SENTRIES TAKING TIME OUT FOR A CIGARETTE.

MMMM! THIS MAY BE INTERESTING.



EAVESDROPPING, HE HEARS:

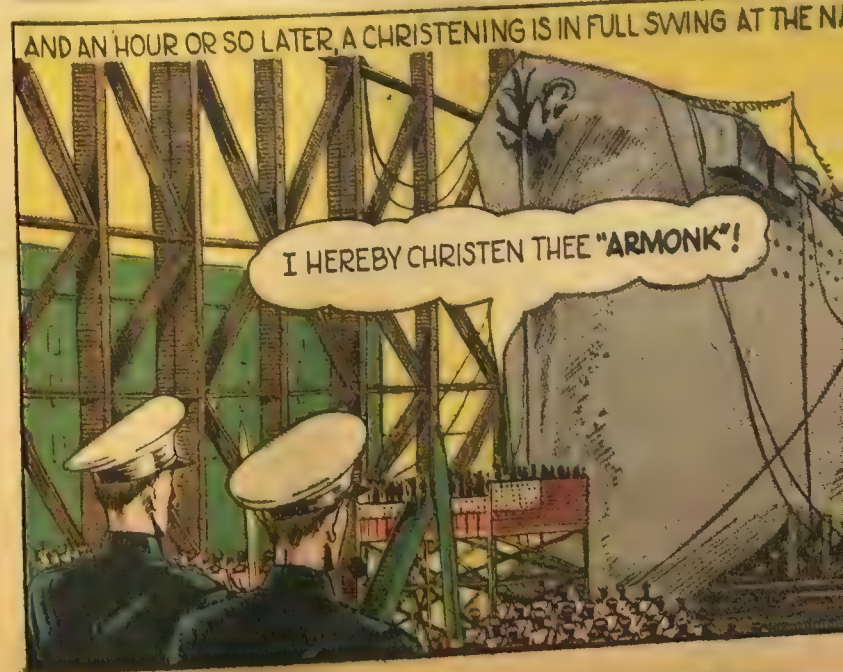
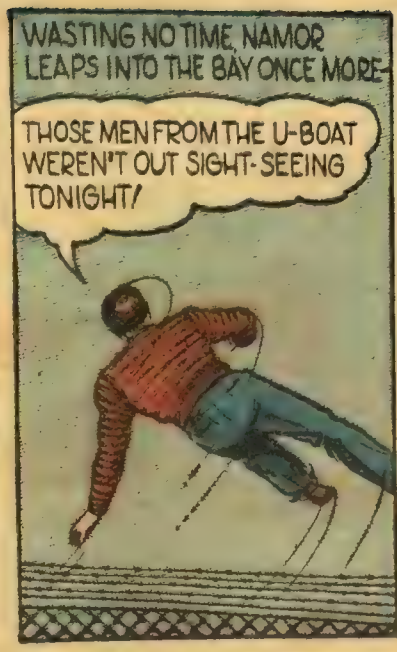
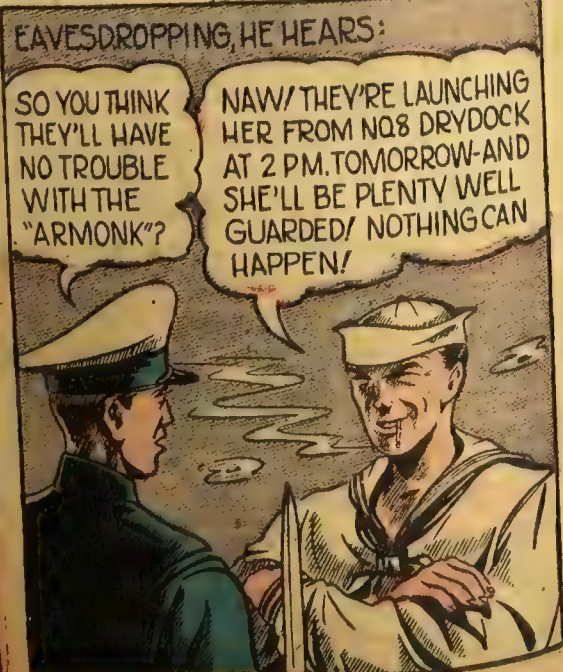
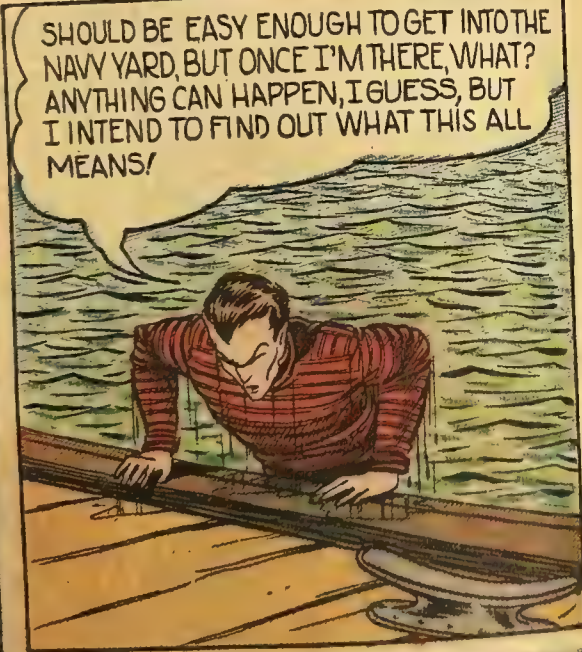
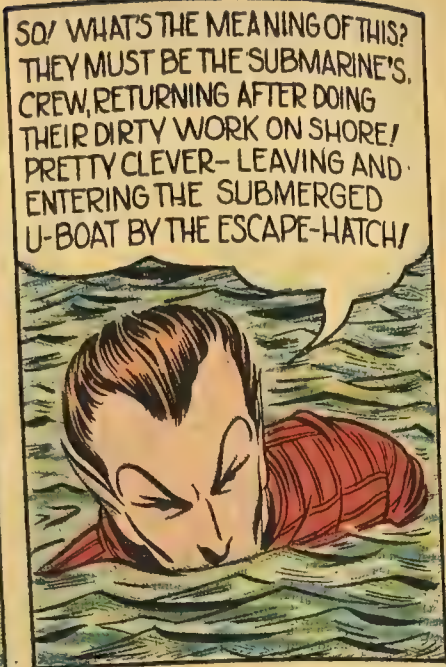
SO YOU THINK THEY'LL HAVE NO TROUBLE WITH THE "ARMONK"?

NAW! THEY'RE LAUNCHING HER FROM NO. 8 DRYDOCK AT 2 P.M. TOMORROW - AND SHE'LL BE PLENTY WELL GUARDED! NOTHING CAN HAPPEN!



AND AN HOUR OR SO LATER





THIS?
NE'S.
G
RE!
AND
ED
TCH!

SO! NOTHING CAN HAPPEN, EH?
I'LL LAY TEN TO ONE THAT
SOMETHING DOES!



WASTING NO TIME, NAMOR
LEAPS INTO THE BAY ONCE MORE—

THOSE MEN FROM THE U-BOAT
WEREN'T OUT SIGHT-SEEING
TONIGHT!



—AND SWIMS RAPIDLY TO HIS AERIAL-SUB.

AT ANY RATE, I SHAN'T TAKE ANY CHANCES—
I'LL BE RIGHT THERE!



TO THE
HAT?
OUT
ALL

HOPE FOLMA'S GOT THE FLEET
ORGANIZED— CAN'T WASTE ANY
TIME AT ALL!

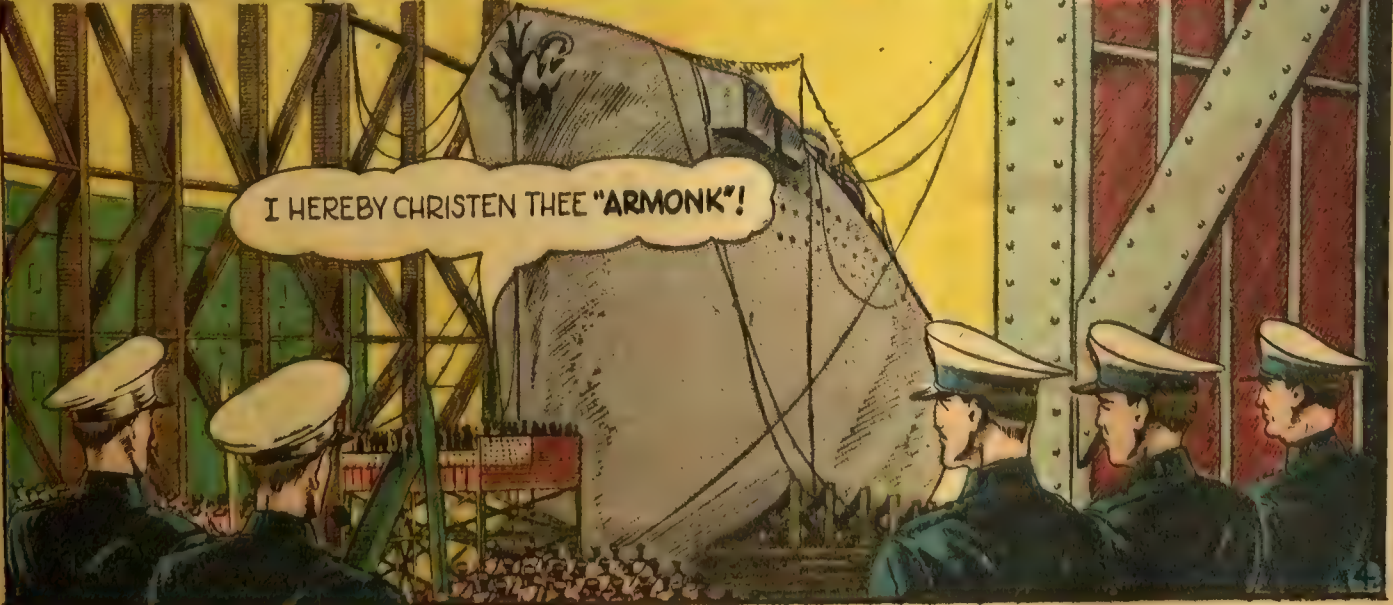


EARLY THE FOLLOWING MORNING, NAMOR'S FLEET OF SUPER AERIAL-
SUBMARINES WINGS ITS WAY AT LIGHTNING SPEED OVER THE
SEA TO AMERICA.

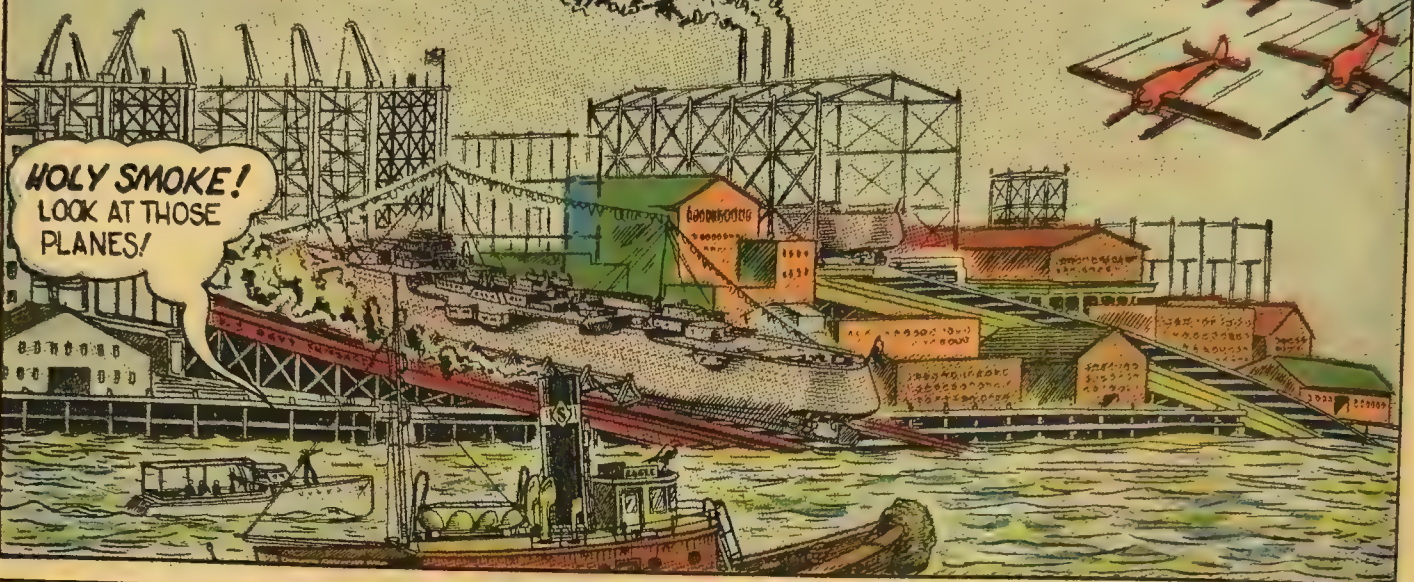


UNCHING
RYDOCK
OW-AND
WELL
NG CAN

AND AN HOUR OR SO LATER, A CHRISTENING IS IN FULL SWING AT THE NAVY DRYDOCKS IN BALTIMORE.



WITH A GREAT ROAR AND RUMBLE THE HUGE BATTLESHIP COMMENCES TO SLIP DOWN THE WAYS, WHILE OVERHEAD....



HOLY SMOKE!
LOOK AT THOSE
PLANES!

NAMOR'S AERIAL-SUBS STOP
DIRECTLY ABOVE THE SHIP.



THEY'VE STOPPED!
THEY'RE HANGING
STILL IN THE AIR!

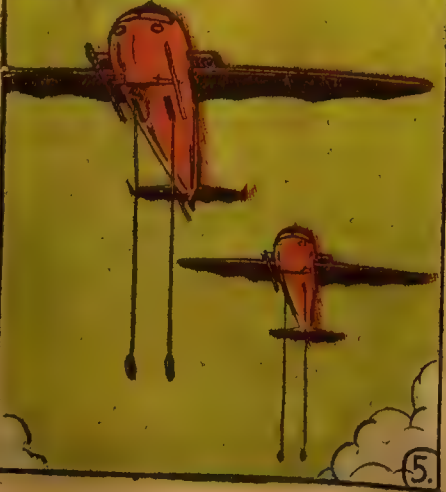
AND ON THE SHIP'S DECK...

COMMANDER! SOMETHING'S
WRONG! **WE'RE
SINKING!**



AS THE GREAT GREY HULL STRIKES THE
WATER IT CONTINUES TO GO DOWN,
SUBMERGING, NOT FLOATING AT ALL!

SUDDENLY, FROM NAMOR'S PLANES
IN THE SKY, COME LONG STEEL
CABLES, TWO FROM EACH PLANE,
AND ALL SUPPORTING ODD METAL
DISCS.



.... WHICH PROVE TO BE MAGNETS, AND ATTACH THEMSELVES TO THE
SINKING HULL WITH A TERRIFIC CLANK!



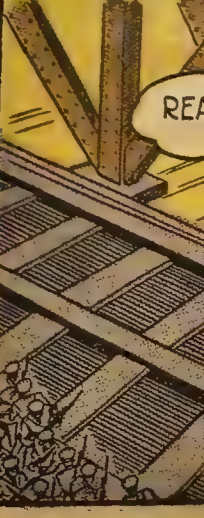
AS THE ONLY
NAMOR SHOWS
THE WINDOW

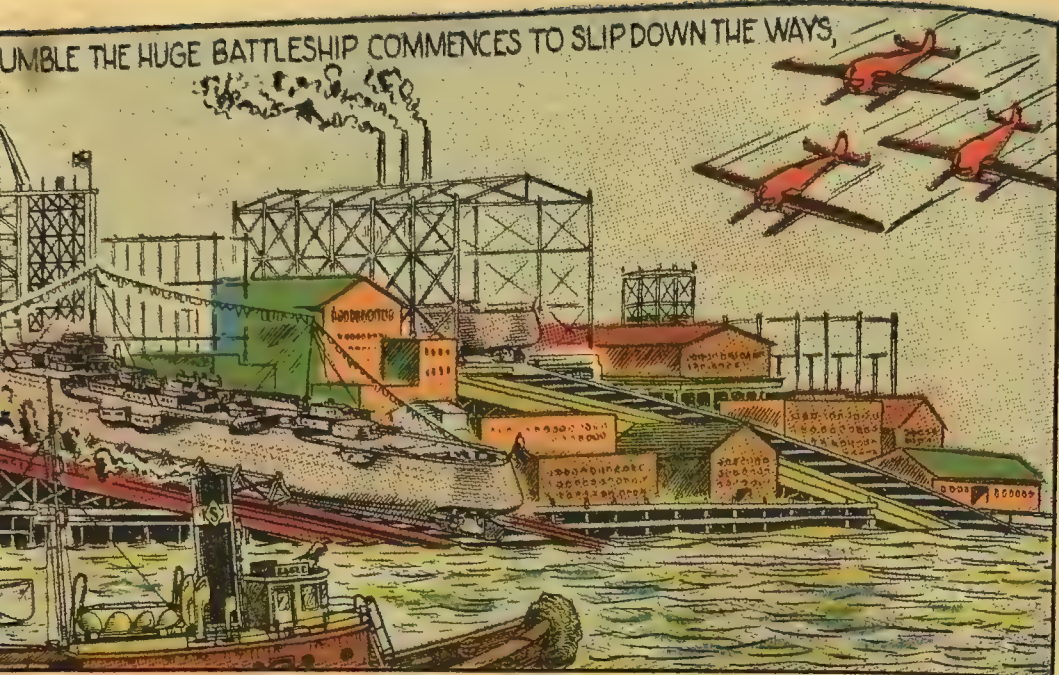
ALL SET? H

SLOWLY THE
THE SHIP UN



THE CROWD FA
ASTOUNDED TO
TURNS TO SHO
TO THE PLANES





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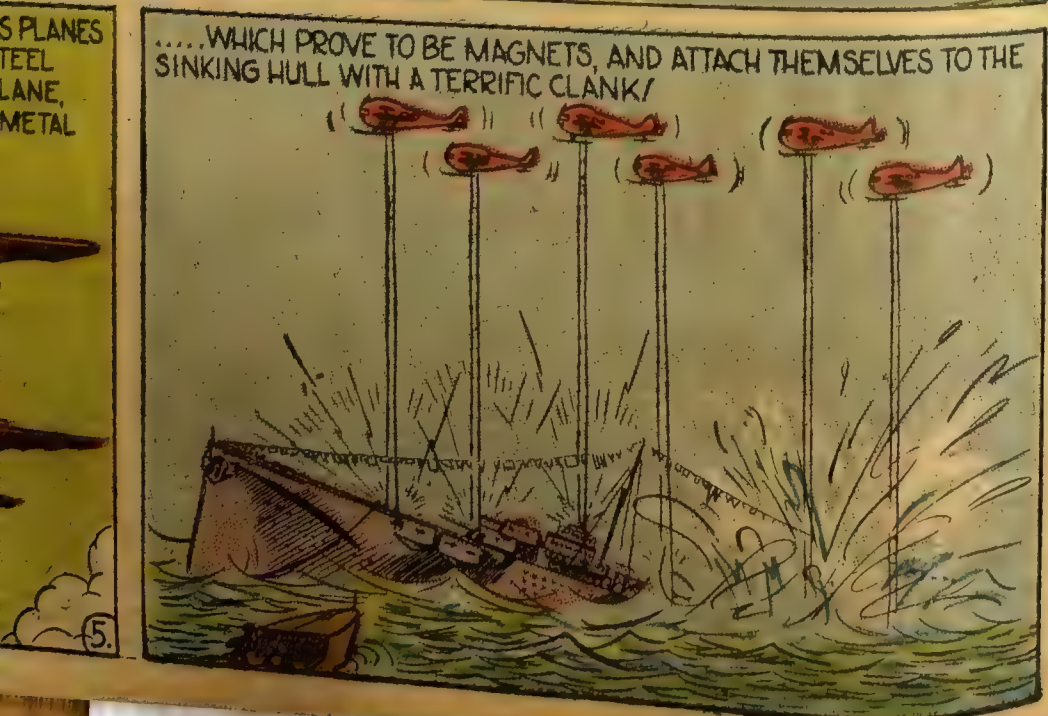


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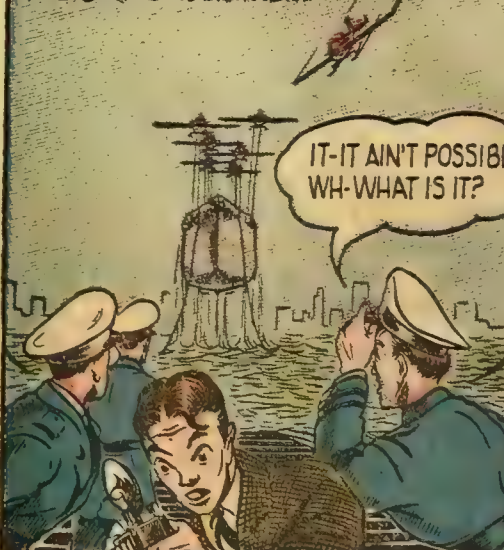
.... WHICH PROVE TO BE MAGNETS, AND ATTACH THEMSELVES TO THE
SINKING HULL WITH A TERRIFIC CLANK!

AS THE ONLOOKERS WATCH, PUZZLED,
NAMOR SHOUTS A COMMAND FROM
THE WINDOW OF HIS FLAGSHIP....

ALL SET? **HAUL IN!!!**

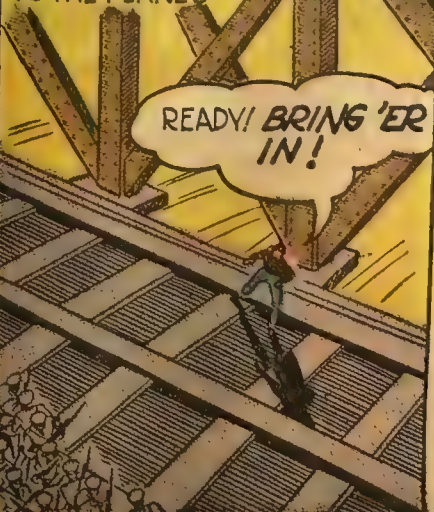


SLOWLY THE PLANES MOVE IN, TOWING
THE SHIP UNDER THEM.



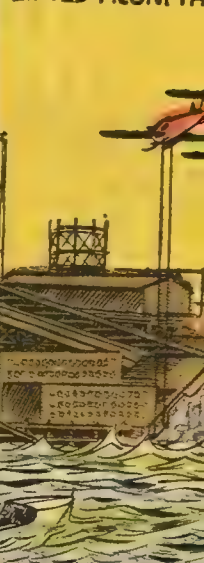
IT-IT AIN'T POSSIBLE!
WH-WHAT IS IT?

THE CROWD FALLS BACK, TOO
ASTOUNDED TO RESIST, AND NAMOR
TURNS TO SHOUT A COMMAND UP
TO THE PLANES...

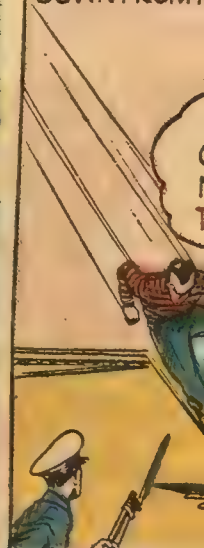


READY! **BRING 'ER
IN!**

THE CROWD UTTER
LIFTED FROM THE



A SECOND LATER
DOWN FROM THE



... THEN HE LEAPS INTO
AIR AGAIN, TURNING
TO TOSS A SMALL CAPSULE
CONTAINING A NOTE DOWN
THE OFFICIALS' ROSTRUM.

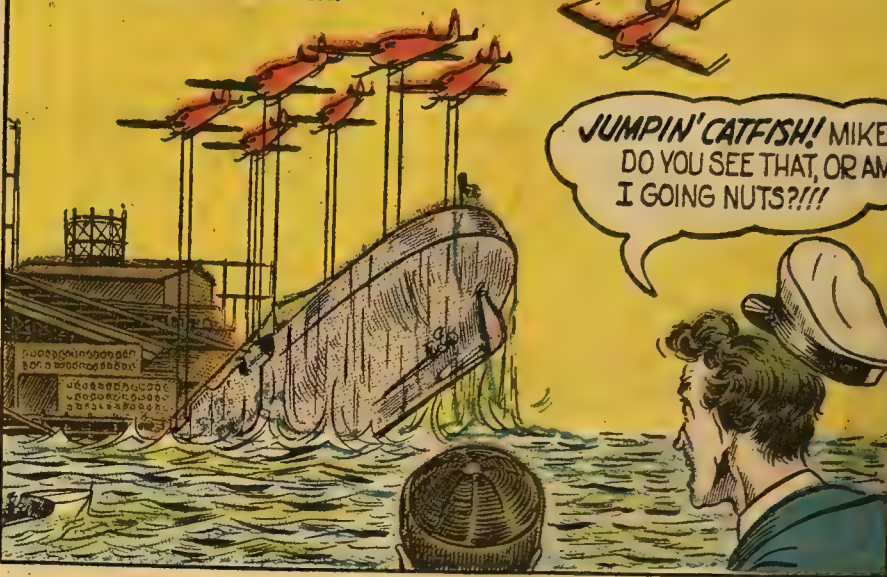


AS THE ONLOOKERS WATCH, PUZZLED, NAMOR SHOUTS A COMMAND FROM THE WINDOW OF HIS FLAGSHIP....

ALL SET? **HAUL IN!!!**



THE CROWD UTTERS A SHARP GASP AS THE BATTLESHIP IS MIRACULOUSLY LIFTED FROM THE WATER!



SLOWLY THE PLANES MOVE IN, TOWING THE SHIP UNDER THEM.



A SECOND LATER NAMOR LEAPS DOWN FROM HIS PLANE...



GET BACK, ALL OF YOU! KEEP CLEAR! THAT SHIP'S COMING BACK IN HERE! **SCRAM! BEAT IT!**



THE CROWD FALLS BACK, TOO ASTOUNDED TO RESIST, AND NAMOR TURNS TO SHOUT A COMMAND UP TO THE PLANES...



... THEN HE LEAPS INTO THE AIR AGAIN, TURNING ONLY TO TOSS A SMALL CAPSULE, CONTAINING A NOTE, DOWN AT THE OFFICIALS' ROSTRUM.



WITH A DULL THUD AND RASPING OF WOOD AGAINST STEEL, THE SHIP IS LOWERED ON TO THE WAYS...



AS NAMOR'S AERIAL-SUBS RELEASE THEIR MAGNETS AND ROAR AWAY, AN OFFICER REACHES FOR THE CAPSULE.

THERE'S A NOTE HERE, CAPTAIN. SHALL I OPEN IT?



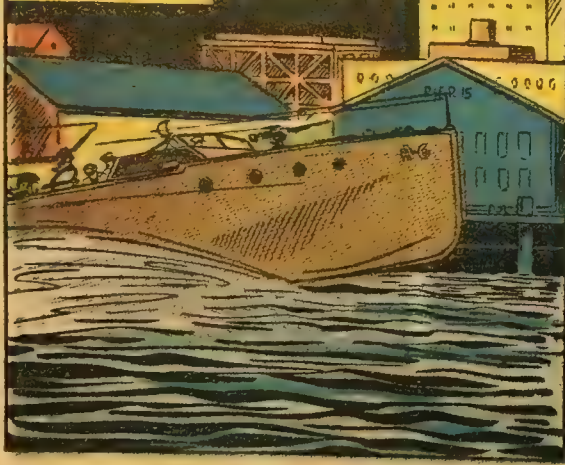
OF COURSE, FOOL! DID YOU THINK HE MEANT FOR US TO HANG IT ON JUNIOR'S CHRISTMAS TREE? READ IT!



I MIGHT HAVE WARNED YOU OF SABOTAGE - THAT THIS SHIP HAD BEEN DAMAGED - BUT YOU WOULD NOT HAVE BELIEVED ME. I KNOW WHERE THE SABOTEURS ARE LOCATED. IF YOU WILL HAVE THREE MEN MEET ME AT PIER 18 WITH A LIGHT TORPEDO-BOAT TONIGHT AT NINE O'CLOCK I WILL SHOW YOU WHERE THEY ARE. DO NOT ATTEMPT TO CAPTURE ME, FOR IT WILL ONLY BRING DESTRUCTION TO YOU - I AM YOUR FRIEND - DO NOT ABUSE THIS FRIENDSHIP - I WARN YOU!

*C. C. Namor
The Sub-Mariner*

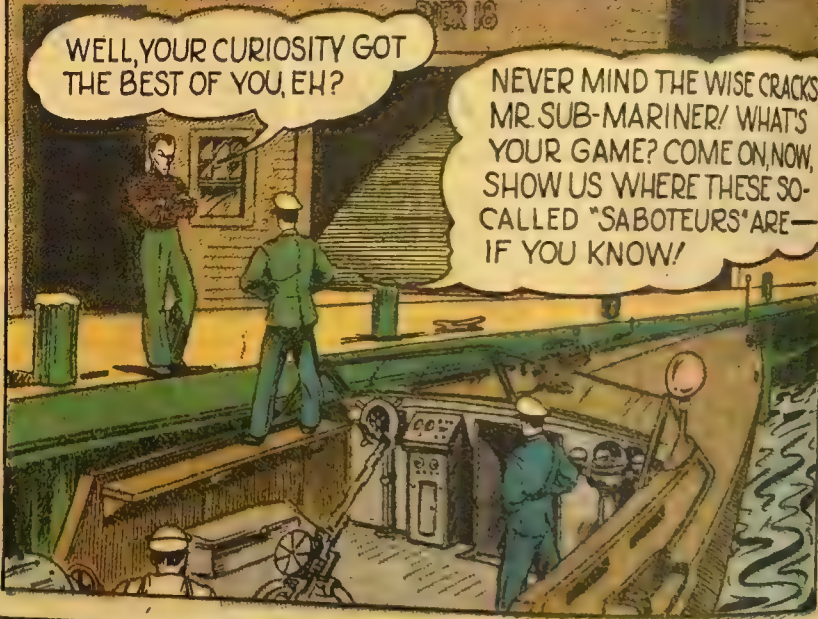
AFTER READING NAMOR'S MESSAGE, NAVY OFFICIALS DECIDE TO "PLAY BALL" WITH HIM. AT THE APPOINTED TIME, A SMALL FAST TORPEDO BOAT RACES ACROSS THE HARBOR TO PIER 18....



... AND AS NAMOR STEPS FROM THE SHADOWS...

WELL, YOUR CURIOSITY GOT THE BEST OF YOU, EH?

NEVER MIND THE WISE CRACKS, MR. SUB-MARINER! WHAT'S YOUR GAME? COME ON, NOW, SHOW US WHERE THESE SO-CALLED "SABOTEURS" ARE - IF YOU KNOW!



NAMOR LEAPS INTO THE BOAT AND DIRECTS THEM TO A SPOT ABOVE THE SUBMARINE.

ALL RIGHT, MISTER, IF YOU DOUBT ME, DIVE DOWN ABOUT THREE FATHOMS!



YOU'LL FIND A GERMAN U-BOAT THERE, OR I'LL EAT YOUR HAT! NOW I'VE SHOWN YOU WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO ABOUT IT? PROVIDING YOU BELIEVE ME, OF COURSE!



OKAY, SUPPOSING YOU'RE NOT KIDDING.... WHAT CAN I DO ABOUT IT? I'VE GOT NO AUTHORITY TO SINK IT. WE'RE NOT AT WAR WITH ANYBODY. WHAT DO YOU WANT ME TO DO?



THAT'S ENTIRELY YOUR OWN RESPONSIBILITY OR LET IT GO OR FURTHER DESTRUCTION!



IF I DON'T COME YOU'D BETTER ME - I'M NOT FA WELL-HERE GO



AND TO HIS AMERICAN GERMAN U-BOAT SEAS VIBRATE



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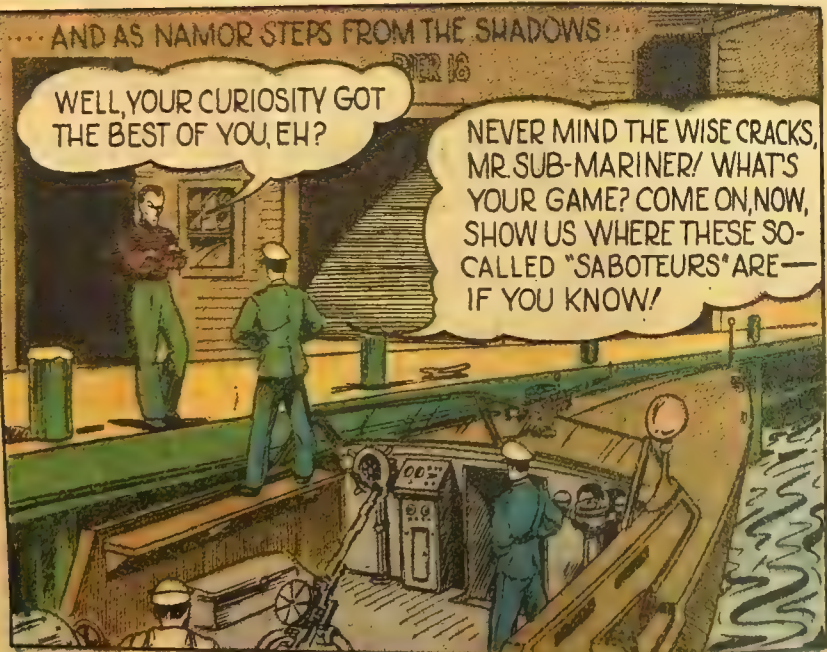
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*Crucifixion
The Sub Marine*

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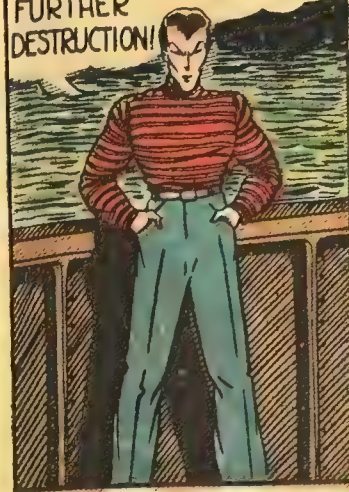
YOU'LL FIND A GERMAN U-BOAT THERE, OR I'LL EAT YOUR HAT! NOW I'VE SHOWN YOU, WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO ABOUT IT? PROVIDING YOU BELIEVE ME, OF COURSE!



OKAY, SUPPOSING YOU'RE NOT KIDDING.... WHAT CAN I DO ABOUT IT? I'VE GOT NO AUTHORITY TO SINK IT. WE'RE NOT AT WAR WITH ANYBODY. WHAT DO YOU WANT ME TO DO?



THAT'S ENTIRELY UP TO YOU - YOU CAN EITHER SINK IT ON YOUR OWN RESPONSIBILITY, OR LET IT GO ON TO WREAK FURTHER DESTRUCTION!

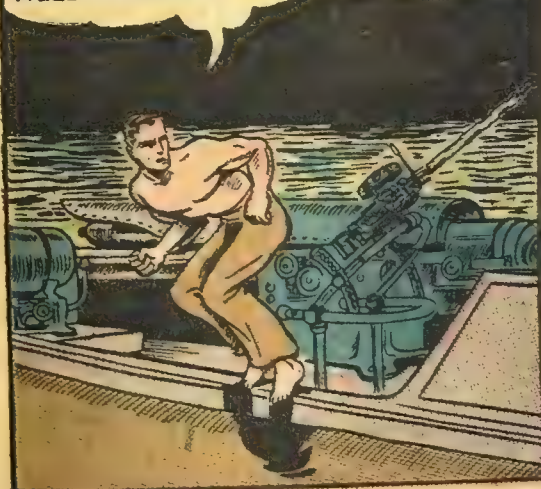


LISTEN, MISTER, THIS ALL MAKES A VERY INTERESTING LITTLE PIECE OF MELO-DRAMA, BUT AS I TOLD YOU BEFORE, I CAN'T SINK A FOREIGN SUBMARINE - ESPECIALLY ONE WHICH I'M NOT SURE EVEN EXISTS!

ALL RIGHT - WHY DON'T YOU SEND ONE OF YOUR MEN DOWN?



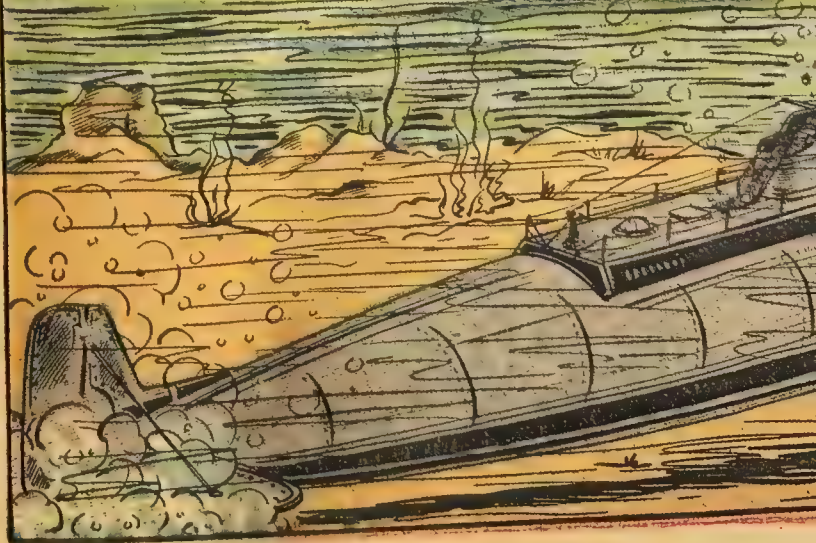
IF I DON'T COME UP IN THREE MINUTES YOU'D BETTER SEND SOMEONE DOWN FOR ME - I'M NOT FAMILIAR WITH THESE WATERS! WELL - HERE GOES!



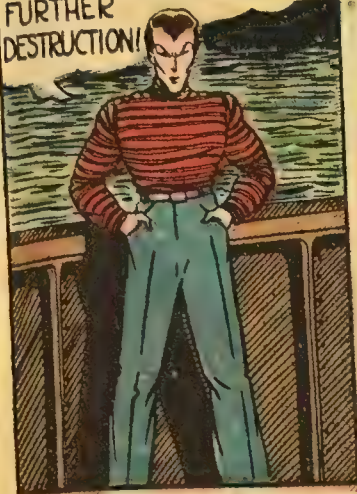
SPLASH!



AND TO HIS AMAZEMENT IT SUDDENLY LOOMS BEFORE HIM - A GREAT GERMAN U-BOAT! HIS EARS ARE NEARLY SHATTERED AS THE HUGE F SEAS VIBRATE WITH CHURNING POWER!



THAT'S ENTIRELY UP TO YOU—
YOU CAN EITHER SINK IT ON
YOUR OWN RESPONSIBILITY,
OR LET IT GO ON TO WREAK
FURTHER
DESTRUCTION!



LISTEN, MISTER, THIS ALL MAKES A VERY
INTERESTING LITTLE PIECE OF MELO-
DRAMA; BUT AS I TOLD YOU BEFORE, I
CAN'T SINK A FOREIGN SUBMARINE—
ESPECIALLY ONE WHICH I'M NOT SURE
EVEN *EXISTS*!

ALL RIGHT—WHY DON'T
YOU SEND ONE OF YOUR
MEN DOWN?



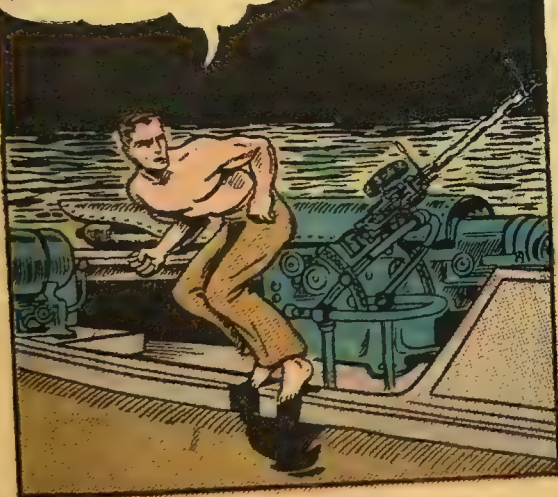
IT'S ONLY ABOUT
EIGHTEEN FEET
DOWN THERE—AND
NO ONE IN THE
SUB WOULD SEE
HIM.

WELL— I DON'T KNOW.
I SUPPOSE IT'S WORTH
A TRY.

I'LL GO, CAPTAIN—
I'M A FAIRLY
STRONG SWIMMER.



IF I DON'T COME UP IN THREE MINUTES
YOU'D BETTER SEND SOMEONE DOWN FOR
ME—I'M NOT FAMILIAR WITH THESE WATERS!
WELL—HERE GOES!

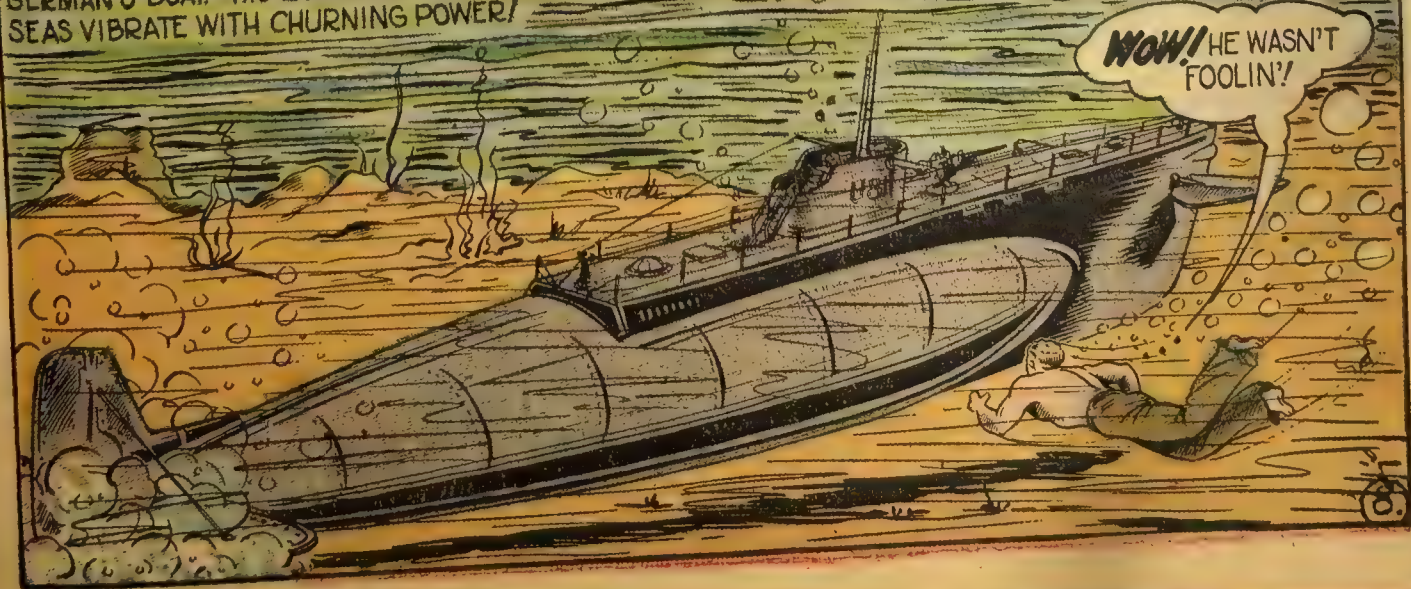


SWIFT AS AN ARROW THE SAILOR DARTS
DOWN INTO THE COLD WATER, SEEKING
— THE SILENT PERIL.

PRESSURE'S GETTING
HEAVY, BUT—I GUESS
I CAN MAKE IT!



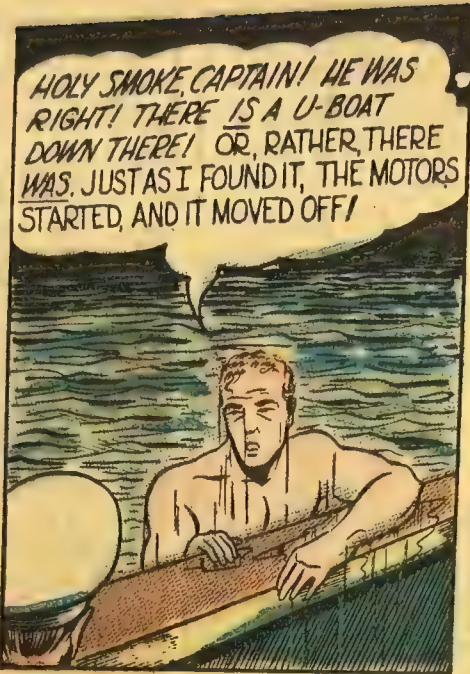
AND TO HIS AMAZEMENT IT SUDDENLY LOOMS BEFORE HIM—A GREAT GREY SHADOW, TAKING FORM IN THE
GERMAN U-BOAT! HIS EARS ARE NEARLY SHATTERED AS THE HUGE PROPELLER BEGINS TO THRASH, AND THE
SEAS VIBRATE WITH CHURNING POWER!



WOW! HE WASN'T
FOOLIN'!



WASTING NOT ANOTHER SECOND, THE SAILOR TURNS ABOUT AND RACES BACK TO THE SURFACE...



HOLY SMOKE, CAPTAIN! HE WAS RIGHT! THERE IS A U-BOAT DOWN THERE! OR, RATHER, THERE WAS. JUST AS I FOUND IT, THE MOTORS STARTED, AND IT MOVED OFF!



THERE — YOU SEE, MY FRIEND? THE SUB-MARINER DOESN'T ALWAYS TELL TALL TALES! NOW WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO? ARE YOU GOING TO STOP IT, OR WILL YOU LET IT GET AWAY FROM YOU? — COME ON — SPEAK UP, MAN!



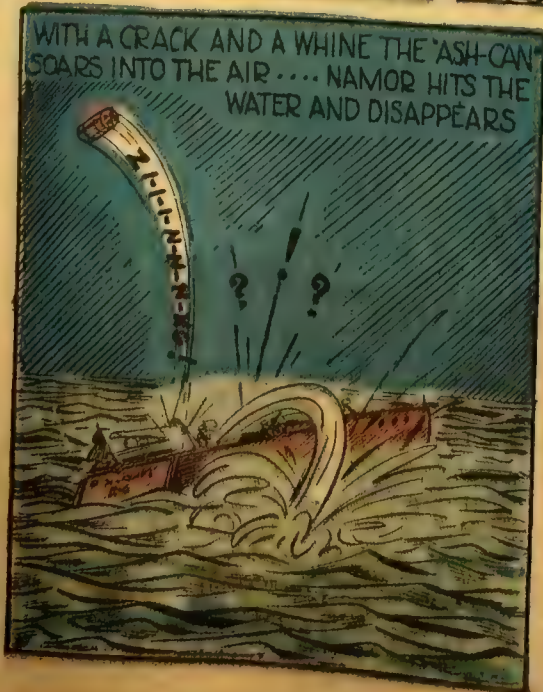
MMMMMM!! GOSH I DON'T KNOW! MY HANDS ARE TIED — I CAN'T DO ANYTHING!



WELL, IF THAT'S THE WAY YOU FEEL ABOUT IT, OKAY! I ONLY TRIED TO HELP YOU AND YOUR FOOL NATION, BUT IF THIS IS ALL IT MEANS TO YOU — WELL — I'LL BE SEEIN' YA!



AS NAMOR LEAPS ACROSS THE STERN OF THE TORPEDO-BOAT, HE REACHES OUT AND SLAMS THE TRIGGER-LEVER OF THE DEPTH-CHARGE MECHANISM!



WITH A CRACK AND A WHINE THE 'ASH-CAN' SOARS INTO THE AIR NAMOR HITS THE WATER AND DISAPPEARS



FORMING AN ARC THE DEADLY CYLINDER DIVES DOWN, SMASHING THE WATER'S SURFACE

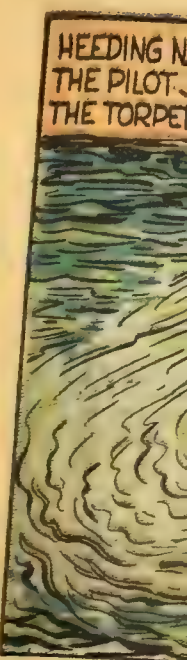


— AND SUDDENLY NAMOR'S HEAD POPS UP.....

HOY THERE! GET UNDER WEIGHT FAST!!!



THAT'S NOT SO GOOD ON SECOND THOUGHTS JUST AS WELL. THE PUBLIC SHOULD KNOW THESE RATS — THEY BROUGHT OUT IN THE GIVEN A TRIAL, AND A PUBLIC SQUARE!

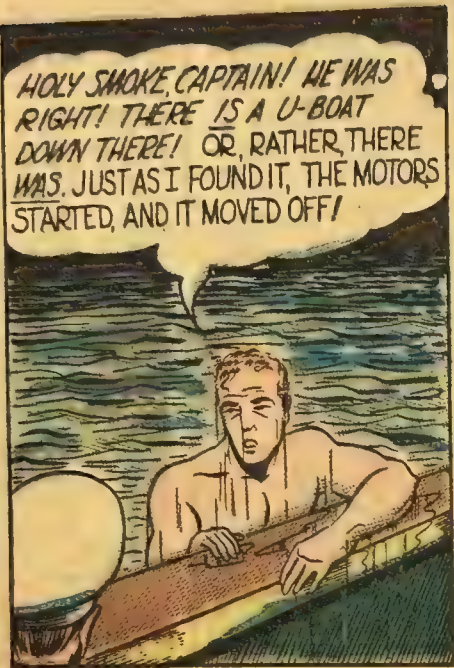


HEEDING THE PILOT THE TORPEDO

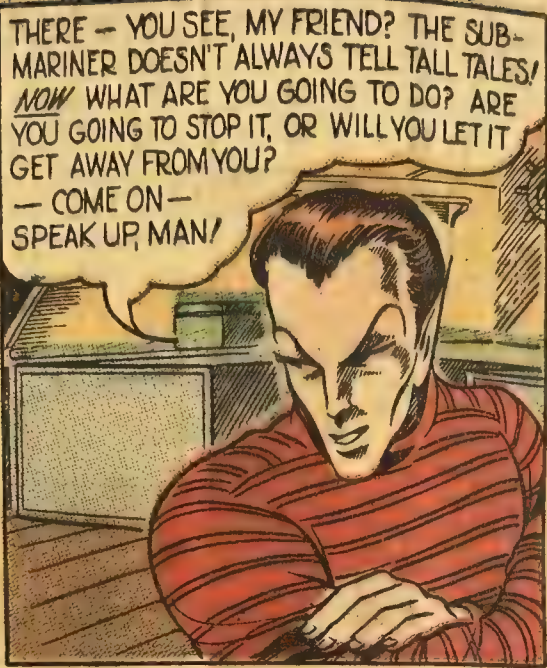


....THEN DIVES TO GATE THE DAY

BETTER MAKE SURE SHE'S FINISHED —



HOLY SMOKE, CAPTAIN! HE WAS RIGHT! THERE IS A U-BOAT DOWN THERE! OR, RATHER, THERE WAS. JUST AS I FOUND IT, THE MOTORS STARTED, AND IT MOVED OFF!



THERE — YOU SEE, MY FRIEND? THE SUB-MARINER DOESN'T ALWAYS TELL TALL TALES! NOW WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO? ARE YOU GOING TO STOP IT, OR WILL YOU LET IT GET AWAY FROM YOU? — COME ON — SPEAK UP, MAN!

KNOW!
N'T DO
G!



WELL, IF THAT'S THE WAY YOU FEEL ABOUT IT, OKAY! I ONLY TRIED TO HELP YOU AND YOUR FOOL NATION, BUT IF THIS IS ALL IT MEANS TO YOU — WELL — I'LL BE SEEIN' YA!

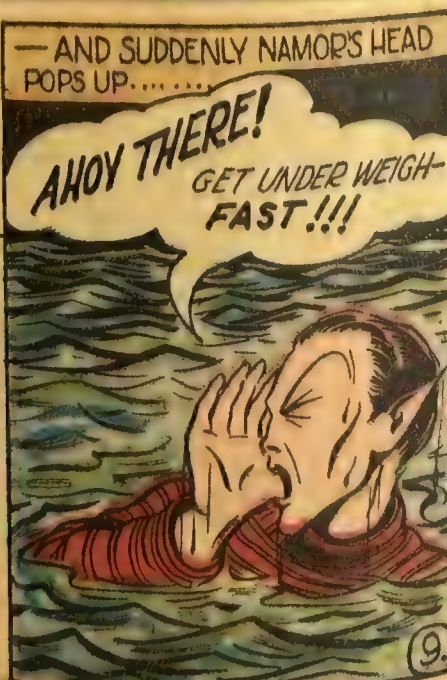


AS NAMOR LEAPS ACROSS THE STERN OF THE TORPEDO-BOAT, HE REACHES OUT AND SLAMS THE TRIGGER-LEVER OF THE DEPTH-CHARGE MECHANISM!

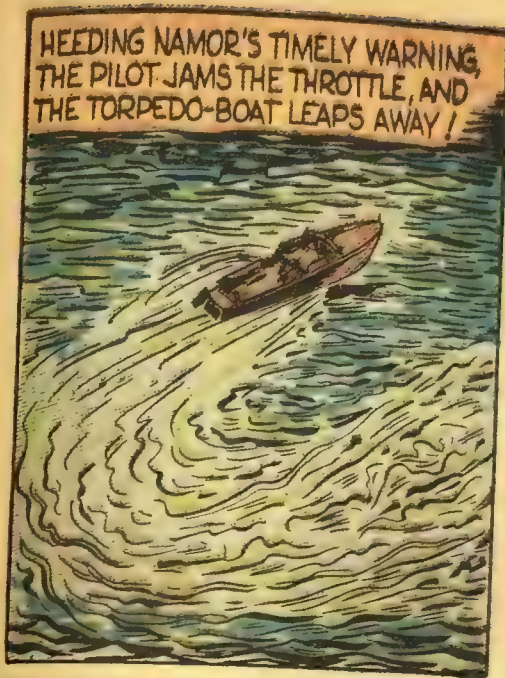
INE THE 'ASH-CAN
NAMOR HITS THE
ND DISAPPEARS



FORMING AN ARC, THE DEADLY CYLINDER DIVES DOWN, SMASHING THE WATER'S SURFACE



— AND SUDDENLY NAMOR'S HEAD POPS UP.....
AHOY THERE!
GET UNDER WEIGH-FAST!!!



HEEDING NAMOR'S TIMELY WARNING, THE PILOT JAMS THE THROTTLE, AND THE TORPEDO-BOAT LEAPS AWAY!



HALF A MOMENT LATER, THE CHARGE EXPLODES!



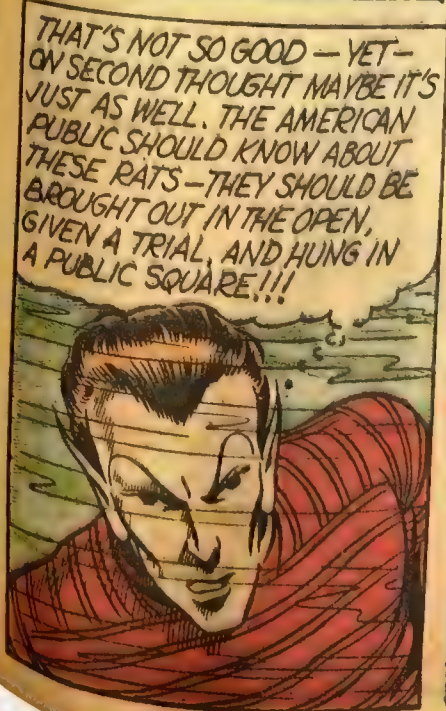
....THEN DIVES DOWN TO INVESTIGATE THE DAMAGE

BETTER MAKE SURE SHE'S FINISHED —



..... BUT TO HIS SURPRISE AND STILL UNDER POWER, BY THE EXPLOSION!

HOLY MACKEREL! SO IT MISSED!!!



THAT'S NOT SO GOOD — YET — ON SECOND THOUGHT MAYBE IT'S JUST AS WELL. THE AMERICAN PUBLIC SHOULD KNOW ABOUT THESE RATS — THEY SHOULD BE BROUGHT OUT IN THE OPEN, GIVEN A TRIAL, AND HUNG IN A PUBLIC SQUARE!!!



WHEELING ABOUT SUDDENLY, HE RACES TO HIS AERIAL-SUB...

I'VE GOT AN IDEA!

THE SUB-
TALL TALES!
DO? ARE
YOU LET IT



HE STERN OF
ACHES OUT
EVER OF THE
SM!



Y NAMOR'S HEAD
E!
T UNDER WEIGH-
FAST!!!



HEEDING NAMOR'S TIMELY WARNING,
THE PILOT JAMS THE THROTTLE, AND
THE TORPEDO-BOAT LEAPS AWAY!



HALF A MOMENT LATER, THE DEPTH-
CHARGE EXPLODES!



SOARING HIGH IN THE AIR TO AVOID THE
DETONATION, NAMOR LOOKS DOWN
ON THE CHURNING MUDDY RING OF
WATER.....



LUCKY SHOT! MUST
HAVE HIT DIRECTLY
'MIDSHIPS!

....THEN DIVES DOWN TO INVEST-
IGATE THE DAMAGE.....



BETTER MAKE
SURE SHE'S
FINISHED -

.... BUT TO HIS SURPRISE HE FINDS THE U-BOAT ONLY SLIGHTLY IMPAIRED,
AND STILL UNDER POWER, PLOWING THROUGH CLOUDS OF MUD DISTURBED
BY THE EXPLOSION!



HOLY MACKEREL!
SO IT MISSED!!!

THAT'S NOT SO GOOD - YET -
ON SECOND THOUGHT MAYBE IT'S
JUST AS WELL. THE AMERICAN
PUBLIC SHOULD KNOW ABOUT
THESE RATS - THEY SHOULD BE
BROUGHT OUT IN THE OPEN,
GIVEN A TRIAL, AND HUNG IN
A PUBLIC SQUARE!!!

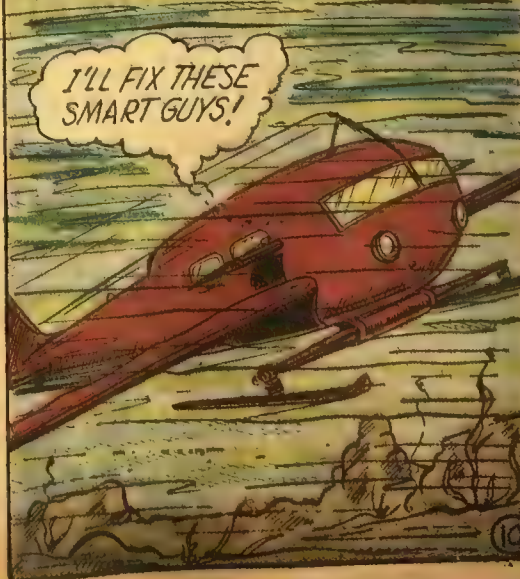


WHEELING ABOUT SUDDENLY, HE
RACES TO HIS AERIAL-SUB.....



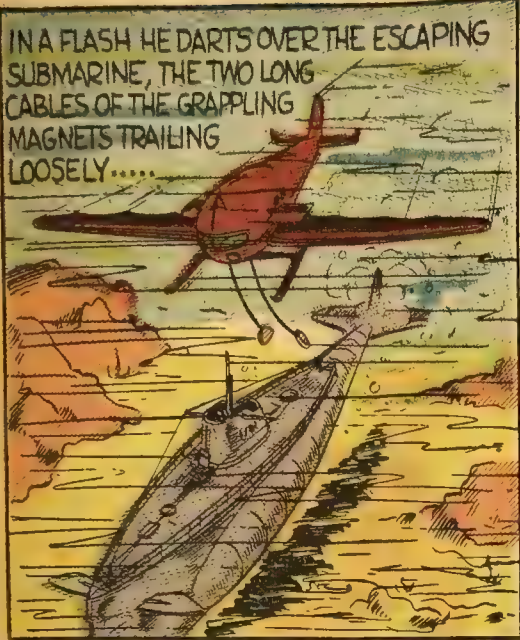
I'VE GOT AN IDEA!

....AND A FEW MOMENTS LATER IS CLEAVING
THE WATER AT 100-MILE-A-MINUTE SPEED!

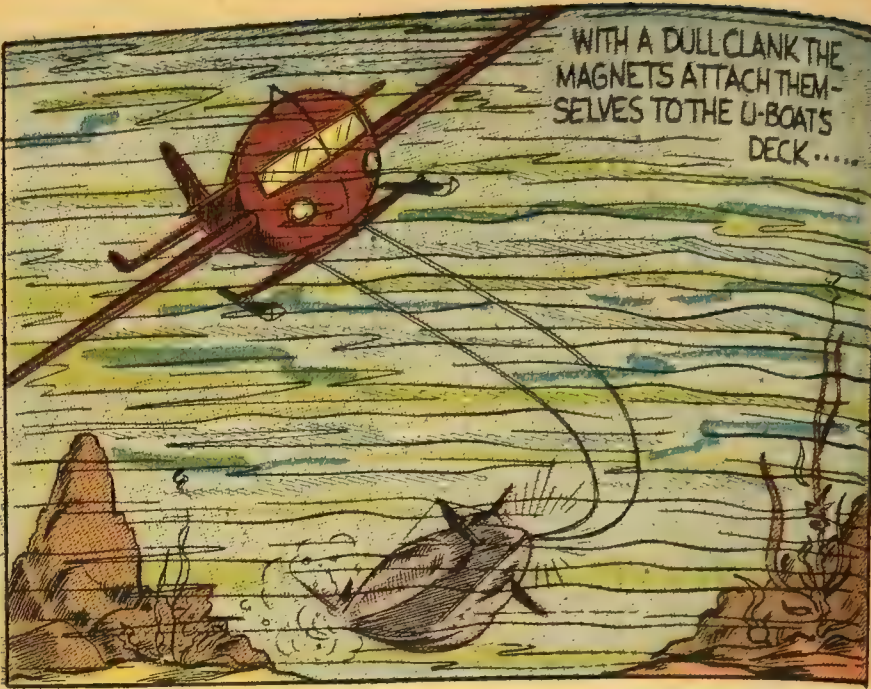


I'LL FIX THESE
SMART GUYS!

IN A FLASH HE DARTS OVER THE ESCAPING SUBMARINE, THE TWO LONG CABLES OF THE GRAPPLING MAGNETS TRAILING LOOSELY.....

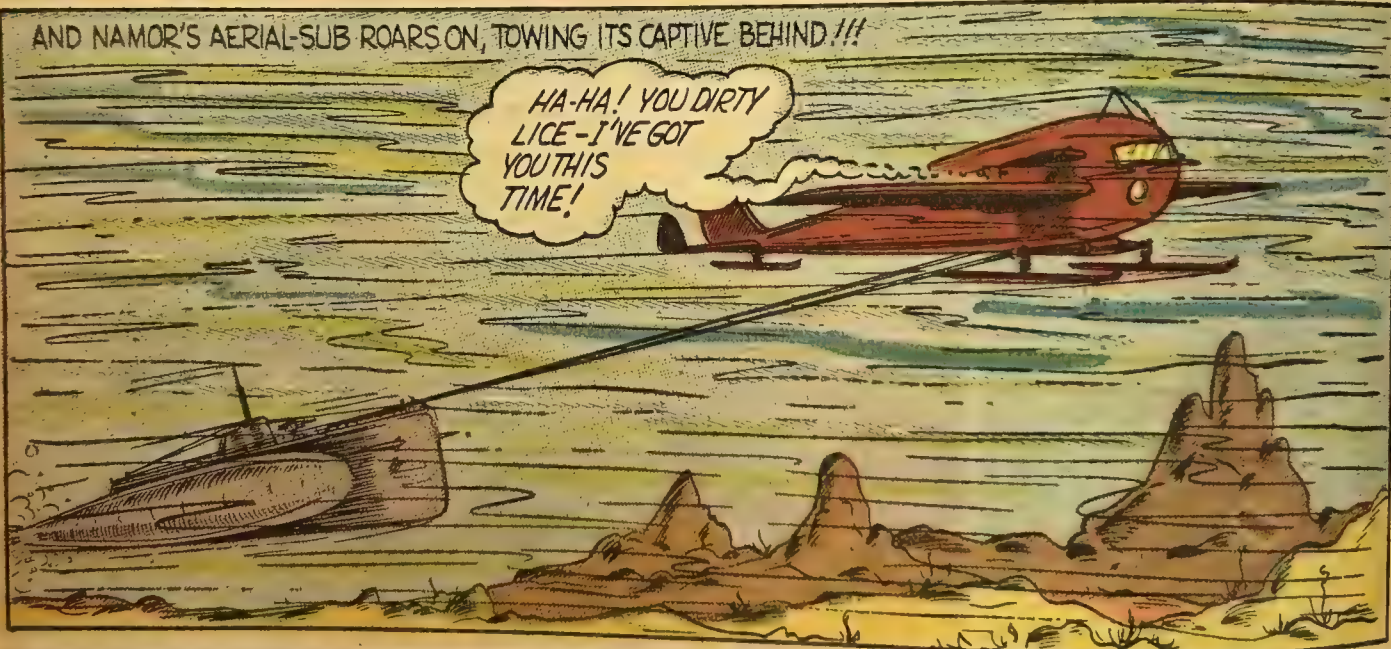


WITH A DULL CLANK THE MAGNETS ATTACH THEMSELVES TO THE U-BOAT'S DECK.....



AND NAMOR'S AERIAL-SUB ROARS ON, TOWING ITS CAPTIVE BEHIND !!!

HA-HA! YOU DIRTY LICE - I'VE GOT YOU THIS TIME!



INSIDE THE SUBMARINE, ALL IS CONFUSION.....

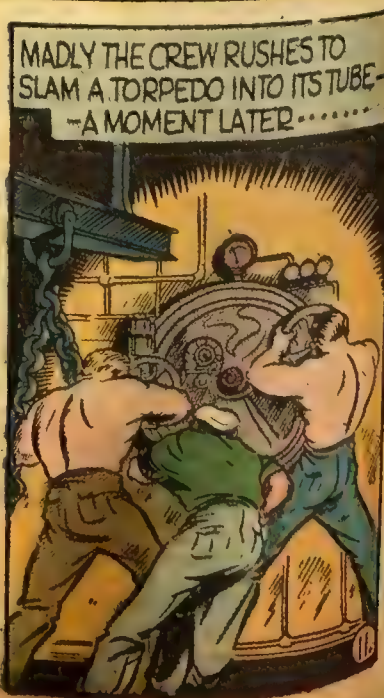
DOWNERWETTER! ID LOOGS LIGE VUN OFF DER ZUB-MARINER'S PLANES! HE'S GOD US HOOGED MITT ZUM GIND OFF GRABBLING-HOOGS, OR ZUMDING!



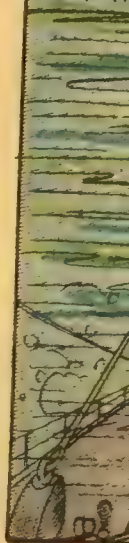
QUICK, MEN! TO DER TORPEDO-ROOM! IF HE ISS IN FRONT OFF US VE CAN HIT HIM MITT DER TORPEDOES! ALTOGEDDER, NOW - LED'S GO!



MADLY THE CREW RUSHES TO SLAM A TORPEDO INTO ITS TUBE - A MOMENT LATER.....



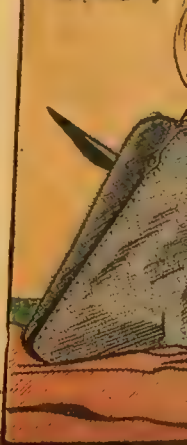
A MUFFL AND THE FROM T



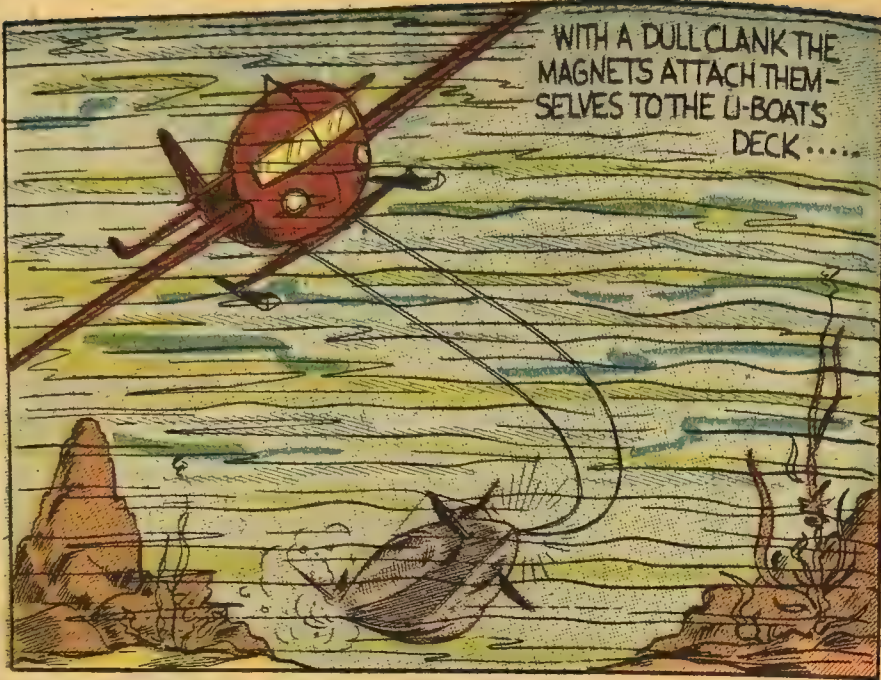
REALIZING T FOLLOW, NA PLANE TO T



THE SHOCK OF LOOSENS THE AND NAMOR R AWAY, LEAVING SUBMARINE STRANDED!

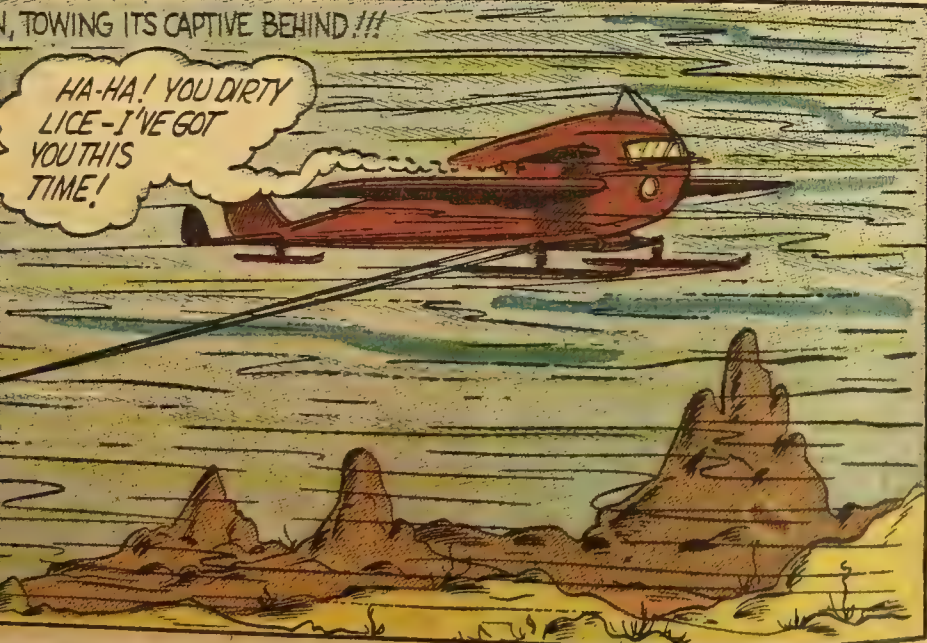


WITH A DULL CLANK THE
MAGNETS ATTACH THEM-
SELVES TO THE U-BOAT'S
DECK.....



...TOWING ITS CAPTIVE BEHIND !!!

HA-HA! YOU DIRTY
LICE-I'VE GOT
YOU THIS
TIME!



ON.....

UN OFF
HE'S GOD
GIND OFF
LUMDING!



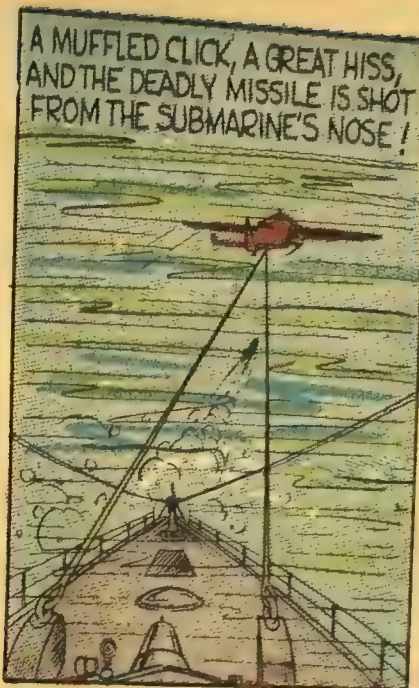
QUICK, MEN! TO DER
TORPEDO-ROOM! IF HE
ISS IN FRONT OFF US VE
CAN HIT HIM MITT DER
TORPEDOES! ALTOGEDDER,
NOW - LED'S GO!



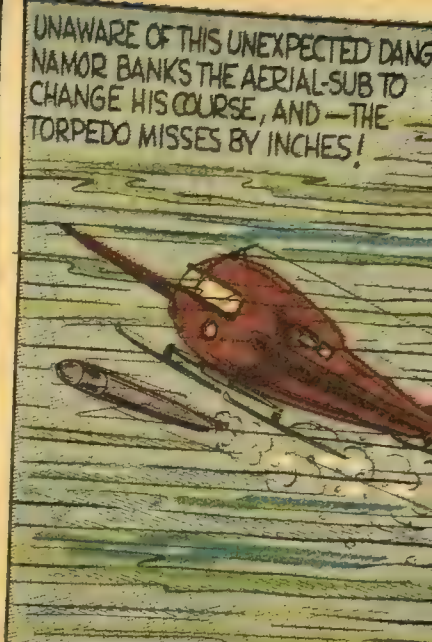
MADLY THE CREW RUSHES TO
SLAM A TORPEDO INTO ITS TUBE-
-A MOMENT LATER.....



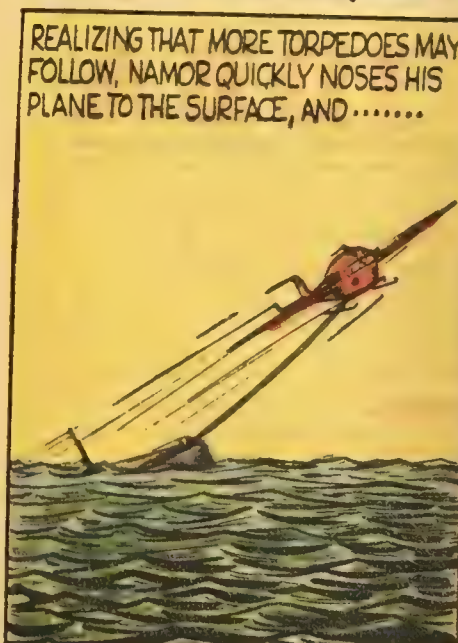
A MUFFLED CLICK, A GREAT HISS,
AND THE DEADLY MISSILE IS SHOT
FROM THE SUBMARINE'S NOSE!



UNAWARE OF THIS UNEXPECTED DANG
NAMOR BANKS THE AERIAL-SUB TO
CHANGE HIS COURSE, AND -THE
TORPEDO MISSES BY INCHES!

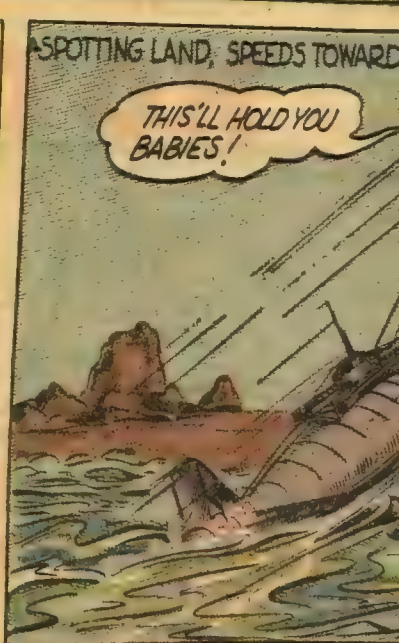


REALIZING THAT MORE TORPEDOES MAY
FOLLOW, NAMOR QUICKLY NOSES HIS
PLANE TO THE SURFACE, AND.....



SPOTTING LAND, SPEEDS TOWARD

THIS'LL HOLD YOU
BABIES!



THE SHOCK OF THE IMPACT
LOOSENS THE MAGNETS,
AND NAMOR ROARS
AWAY, LEAVING THE
SUBMARINE
STRANDED!

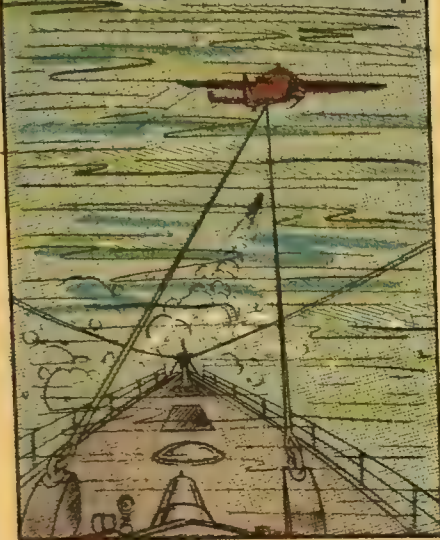


TEN MINUTES LATER, IN A STORE IN A
LITTLE TOWN ON THE COAST OF NEW JERSEY

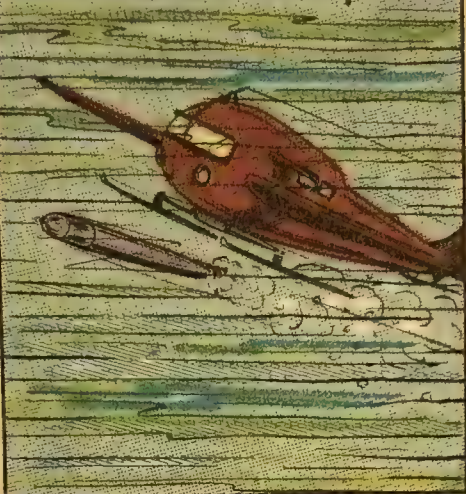
HELLO-COAST GUARD? YOU'LL FIND
THE CREW OF A NAZI U-BOAT STRANDED
ON A SHOAL ABOUT FORTY MILES FROM
CAPE MAY, WITH THEIR CRAFT BEACHED
THERE - IF YOU HURRY!



A MUFFLED CLICK, A GREAT HISS, AND THE DEADLY MISSILE IS SHOT FROM THE SUBMARINE'S NOSE!



UNAWARE OF THIS UNEXPECTED DANGER, NAMOR BANKS THE AERIAL-SUB TO CHANGE HIS COURSE, AND—THE TORPEDO MISSES BY INCHES!



THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD NAMOR CATCHES A GLIMPSE OF THE SLENDER TUBE

WHY—THE DIRTY BACK-STABBERS!!!

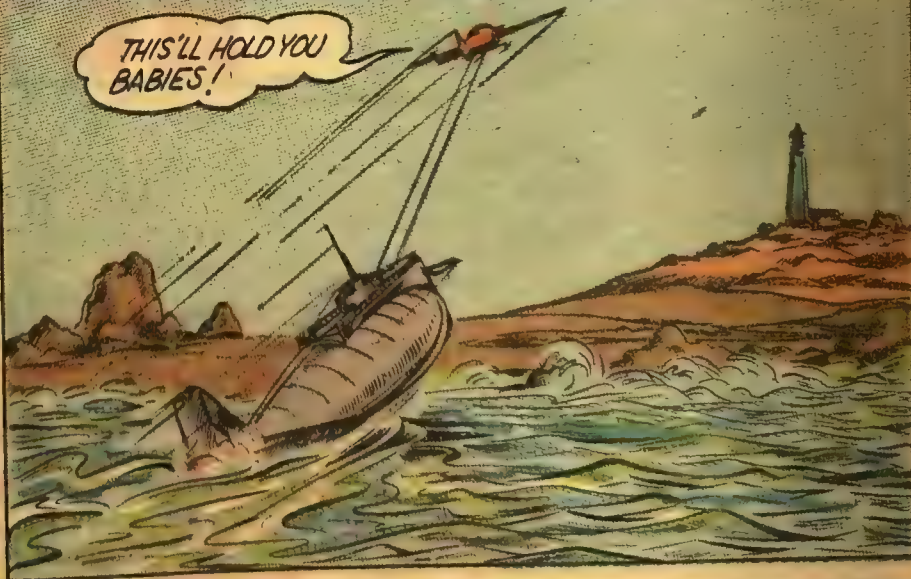


REALIZING THAT MORE TORPEDOES MAY FOLLOW, NAMOR QUICKLY NOSES HIS PLANE TO THE SURFACE, AND



SPOTTING LAND, SPEEDS TOWARD IT— BEACHING THE U-BOAT!!!

THIS'LL HOLD YOU BABIES!



THE SHOCK OF THE IMPACT LOOSENS THE MAGNETS, AND NAMOR ROARS AWAY, LEAVING THE SUBMARINE STRANDED!

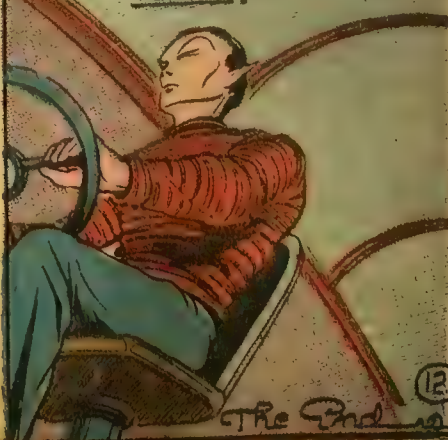


TEN MINUTES LATER, IN A STORE IN A LITTLE TOWN ON THE COAST OF NEW JERSEY—

HELLO—COAST GUARD? YOU'LL FIND THE CREW OF A NAZI U-BOAT STRANDED ON A SHOAL ABOUT FORTY MILES FROM CAPE MAY, WITH THEIR CRAFT BEACHED THERE—IF YOU HURRY!



LEAVING A PERPLEXED STOREKEEPER, AND A BEWILDERED COAST-GUARD, NAMOR RUSHES BACK TO HIS PLANE, AND SOARS ON TO NEW ADVENTURES IN FURTHER ISSUES OF MARVEL COMICS!



The End

The Story of the Human Torch!



CARL BURGOS'

HOT IDEA

CARL BURGOS was sitting half way between his drawing board and his typewriter when we barged into his compact little studio. "How's about an interview, Carl?" we asked.

"Fire away!"

We learned that he was born in New York City, in uptown Manhattan, about two dozen years ago. He told us that he had gone to school there and had held every job he ever had in that city.

We queried him on the HUMAN TORCH.

"You'd be surprised how I happened upon the HUMAN TORCH," he said.

"I was on the Fourth of July last year, a beastly hot day. The heat moved across my drawing board in heavy waves, so thick I could feel it. To make matters worse, I had just had a hot discussion with my publisher. He wanted a new character, something brand new, an angle that had never been done before.

"I was all hot and bothered. I racked my brain until my head began to swim. At my wit's end, I decided to lie down for a while and try to cool off.

"I lay there for about fifteen minutes, like a man sick with jungle fever, my pulse pounding. The room seemed to take on a red glow.

"Suddenly into the room stormed my publisher, demanding to know where the new character was. In a daze I told him to go to the Devil, that gentleman being rather on my mind. I hoped that he would go away, but he didn't. His fuming only added to the rapidly mounting heat of the room.

"He called to my attention the fact that I was letting down my public. As he spoke the room seemed to fill with boys and girls, all shouting hotly that they wanted a new character. Screaming with this artificial fever, I told them all to go to the Devil! At this they rushed in and grabbed me, and I fainted.

"When I awoke, I was lying on a bed of red hot coals. I figured that it must be the large furnace of the building. I was terrified for an instant, until I realized that I could stand the heat. I was burning.

"Outside the door of the furnace I could hear the laughter of my publisher and the children, but it was rapidly fading for the roar of the fire was filling my ears. A hot draft fanned the flames and I could feel myself being drawn up into the chimney. I seemed to float, my body was lighter than the air, and for a horrible minute I found myself hurtling up through the sooty brick chimney.

"I LIKE any other skyrocket, I shot to a great height in a blazing arc. I was relieved to find that I was gradually drifting back to earth.

"I finally alighted on the roof of an office building, and I quickly ran to cover as my blazing feet were leaving smoking prints on the tar roof. In the building I heaved a sigh of relief, for I recognized it as the place where my publisher had his office. I believed that if he could do this to me, he should know how to make me normal again. I went to his office, being careful to walk only on the tile flooring.

"I pushed open the frosted glass door and stood face to face with him. The red glow from my body lighted up his face. His astonishment turned to delight and he called the members of his staff. As they all crowded around him he cried, pointing to me, 'There's our new character, a HUMAN TORCH!'

"Burned up, I rushed at him, but stumbled. Then the scene faded.

"When I regained consciousness, I was lying on the floor of my studio, feeling much better than before it all happened."

"But Carl," we smiled, "you tell it as if it had really happened."

He looked us squarely in the eyes. "You may not believe me, but my publisher was not a bit surprised when I showed him my new feature—the HUMAN TORCH. He acted as if he had known it all the time!"

We left shortly after that, closing the door quietly behind us.

END

B



The Story

I was
Bill E
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features th
"But Bill
the idea for

Bill Everett's

HURRICANE



The Story of THE SUB-MARINER!

IT was raining pretty hard when we reached Bill Everett's apartment-studio, a dramatic background for the story we hoped to get.

"Hello, Bill," we smiled, "mind if we annoy you for a while?"

"Come on in," Bill said beaming. "I was hoping someone would drop in on me tonight."

True to style, he made us feel right at home. "We've come to ask you to tell us something about yourself, and how you started to write about the SUB-MARINER. Do you mind?"

"Well," Bill said, "I was born in Newton, Massachusetts, and I'm still young enough to be in that first draft—if and when. When I was very young my folks went out to Arizona. We stayed there until after I finished high school."

"But, my folks decided to go back to Massachusetts, and I decided to go back to school. I went to the Vesper George Art School where I made up my mind that I would make art a career."

"While I was studying, I worked in a large advertising agency, but I wasn't satisfied. I wanted to do newspaper work, so I landed a job on the NEW YORK HERALD TRIBUNE, after doing a turn on the art staff of the BOSTON TRAVELER. Later I was the art director of a national magazine, but there my flare for cartooning was somewhat stifled, so I free-lanced around until I broke into this field, as the Art Editor of Funnies, Inc., the outfit that creates the features that appear in MARVEL COMICS."

"But, Bill," we asked, "where did you pick up the idea for the SUB-MARINER?"

...
THAT'S another story. You see, when we returned to the east coast, I found just as much adventure as I did in the west. What I mean is, I got myself a job on a seagoing tramp that went from Maine to Florida.

"On one run, when we were still a day out of Florida, one of those native Floridian hurricanes hit us broadsides. It shook that old tub like it was a toy. I happened to be at the wheel, and the full force of the storm spun it like a top. One of the bigger men took over for the minute, for there was another job to be done. The wireless antenna had been blown down, and it meant a climb up the slippery rope stays to the top of the mast. I was elected."

"I climbed into my oilskins and started up. The wind cut my face and hands, and I had all I could do to hold on. The rigging was wet and slippery. My job was to carry that loose wire up and tie it back to the mast. Well, I finally reached the top, and stood upright on the cross-trees. The wind lashed my oils and they cracked like thunder. Suddenly, after I had done my job, I felt myself being swept off my perch into thin air!

"I grabbed, and luckily caught the end of a rope. I swung there, half dazed for a moment, only to realize that my hand was slowly slipping off the wet hemp. Below I could see the washed deck glazing up at me. The cold wind had numbed my spirit, and a strange feeling came over me, I felt I was not alone."

"Something seemed to take hold of me and lift me, bodily, back onto the crosstrees. I lay there for a moment, and when I finally got a grip on myself, I looked up to see who, or what, had helped me."

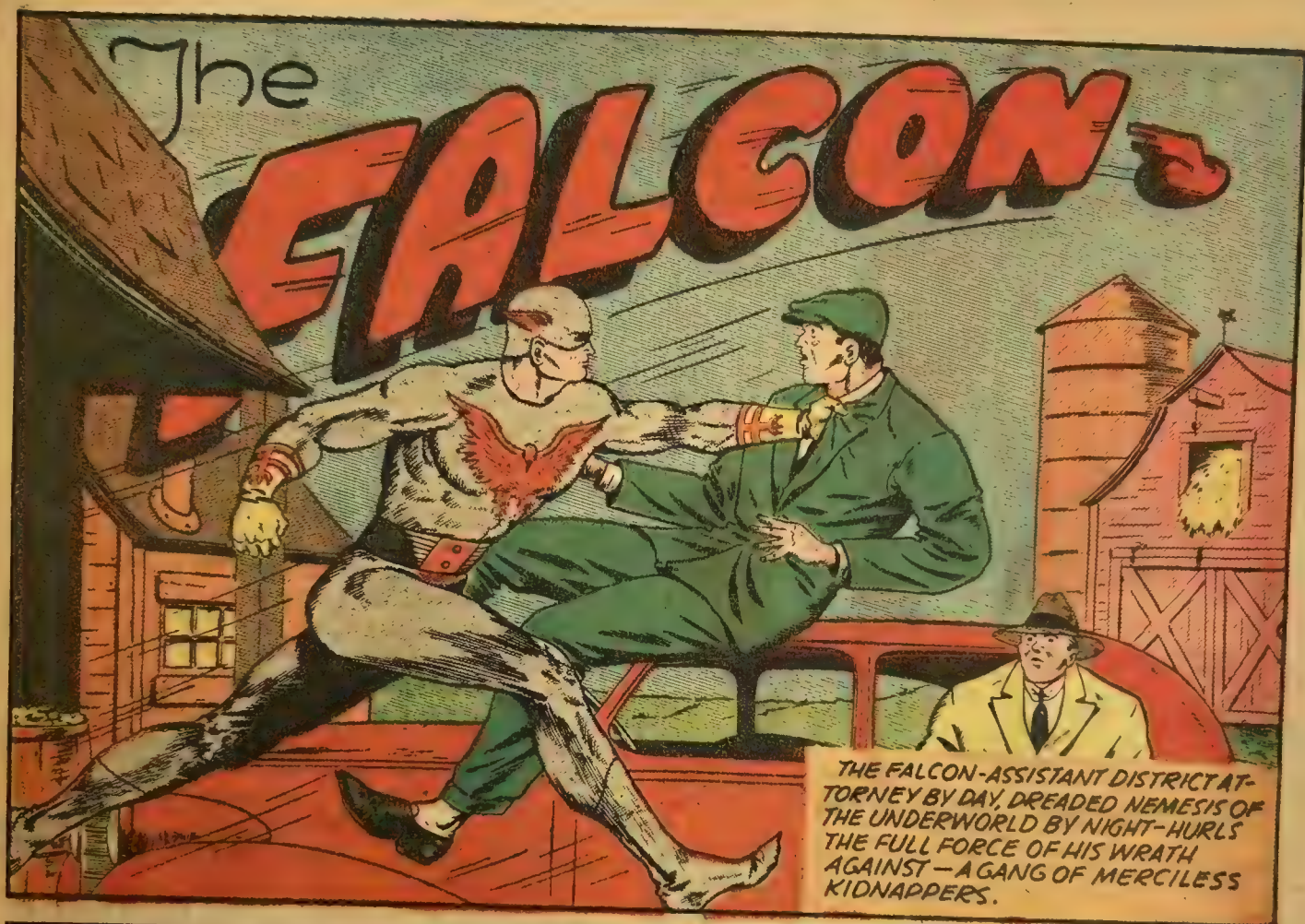
"THERE WAS NO ONE THERE!"

WE couldn't help but notice the sincere look in Bill's eyes as he spoke. "Whew, that was a corker, Bill. But, where does the SUB-MARINER come in?"

He smiled that slow smile of his and said, "Who knows? To me it was HE who helped me that night."

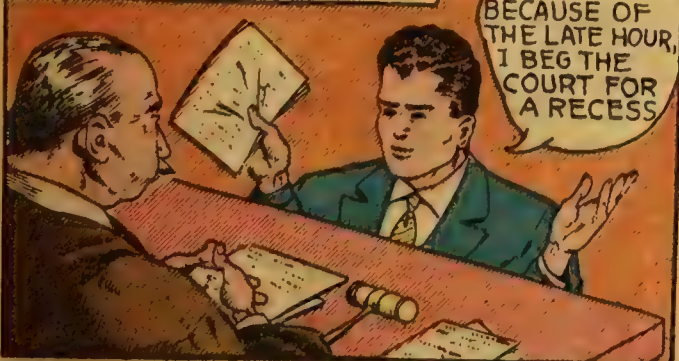
"For the duration of that trip I was constantly reminded of Coleridge's ANCIENT MARINER, the poem that tells about the supernatural powers of the sea. I suppose that had some bearing on my title, SUB-MARINER."

"To me, I owe my life to that something—whether wind, a strong subconscious motion, or a supernatural being. But I shall always think of it as my friend ... THE SUB-MARINER!"

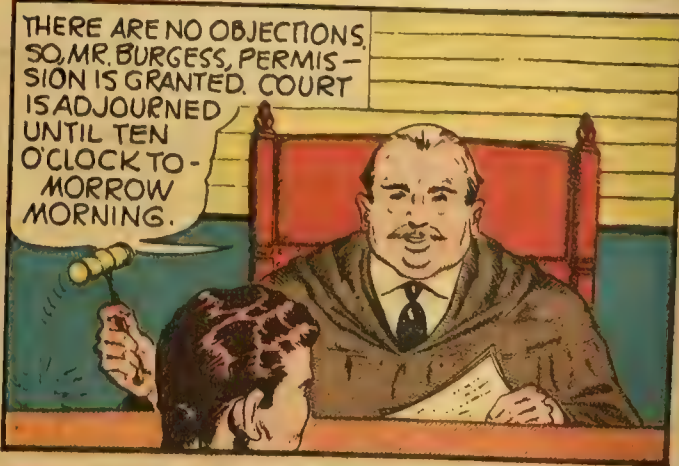


THE FALCON-ASSISTANT DISTRICT ATTORNEY BY DAY, DREADED NEMESIS OF THE UNDERWORLD BY NIGHT-HURLS THE FULL FORCE OF HIS WRATH AGAINST-A GANG OF MERCILESS KIDNAPPERS.

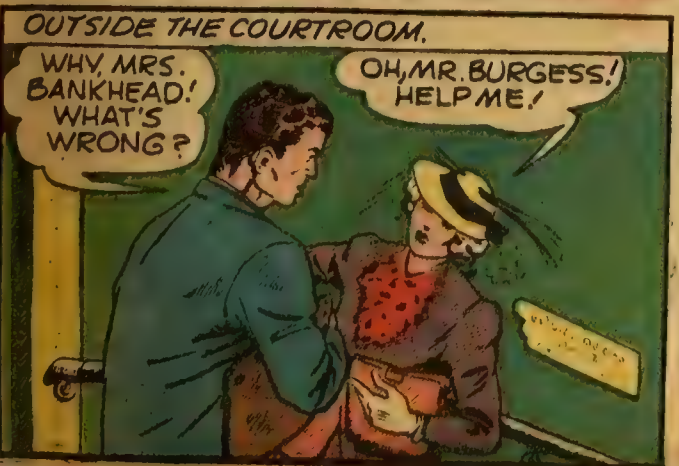
CARL BURGESS, ASSISTANT DISTRICT ATTORNEY, NEARS THE END OF HIS CASE AGAINST BIG JIM PETERSON, POLITICAL BOSS.



BECAUSE OF THE LATE HOUR, I BEG THE COURT FOR A RECESS



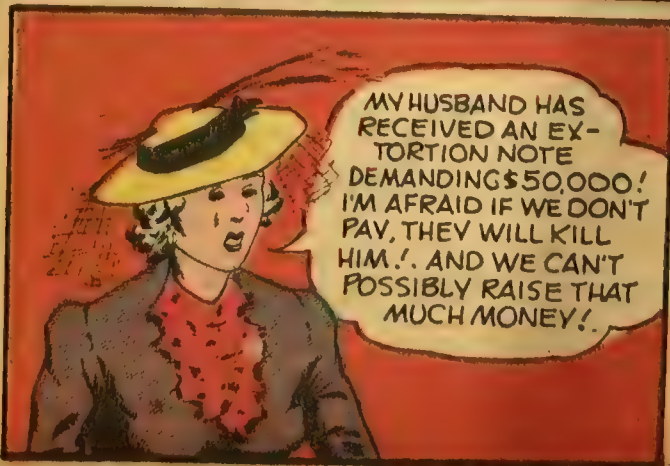
THERE ARE NO OBJECTIONS. SO MR. BURGESS, PERMISSION IS GRANTED. COURT IS ADJOURNED UNTIL TEN O'CLOCK TOMORROW MORNING.



OUTSIDE THE COURTROOM.

WHY, MRS. BANKHEAD! WHAT'S WRONG?

OH, MR. BURGESS! HELP ME!

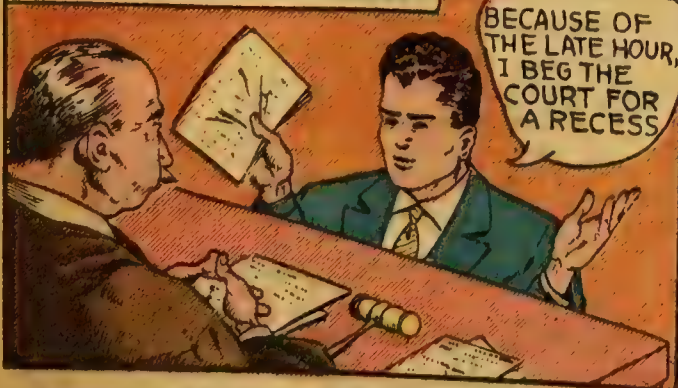


MY HUSBAND HAS RECEIVED AN EXTORTION NOTE DEMANDING \$50,000! I'M AFRAID IF WE DON'T PAY, THEY WILL KILL HIM! AND WE CAN'T POSSIBLY RAISE THAT MUCH MONEY!



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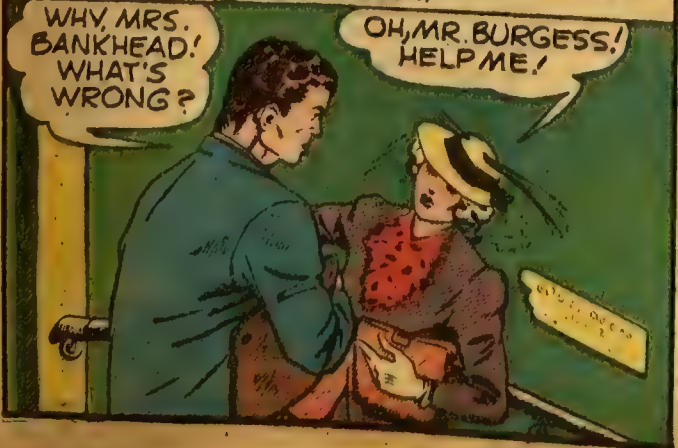


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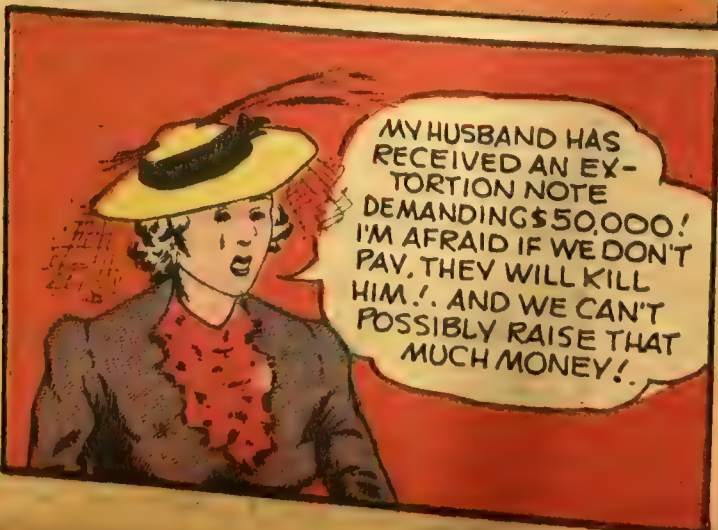


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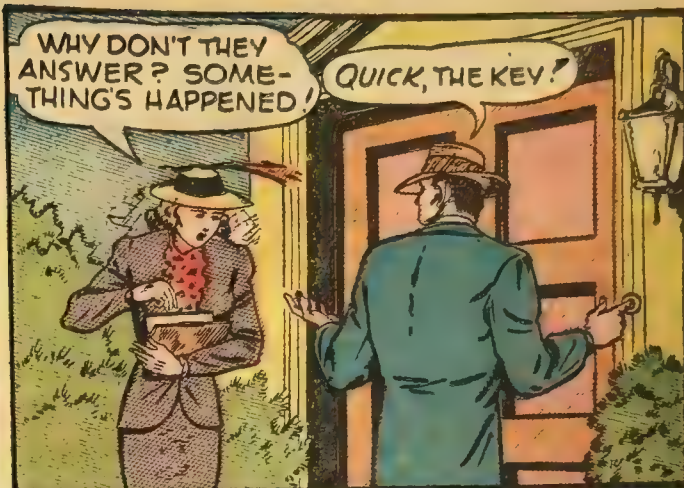


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WHAT SHALL I DO?

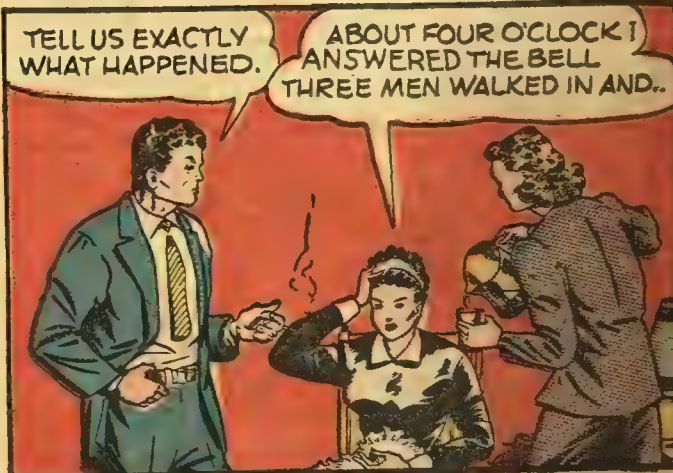
FOR THE PRESENT NOTHING. I'LL TAKE YOU HOME. I WANT TO SPEAK WITH YOUR HUSBAND.



WHY DON'T THEY ANSWER? SOMETHING'S HAPPENED!

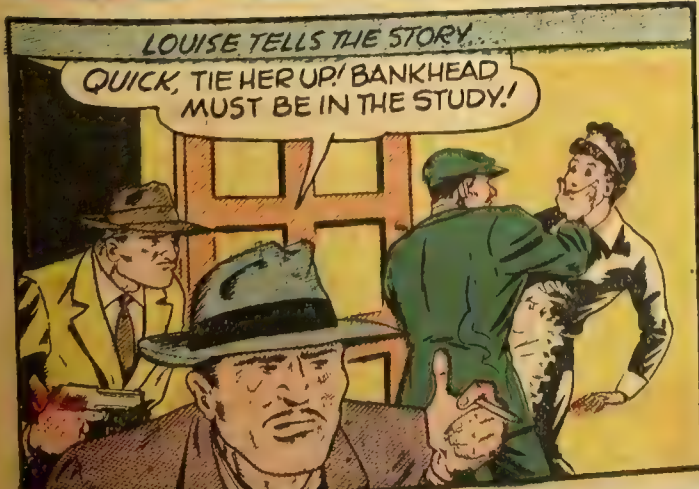
QUICK, THE KEY!

RUSHING INTO THE LIVING ROOM, THEY FIND THE MAID BOUND AND GAGGED.



TELL US EXACTLY WHAT HAPPENED.

ABOUT FOUR O'CLOCK I ANSWERED THE BELL. THREE MEN WALKED IN AND..



LOUISE TELLS THE STORY..

QUICK, TIE HER UP! BANKHEAD MUST BE IN THE STUDY!



MR. BANKHEAD IS CONFRONTED BY THE THREE GANGSTERS.

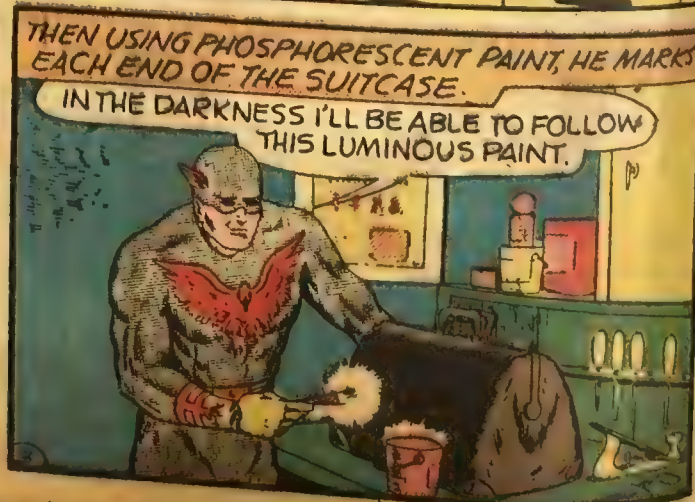
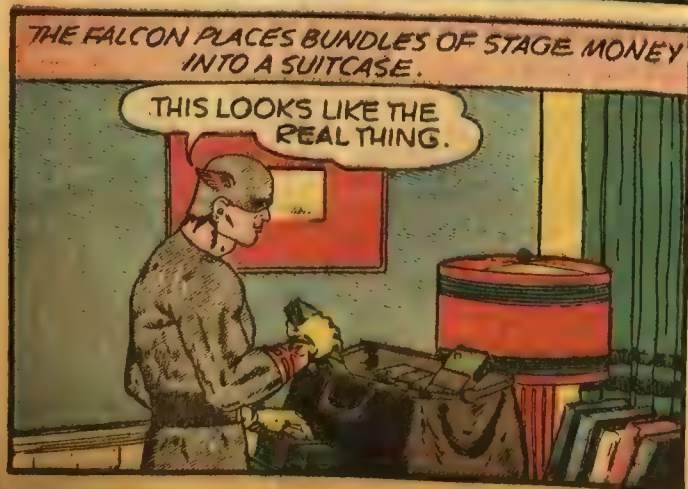
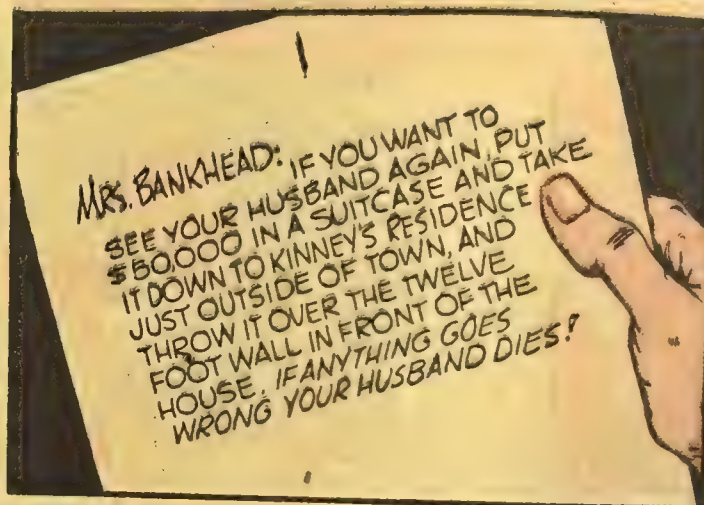
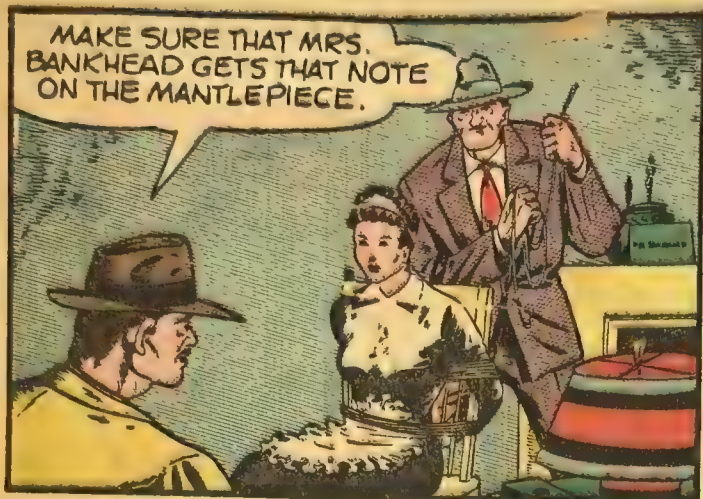
WHAT IS THIS?

YOU'RE COMING WITH US, BANKHEAD, AND YOU'RE COMING QUIETLY!



BANKHEAD TRIES TO RESIST BUT..

TAKE THAT, YOU FOOL!



THEN THEY DRAGGED POOR MR. BANKHEAD AWAY. I MUST HAVE FAINTED BECAUSE THAT'S ALL I REMEMBER.



MRS. BANKHEAD: IF YOU WANT TO SEE YOUR HUSBAND AGAIN, PUT \$50,000 IN A SUITCASE AND TAKE IT DOWN TO KINNEY'S RESIDENCE JUST OUTSIDE OF TOWN, AND THROW IT OVER THE TWELVE FOOT WALL IN FRONT OF THE HOUSE. IF ANYTHING GOES WRONG YOUR HUSBAND DIES!

ARRIVING HOME, BURGESS TRANSFORMS HIMSELF INTO THE FALCON.



IF THERE'S ONE KIND OF CRIME I HATE — IT'S KIDNAPPING!

THEN USING PHOSPHORESCENT PAINT, HE MARKS EACH END OF THE SUITCASE.

IN THE DARKNESS I'LL BE ABLE TO FOLLOW THIS LUMINOUS PAINT.



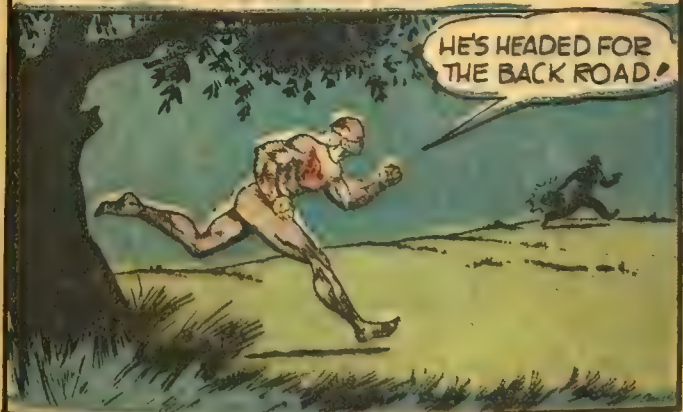
THAT NIGHT — IN FRONT OF THE KINNEY RESIDENCE.



AFTER A LONG WAIT THE FALCON SEES THE SUITCASE PICKED UP.



THE LUMINOUS PAINT ENABLES THE FALCON TO FOLLOW THE KIDNAPPER.



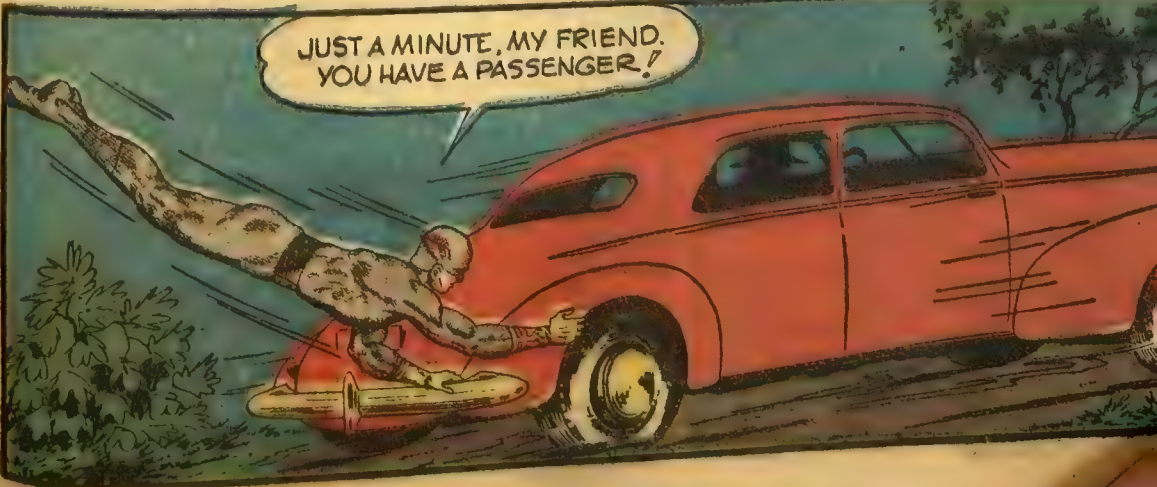
OVER YOU GO.



THE KIDNAPPER ENTERS A CAR ON A DESERTED ROAD.



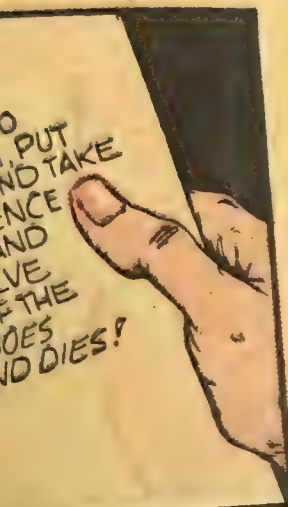
JUST A MINUTE, MY FRIEND. YOU HAVE A PASSENGER!



MR.
HAVE
S

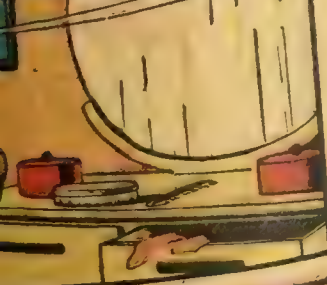


PUT
ND TAKE
NCE
ND
VE
THE
ES
DIES?



NSFORMS HIMSELF
THE FALCON.

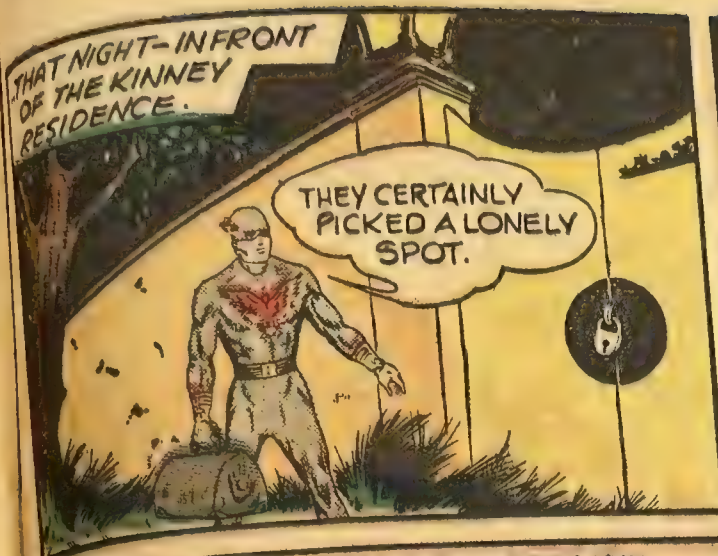
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CENT PAINT, HE MARKS
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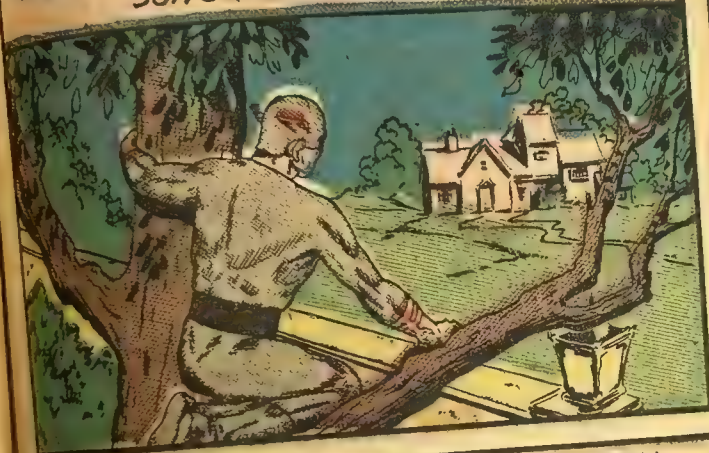


THAT NIGHT—INFRONT
OF THE KINNEY
RESIDENCE.



THEY CERTAINLY
PICKED A LONELY
SPOT.

AFTER A LONG WAIT THE FALCON SEES THE
SUITCASE PICKED UP.



THE LUMINOUS PAINT ENABLES THE FALCON
TO FOLLOW THE KIDNAPPER.



HE'S HEADED FOR
THE BACK ROAD.



OVER YOU
GO.

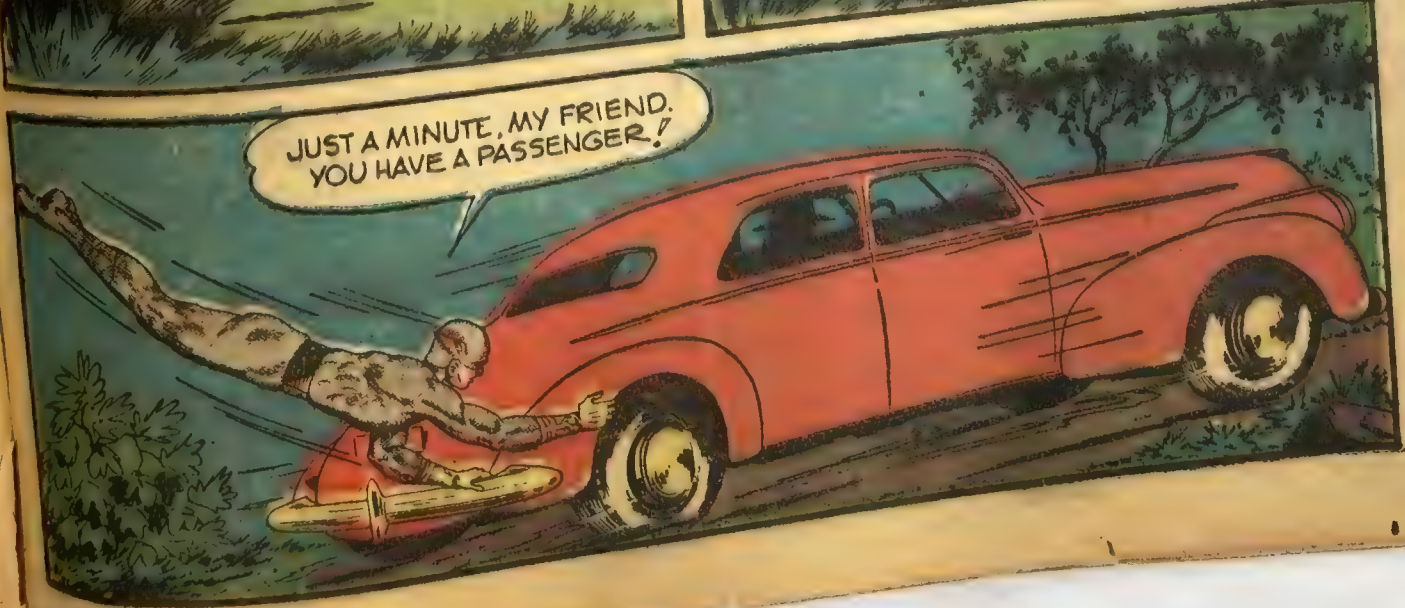
A SHORT WHILE
LATER —



THE KIDNAPPER ENTERS A CAR WAITING ON
A DESERTED ROAD.



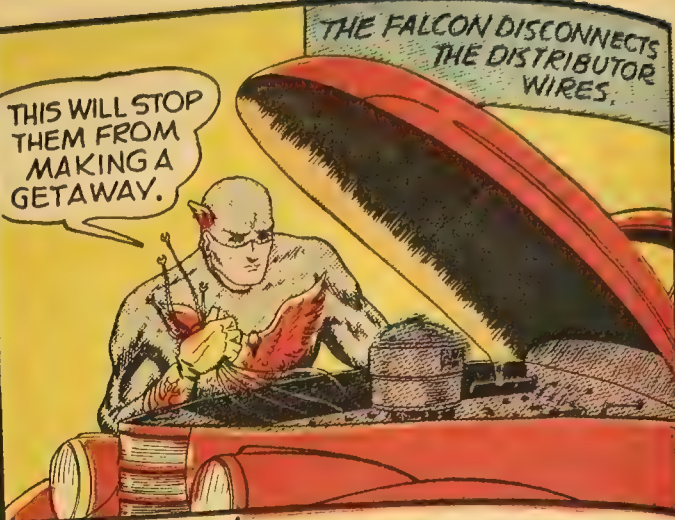
JUST A MINUTE, MY FRIEND.
YOU HAVE A PASSENGER!



TWENTY MINUTES LATER - AT
A DESERTED FARMHOUSE.



THIS WILL STOP
THEM FROM
MAKING A
GETAWAY.

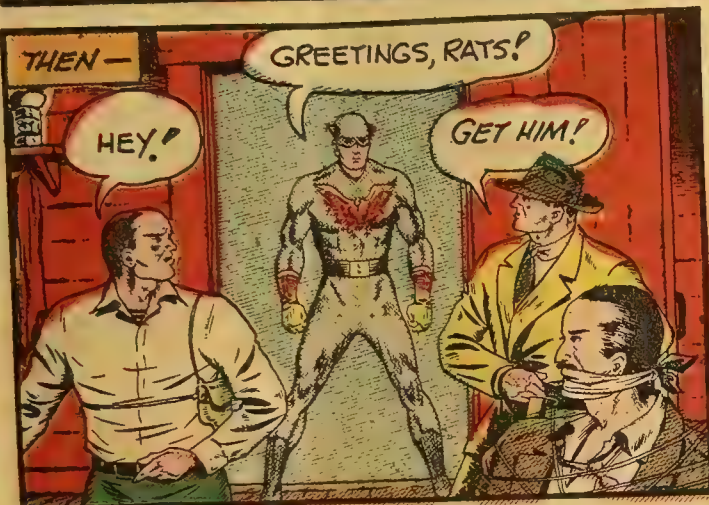


THEN -

GREETINGS, RATS?

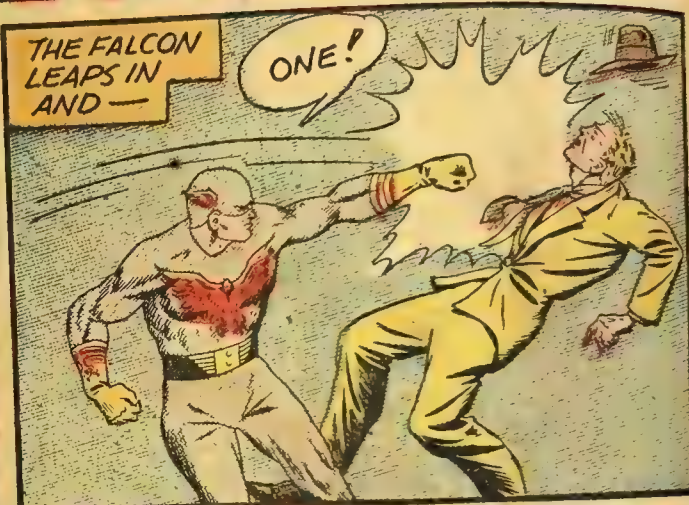
HEY!

GET HIM!



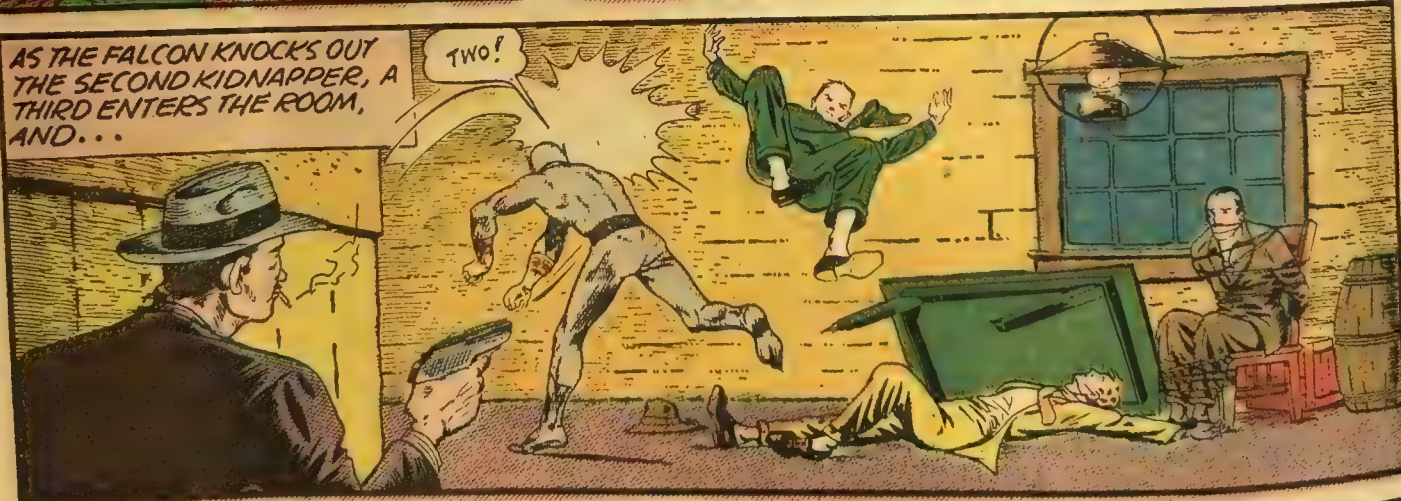
THE FALCON
LEAPS IN
AND -

ONE!



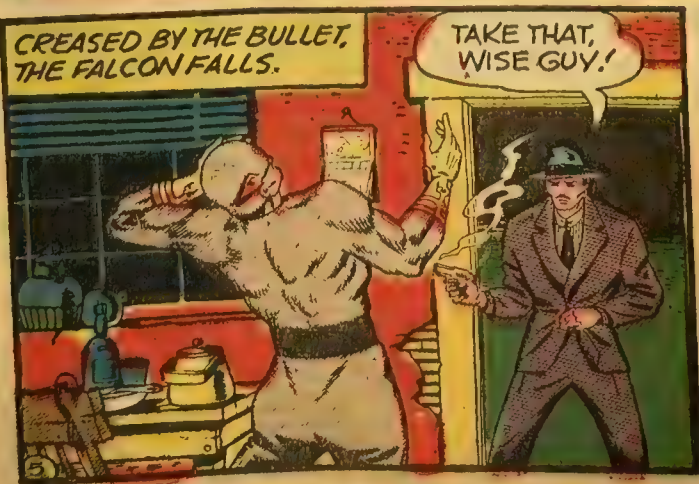
AS THE FALCON KNOCKS OUT
THE SECOND KIDNAPPER, A
THIRD ENTERS THE ROOM,
AND...

TWO!

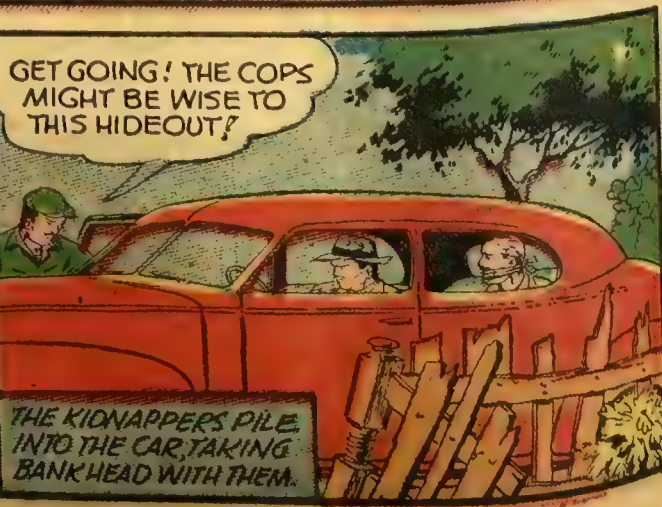


CREASED BY THE BULLET,
THE FALCON FALLS.

TAKE THAT,
WISE GUY!



GET GOING! THE COPS
MIGHT BE WISE TO
THIS HIDEOUT?



WHAT'S WRONG WITH T
IT WON'T START! JIM
AND LOOK

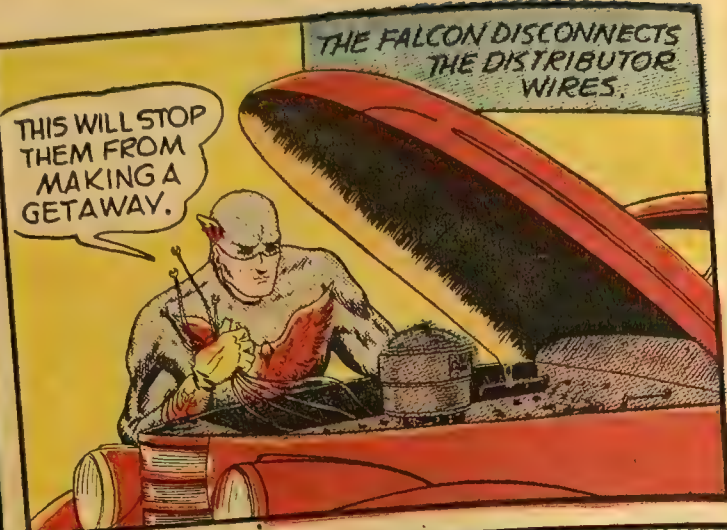


LIKE HIS DREADED
NAMESAKE, THE
FALCON DIVES DOWN
UPON HIS PREY.



HOW CAN I EVER
THANK YOU?





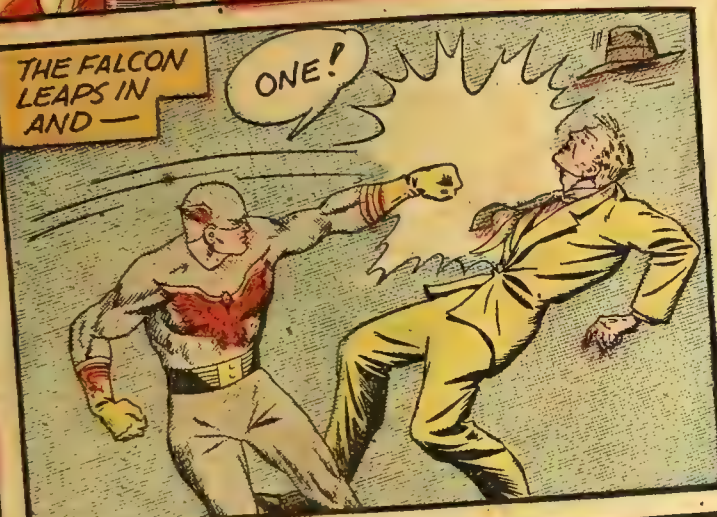
THIS WILL STOP THEM FROM MAKING A GETAWAY.

THE FALCON DISCONNECTS THE DISTRIBUTOR WIRES.



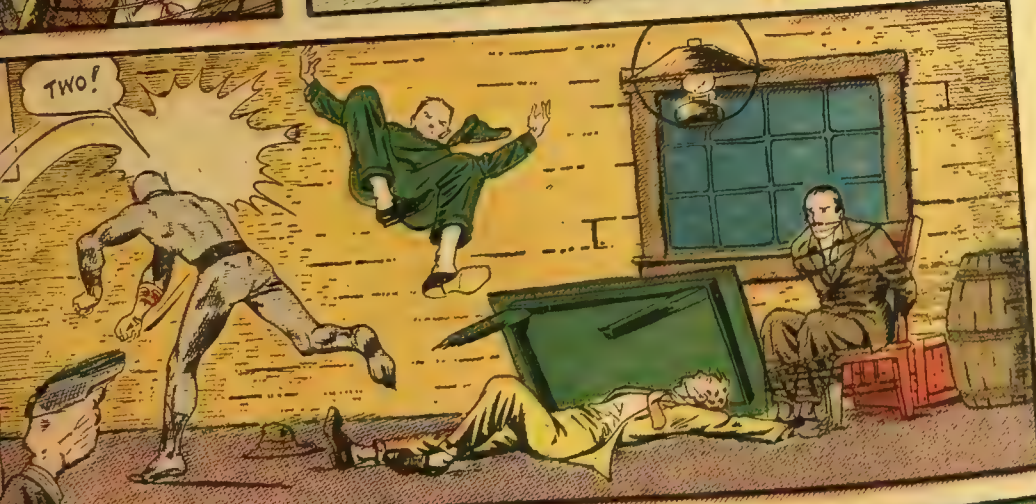
RATS?

GET HIM!



THE FALCON LEAPS IN AND —

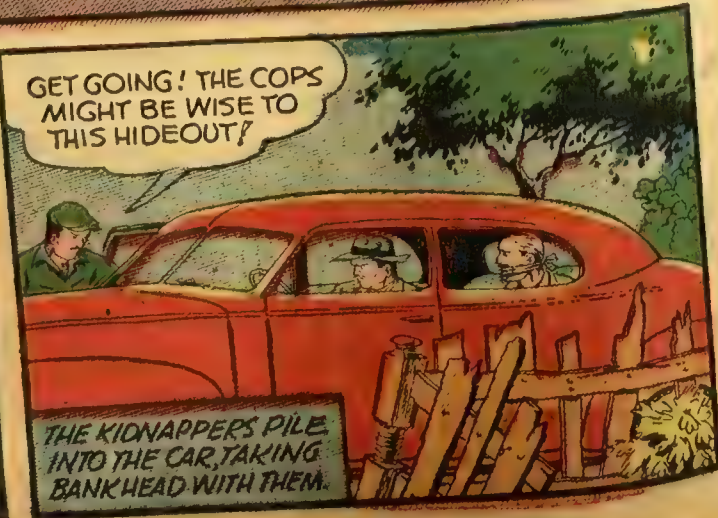
ONE!



TWO!

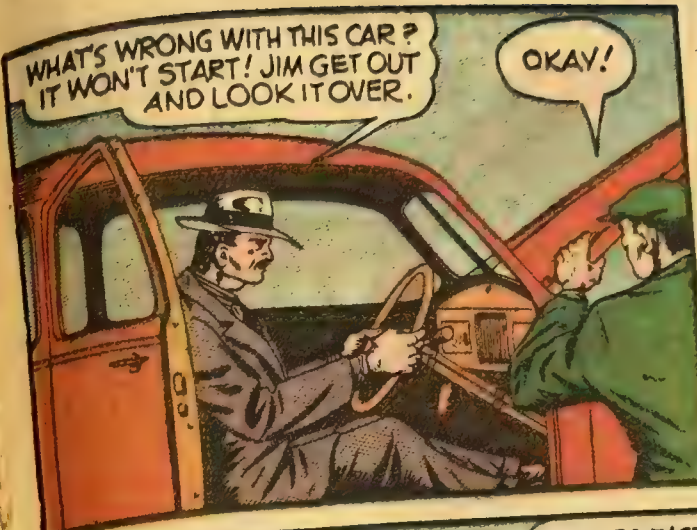


TAKE THAT, WISE GUY!



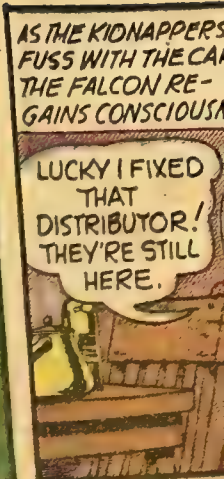
GET GOING! THE COPS MIGHT BE WISE TO THIS HIDEOUT?

THE KIDNAPPERS PILE INTO THE CAR, TAKING BANK HEAD WITH THEM.



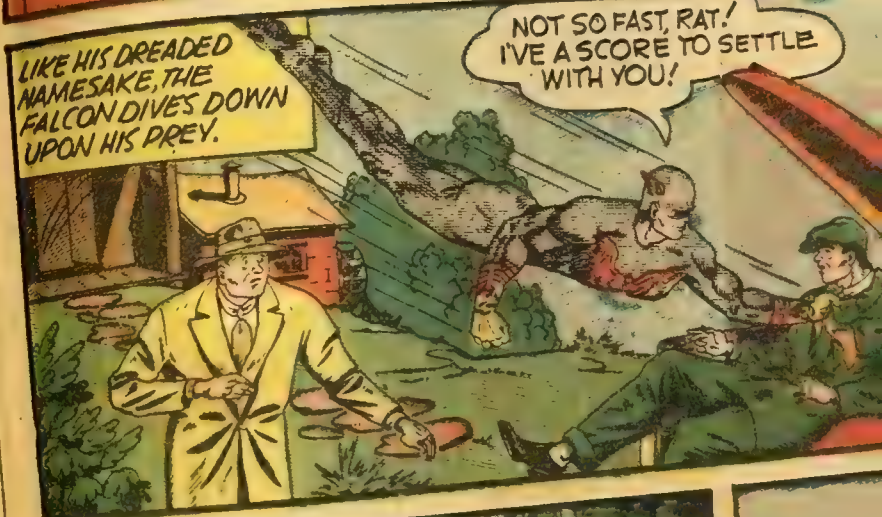
WHAT'S WRONG WITH THIS CAR? IT WON'T START! JIM GET OUT AND LOOK IT OVER.

OKAY!



AS THE KIDNAPPERS FUSS WITH THE CAR, THE FALCON RE-GAINS CONSCIOUSNESS.

LUCKY I FIXED THAT DISTRIBUTOR! THEY'RE STILL HERE.



LIKE HIS DREADED NAMESAKE, THE FALCON DIVES DOWN UPON HIS PREY.

NOT SO FAST, RAT! I'VE A SCORE TO SETTLE WITH YOU!



...AND YOU!



HOW CAN I EVER THANK YOU?

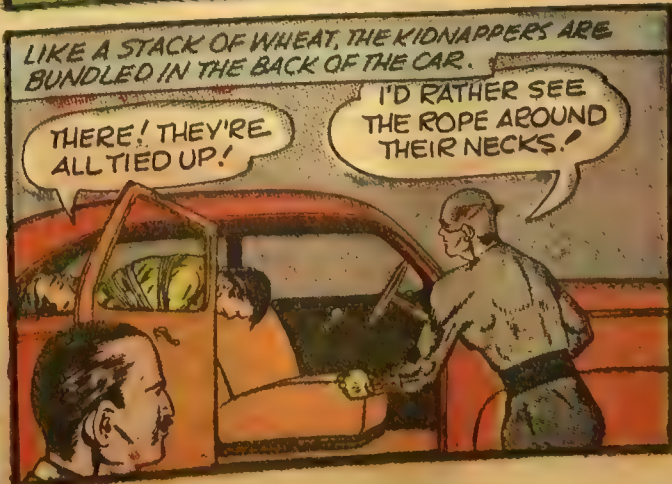
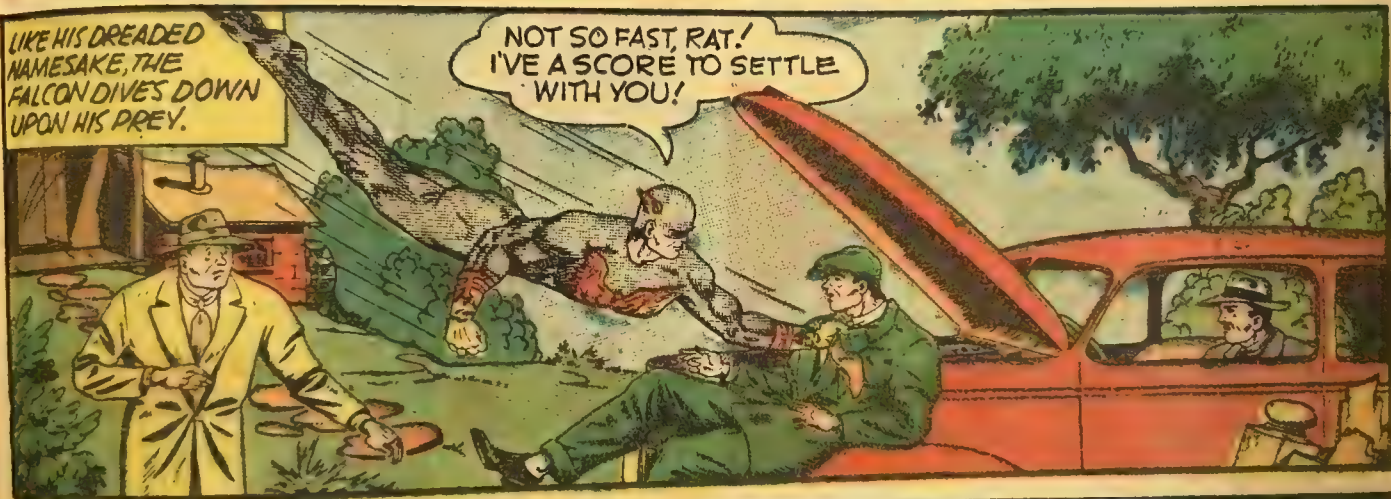
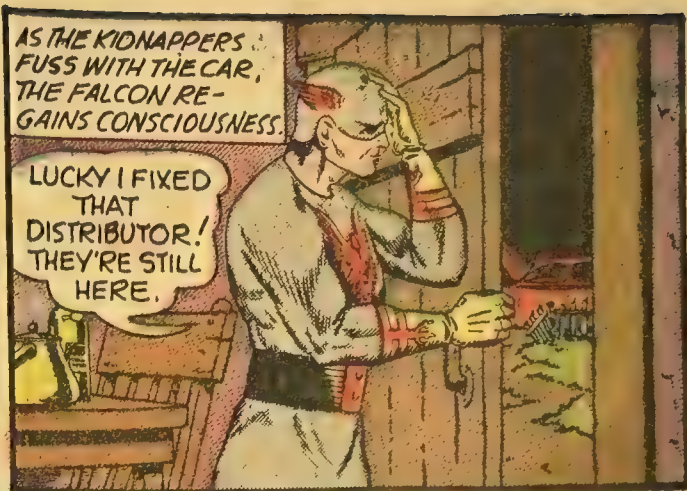
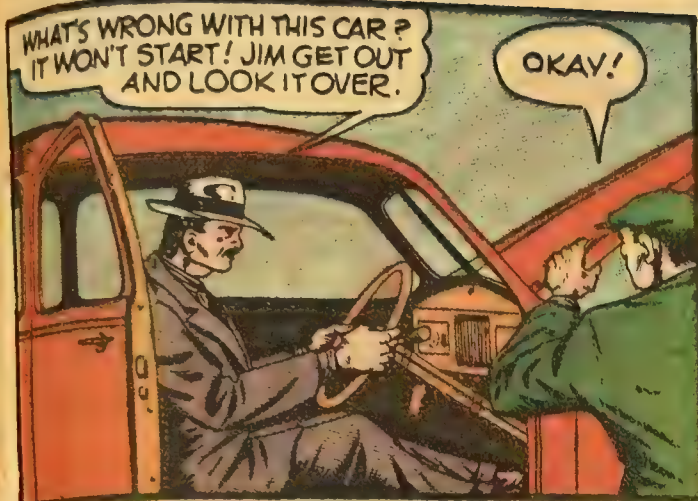
NEVER MIND! I ENJOYED IT!

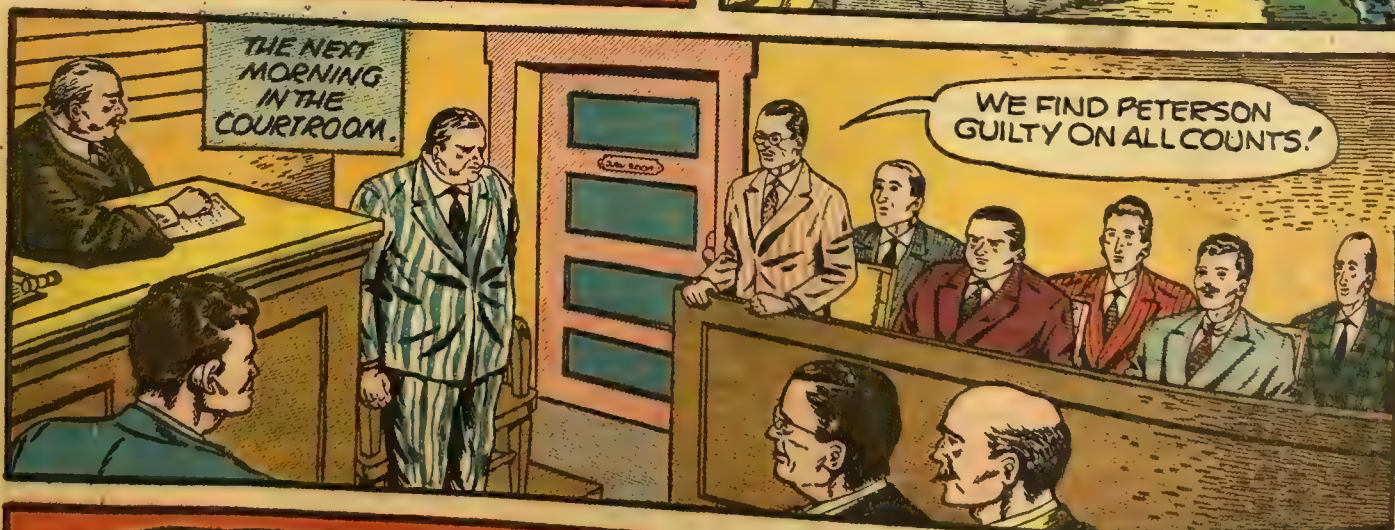
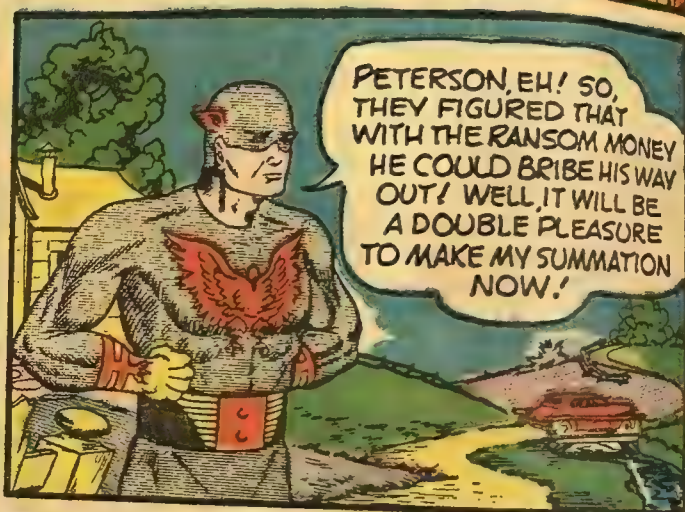
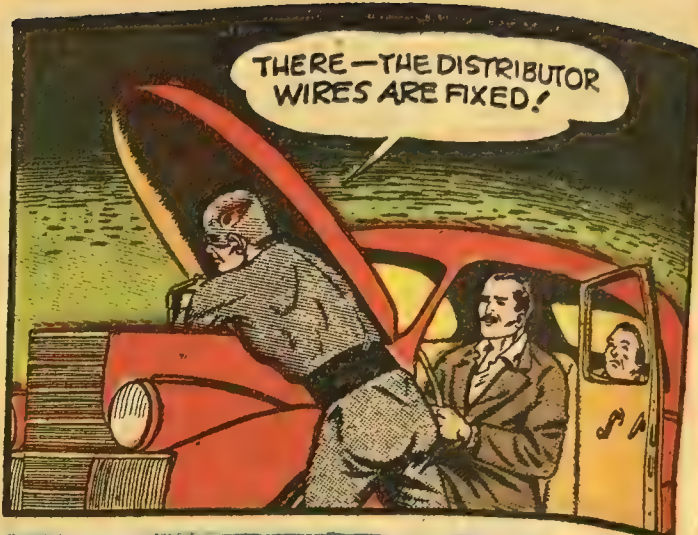


LIKE A S BUNDLE

THERE ALL T

CONNECTS
DISTRIBUTOR
ES.

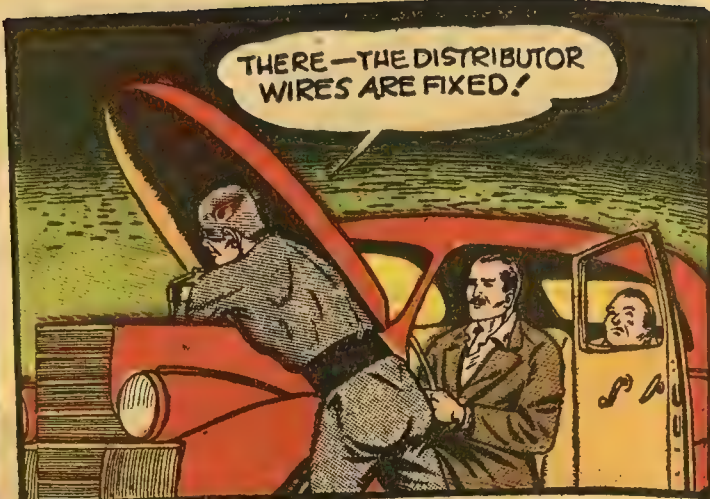




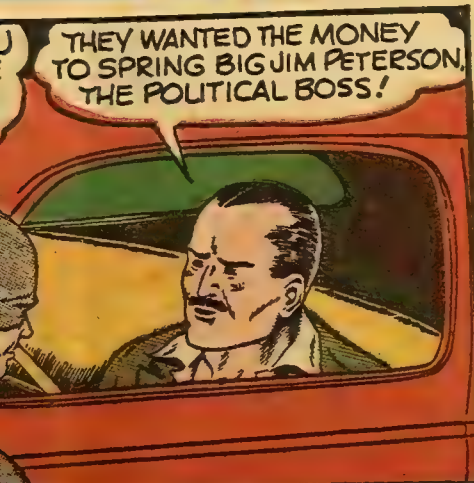
Read THE
VISION
New...
STARTLING
DIFFERENT!
EACH MONTH
in
MARVEL
COMICS!



THEM INTO TOWN AND
EM OVER TO THE POLICE.
A GUN — JUST IN CASE.



THERE — THE DISTRIBUTOR
WIRES ARE FIXED!



THEY WANTED THE MONEY
TO SPRING BIG JIM PETERSON,
THE POLITICAL BOSS!

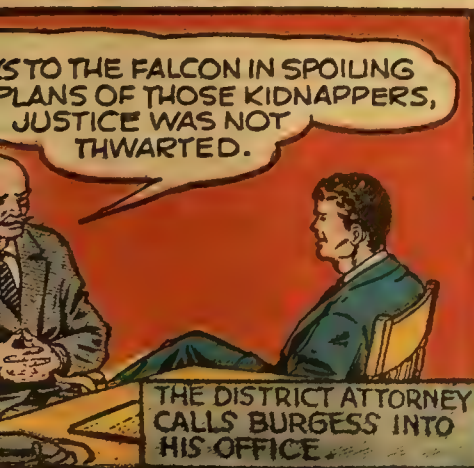


PETERSON, EH! SO,
THEY FIGURED THAT
WITH THE RANSOM MONEY
HE COULD BRIBE HIS WAY
OUT! WELL, IT WILL BE
A DOUBLE PLEASURE
TO MAKE MY SUMMATION
NOW!



THE NEXT
MORNING
IN THE
COURTROOM.

WE FIND PETERSON
GUILTY ON ALL COUNTS!



STO THE FALCON IN SPOILING
PLANS OF THOSE KIDNAPPERS,
JUSTICE WAS NOT
THWARTED.

THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY
CALLS BURGESS INTO
HIS OFFICE.



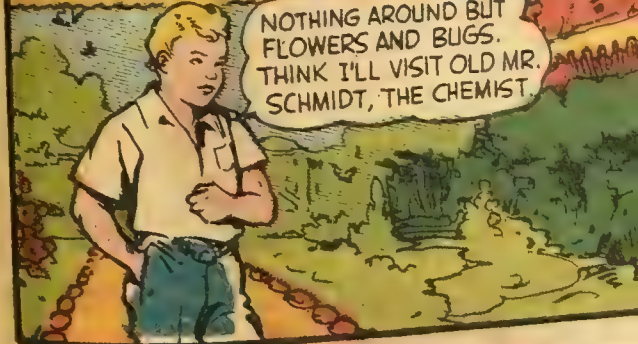
THE FALCON AGAIN! IF
I EVER MEET HIM I'D
LIKE TO SHAKE HIS HAND.

Read THE
VISION
New...
STARTLING
DIFFERENT!
EACH MONTH
in
MARVEL
COMICS!

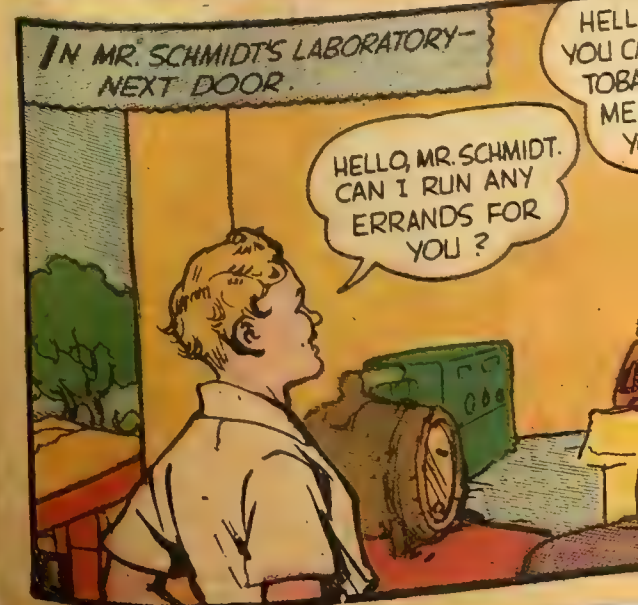


By HAROLD DELAY
and PAUL QUINN

JIMMY EVERETT, BORED WITH INACTION,
MAKES A DECISION THAT IS TO CHANGE
HIS ENTIRE LIFE —



NOTHING AROUND BUT
FLOWERS AND BUGS.
THINK I'LL VISIT OLD MR.
SCHMIDT, THE CHEMIST.



IN MR. SCHMIDT'S LABORATORY—
NEXT DOOR.

HELLO, MR. SCHMIDT.
CAN I RUN ANY
ERRANDS FOR
YOU?

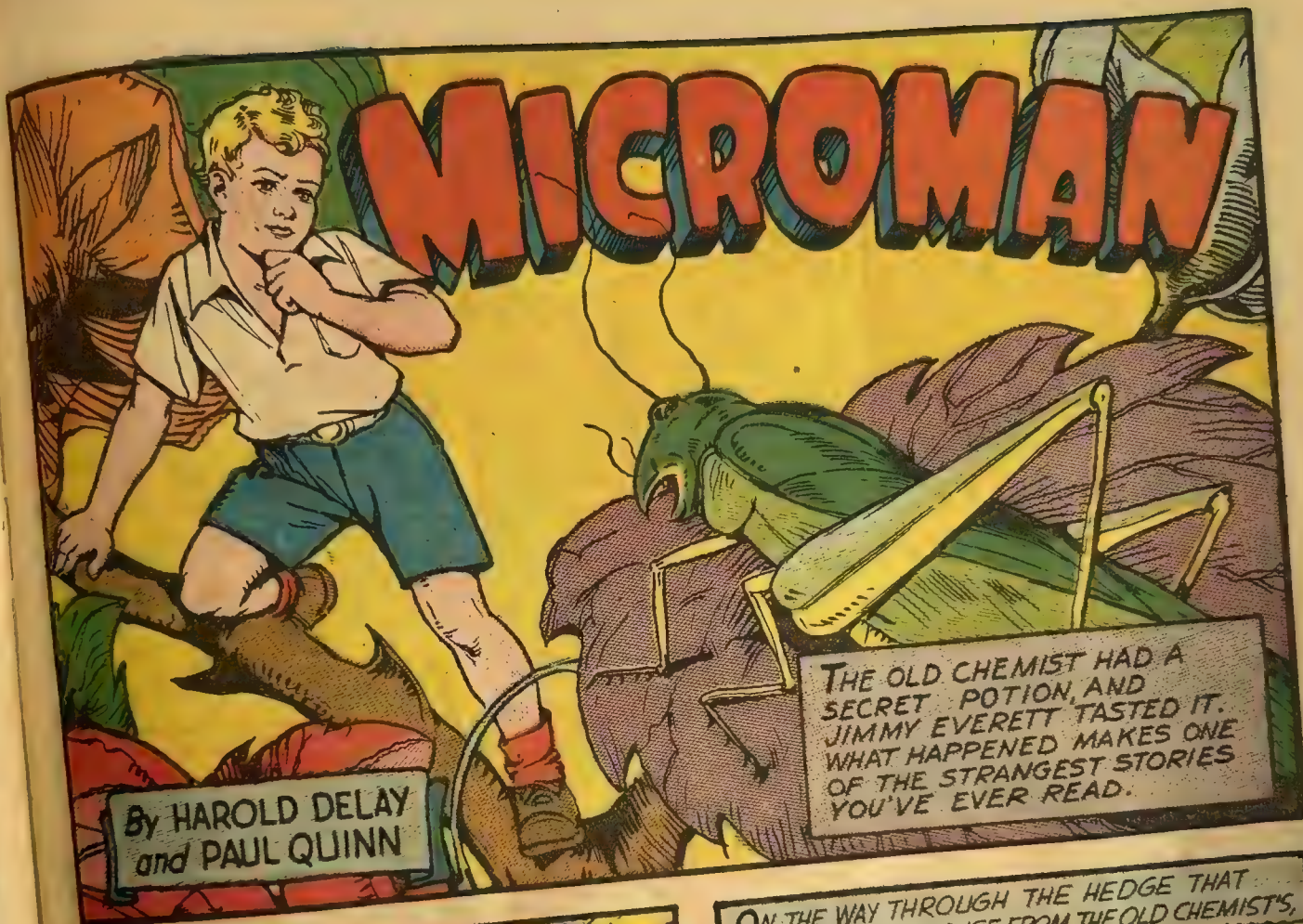
HELL
YOU C
TOBA
ME
Y

FOR

EH! SO,
ED THAT
NSOM MONEY
BRIBE HIS WAY
L, IT WILL BE
E PLEASURE
Y SUMMATION
OW!

PERSON
COUNTS!

Read THE
VISION
New...
STARTLING
DIFFERENT!
EACH MONTH
in
MARVEL
COMICS!



By HAROLD DELAY
and PAUL QUINN

THE OLD CHEMIST HAD A
SECRET POTION, AND
JIMMY EVERETT TASTED IT.
WHAT HAPPENED MAKES ONE
OF THE STRANGEST STORIES
YOU'VE EVER READ.

JIMMY EVERETT, BORED WITH INACTION,
MAKES A DECISION THAT IS TO CHANGE
HIS ENTIRE LIFE —

NOTHING AROUND BUT
FLOWERS AND BUGS.
THINK I'LL VISIT OLD MR.
SCHMIDT, THE CHEMIST.

ON THE WAY THROUGH THE HEDGE THAT
SEPARATES HIS HOUSE FROM THE OLD CHEMIST'S,
JIMMY SEES A BLACK ANT.

HELLO THERE!
WISH I WAS AS
SMALL AS YOU.
THEN I COULD
FIND A LOT OF NEW
THINGS TO DO.

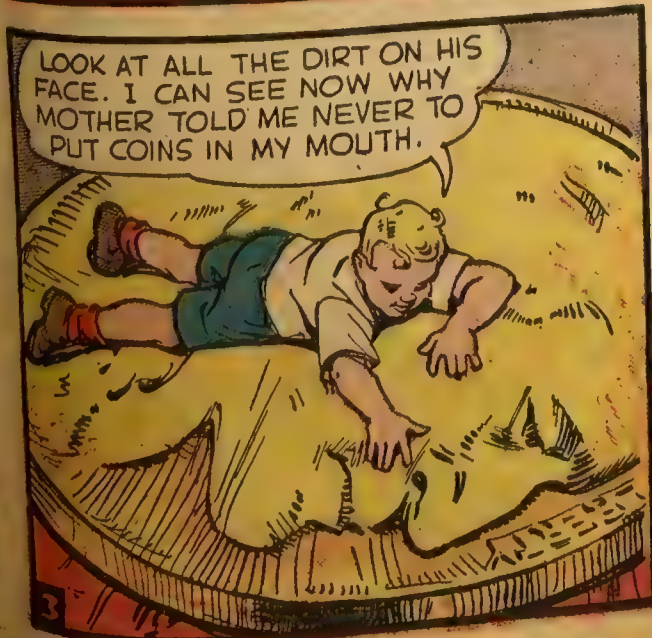
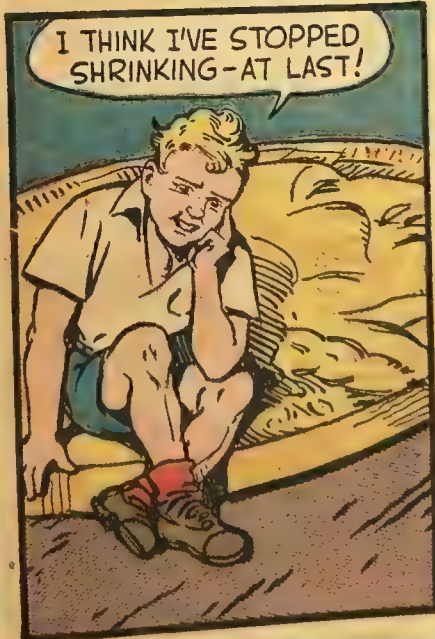
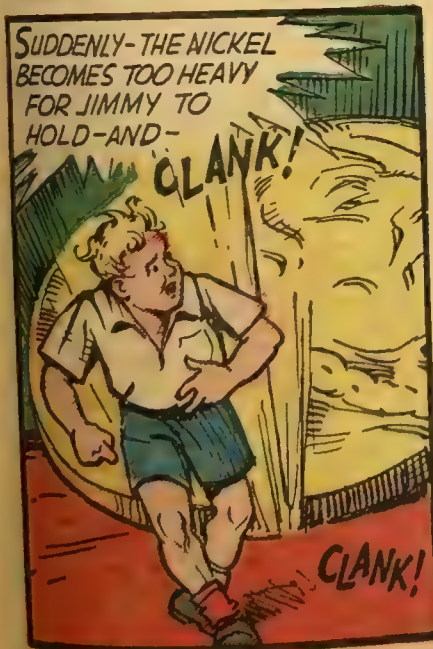
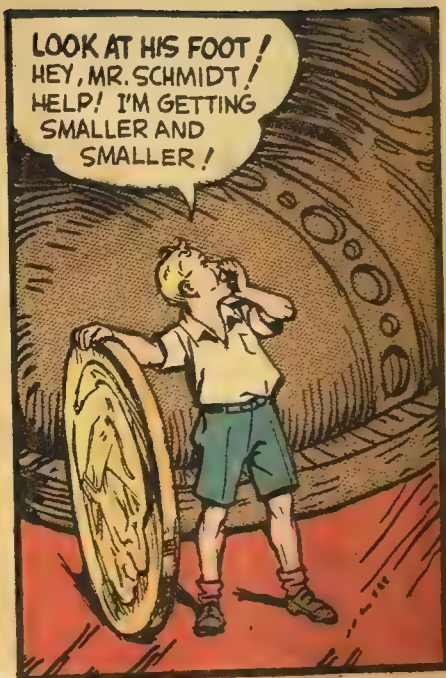
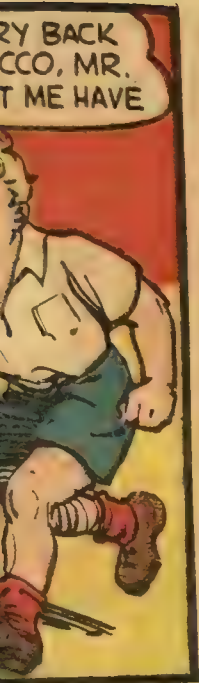
IN MR. SCHMIDT'S LABORATORY—
NEXT DOOR.

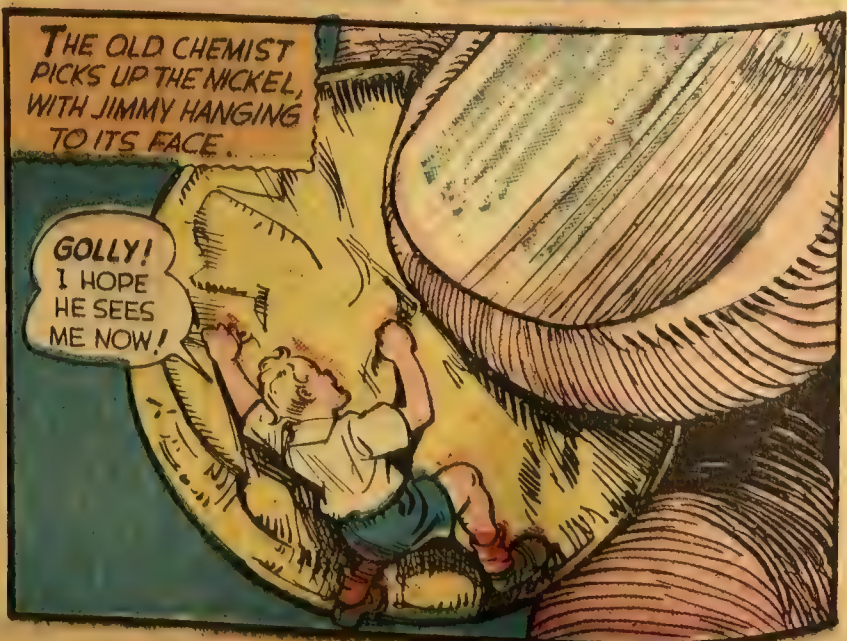
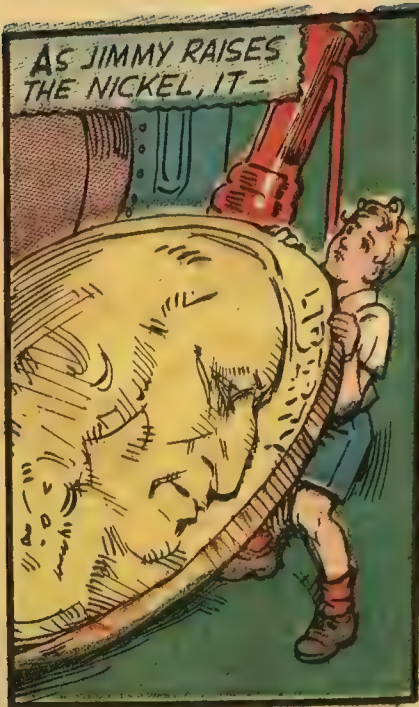
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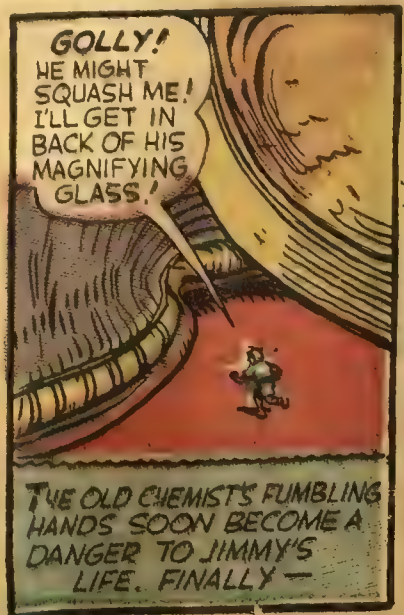
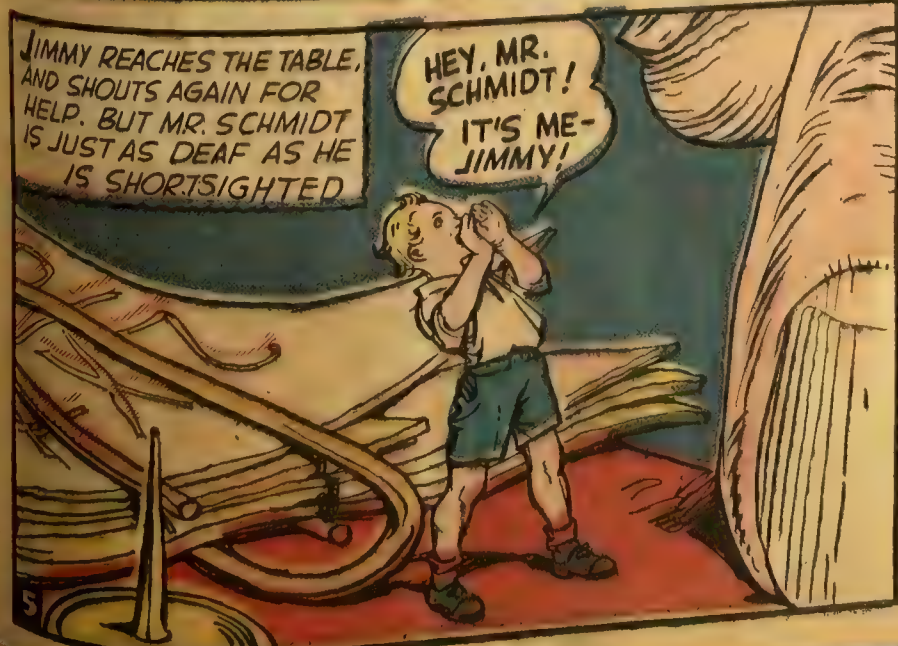
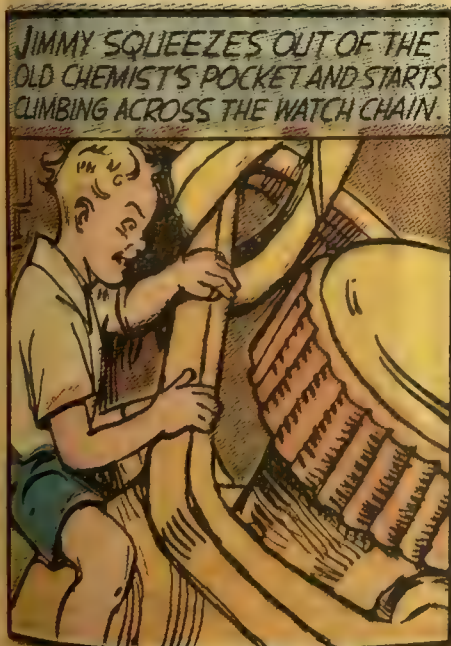
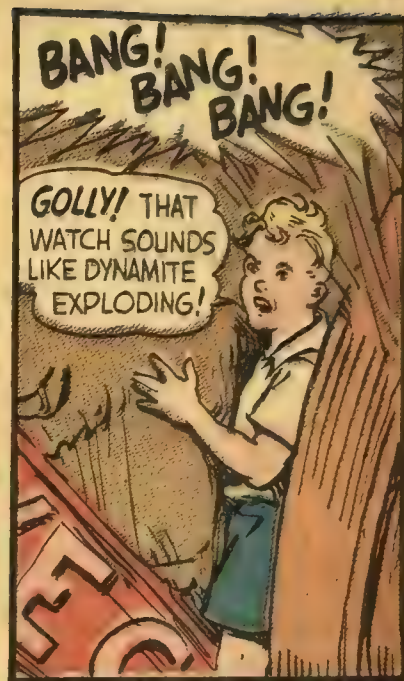
HELLO, JIMMY. SURE
YOU CAN. I'M ALL OUT OF
TOBACCO. IF YOU GET
ME SOME I'LL GIVE
YOU A NICKEL.

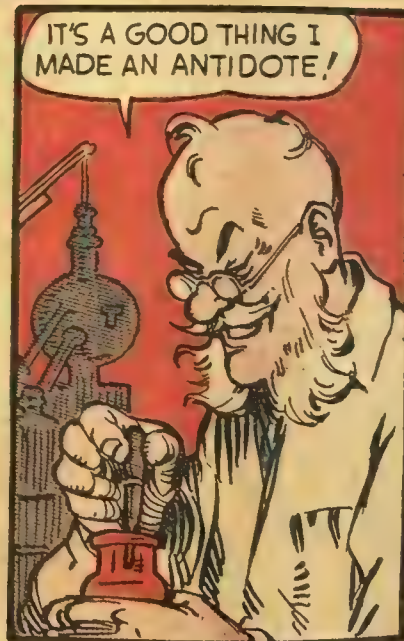
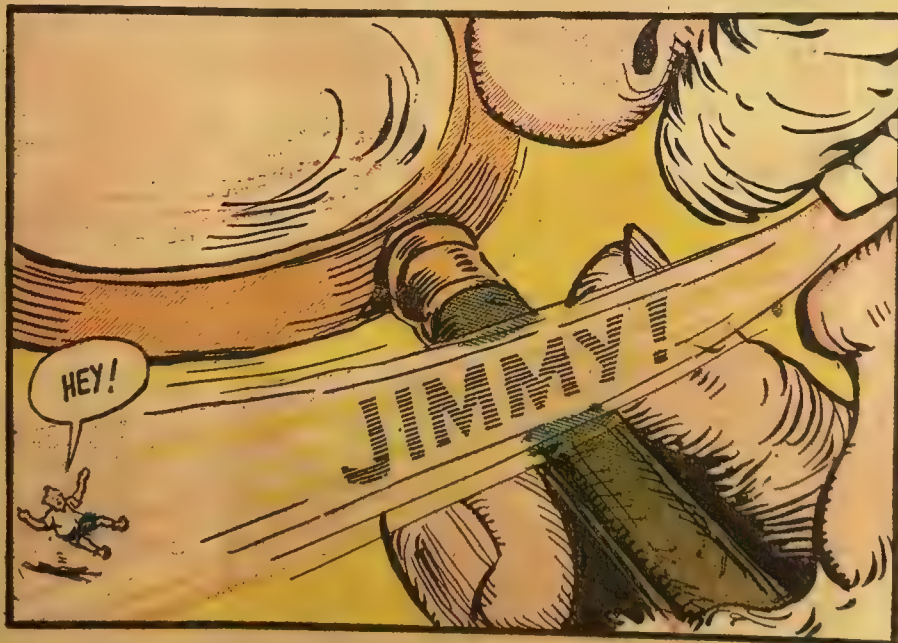
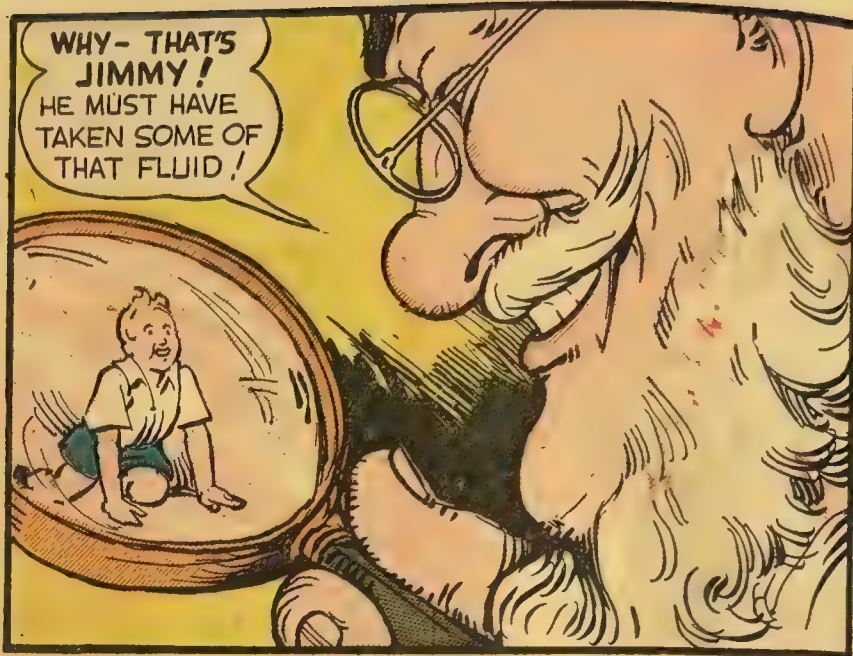


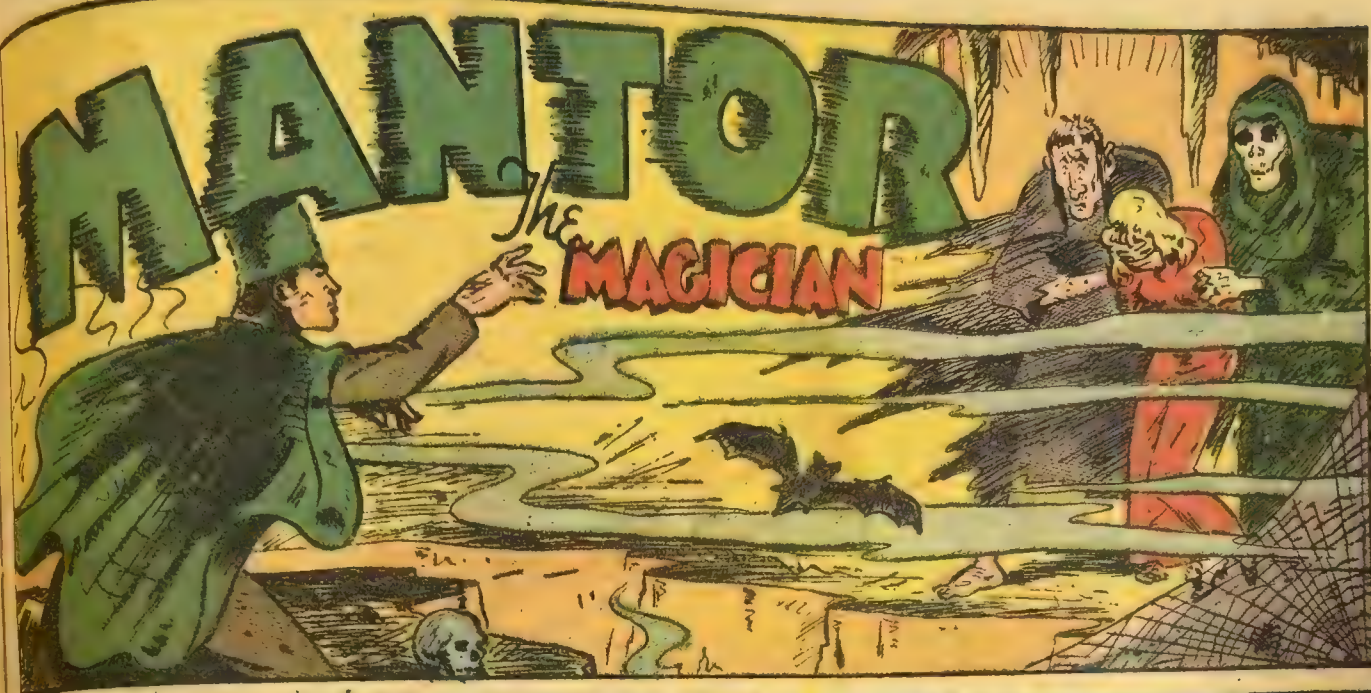
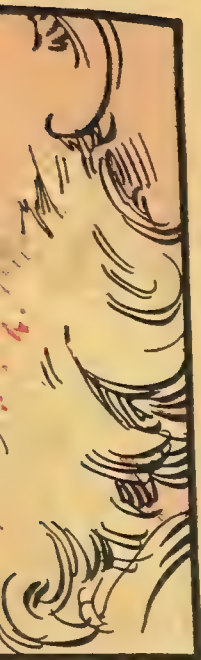


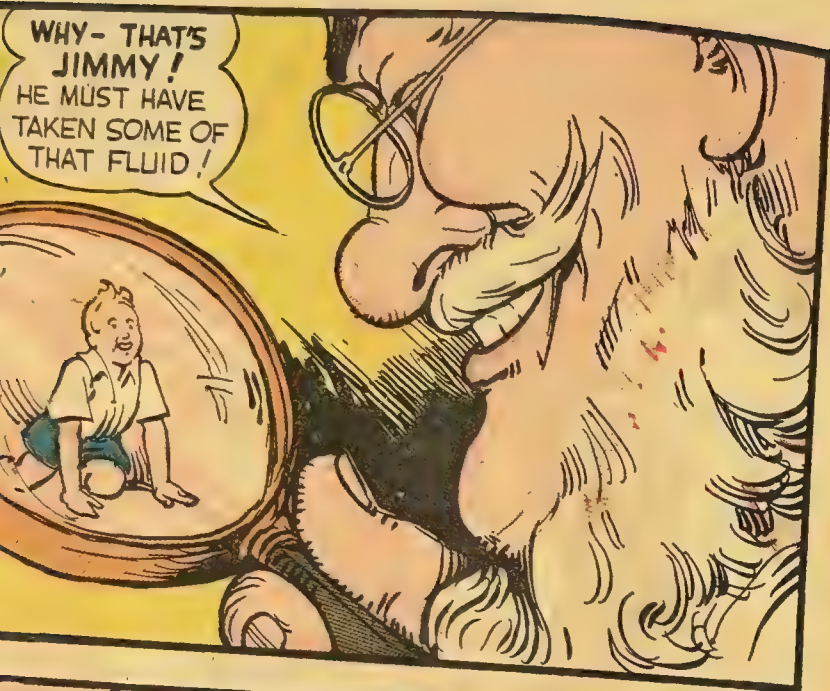


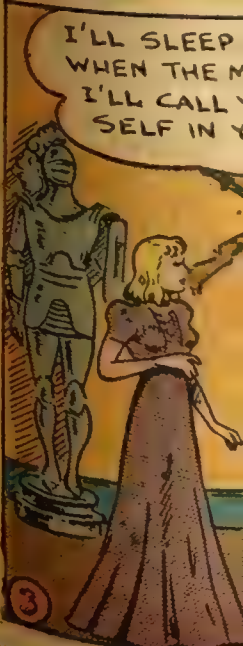
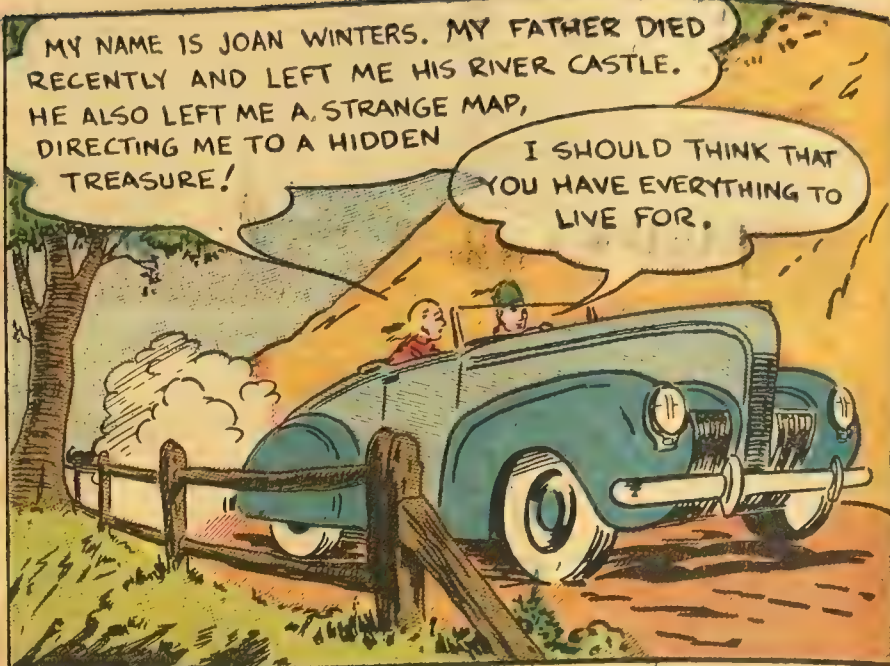








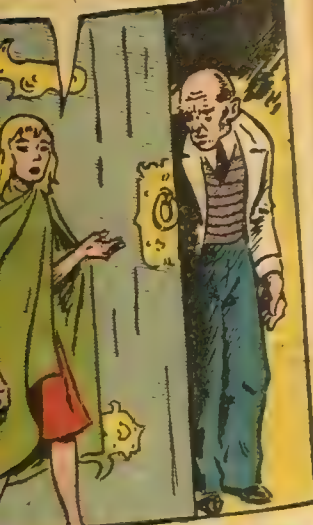






THINK THAT
RYTHING TO

WOULD! THIS IS
WAS MY FATHER'S
OR MANY YEARS.



OLITE
ROP,
S!
SAUNDERS!
WHAT'S THE
MEANING OF THIS
?



GESTURES TOWARD
RWAY AND THE DRAPES
ODENLY DRAWN ASIDE.



I WASN'T LISTENING,
MISS WINTERS. I CAME
TO SEE IF YOU WANTED
ANYTHING.

PLEASE LEAVE
THE ROOM
AT ONCE!



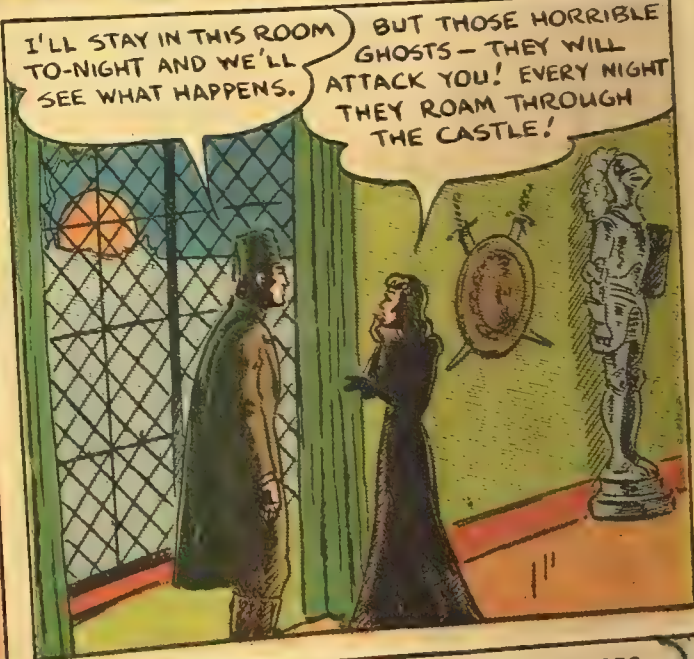
HE FRIGHTENS ME WITH HIS
STEALTHY WAYS. HIS BROTHER
WAS OUR GARDNER, BUT HE DIS-
APPEARED SHORTLY AFTER MY
FATHER DIED



ACCORDING TO THE DIRECTIONS
ON THIS MAP, WE MUST PRESS A
SPOT IN THE WALL OF THE GUN
ROOM WHICH WILL OPEN A SECRET
PANEL LEADING TO A HIDDEN
PASSAGE



AND THE LIGHT OF THE FULL
MOON SHINING THROUGH THAT
CRACK AT 2 A.M. WILL STRIKE
THE SECRET BUTTON.



I'LL STAY IN THIS ROOM
TO-NIGHT AND WE'LL
SEE WHAT HAPPENS.

BUT THOSE HORRIBLE
GHOSTS - THEY WILL
ATTACK YOU! EVERY NIGHT
THEY ROAM THROUGH
THE CASTLE!



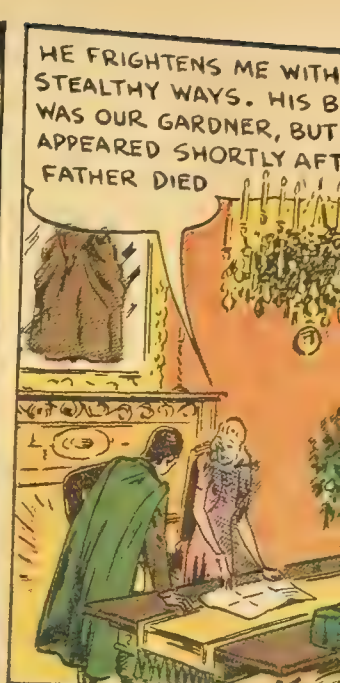
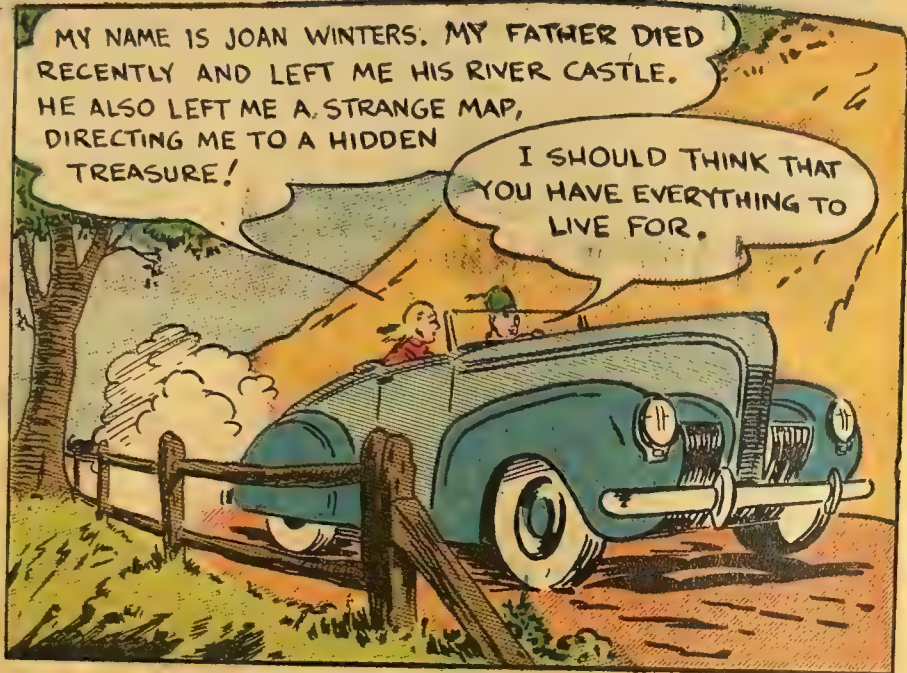
I'LL SLEEP THERE UNTIL TWO O'CLOCK.
WHEN THE MOON REVEALS THE BUTTON
I'LL CALL YOU. YOU MUST LOCK YOUR-
SELF IN YOUR ROOM UNTIL THEN.



BE CAREFUL!

DON'T WORRY. REMEMBER -
KEEP YOUR DOOR LOCKED
UNTIL I COME FOR YOU!

...MPED IN-
...A FOOL
...EN
...ERHAPS I
...N HELP YOU.
...ME WHAT
...APPENED.



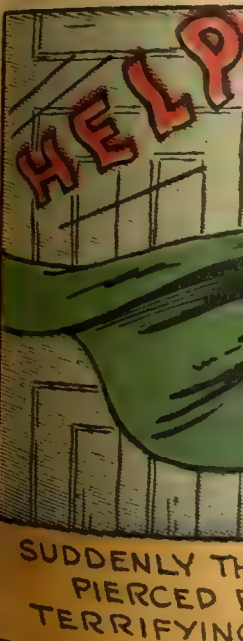
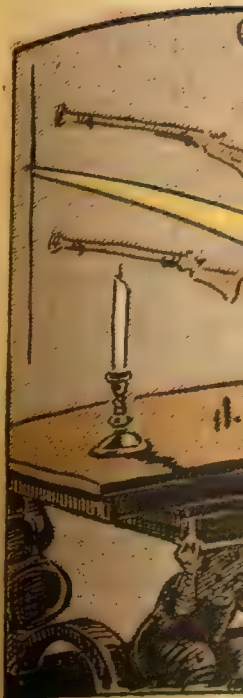
...HE
...I HEAR
...RE
...? I'LL
...OOK
...S!

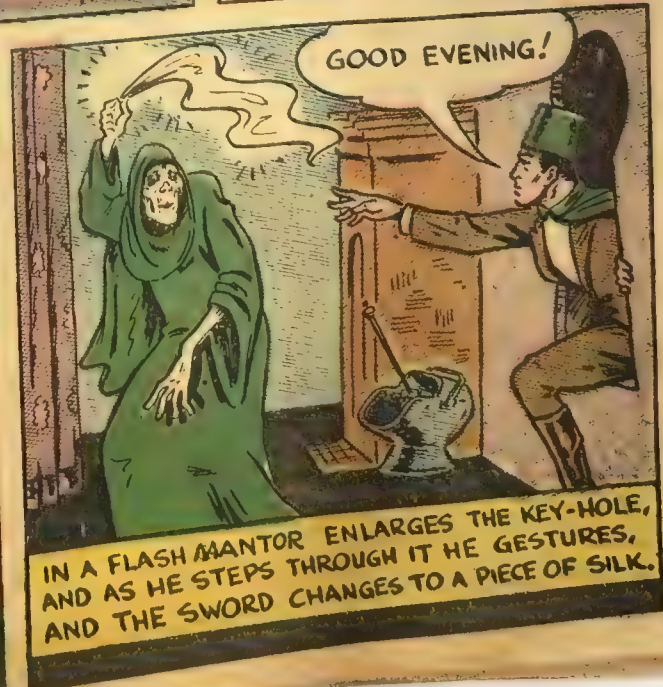
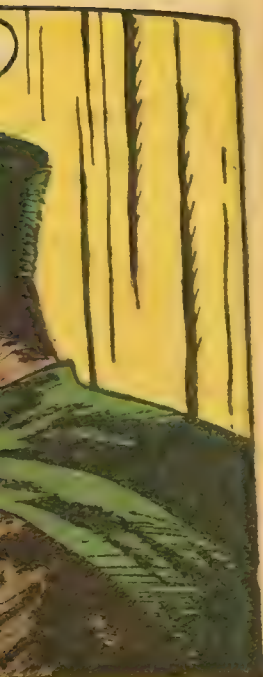


...I'LL ST
...TO-NIG
...SEE W



...BE CARE







AND A LIKENESS OF SLEEPING ON THE BED.



NOW I'M READY FOR THOSE GHOSTS



SWING OPEN, REVEALING FORMED CREATURE.



IT ENTERS THE ROOM AND SWINGS A MIGHTY AXE AT THE HEAD OF MANTOR LIKENESS.



N'T

MANTOR STEPS FORWARD, FIRE SHOOTING FROM HIS EYES AND FINGERTIPS. THE GHOST RECOILS —



WERE YOU LOOKING FOR ME?

— AND RACES FROM THE ROOM.



TWO O'CLOCK. NOW FOR THE MOONLIGHT!



THIS MUST BE IT.

MANTOR TRACES THE COURSE OF THE MOONBEAM —



HELP!

SUDDENLY THE NIGHT IS PIERCED BY A TERRIFYING SHRIEK.



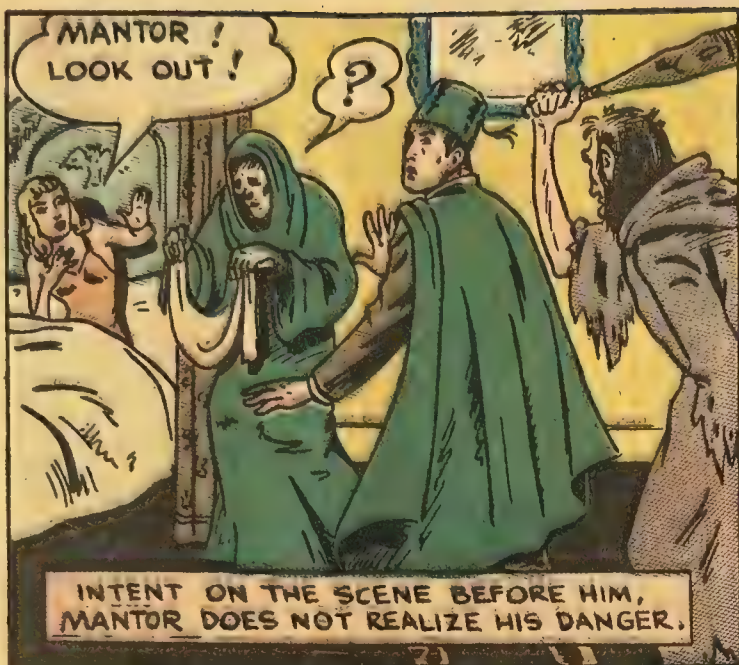
THAT'S JOAN'S VOICE



HELP! HELP!



IN A FL AND AS AND TH



MANTOR HEARS THE SPLASH OF WATER FROM BELOW AS HE RACES DOWN THE STAIRS.

THEY'VE THROWN HER INTO THE WATER!

SPLASH
HELP!
HELP!

I MUST SAVE HER FIRST.

MANTOR GESTURES AND—

—THE WATER MIRACULOUSLY DISAPPEARS, LEAVING JOAN STANDING ON THE BOTTOM OF THE CHANNEL.

IN ANOTHER MINUTE I'D HAVE BEEN DRAWN INTO THAT ABYSS.

COME! RUN UP-STAIRS AND PHONE THE POLICE! I'LL GO AFTER THE GHOSTS.

THE DUST IS SO THICK THAT EVEN GHOSTS LEAVE FOOTPRINTS! NOW FOR THE SURPRISE!

AT LAST. THE TREASURE!

LOOK! IT'S FLOATING AWAY!

GRAB IT!

SUDDENLY THE CHEST OF GOLD FLOATS UPWARD AND MOVES TOWARD THE DOOR!

HAVE YOU PHONED THE POLICE?

THEY'LL BE HERE ANY MINUTE! DID THEY ESCAPE WITH THE GOLD?



BEFORE HIM,
ALIZE HIS DANGER.



AS HE TURNS, A HEAVY CLUB CRASHES
DOWN ON HIS HEAD.



'RE
ME!
LL-
LL!
Y
OE.



WE'LL TAKE HER DOWN
WITH US AND LEAVE HER
THERE.



TURN LEFT.
FOLLOW THE
WINDING STAIR-
WAY TO THE
WATER.

I HEAR THE
SOUND OF
WATER NOW. WE
CAN GET RID OF
HER THERE.



THEY'RE GONE!
I'VE GOT TO
HURRY!



I HOPE I'M NOT
TOO LATE!

HELP!

AS MANTOR RACES TO THE SECRET
PANEL HE HEARS JOAN'S CRY FOR HELP.

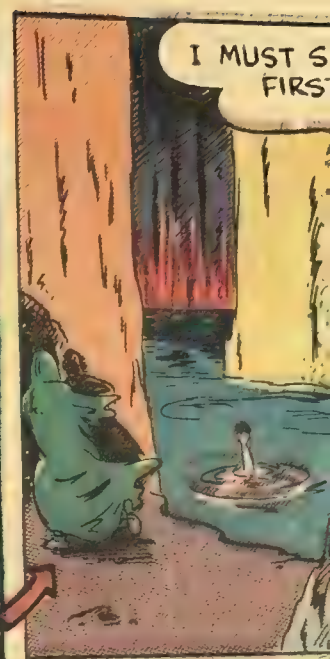
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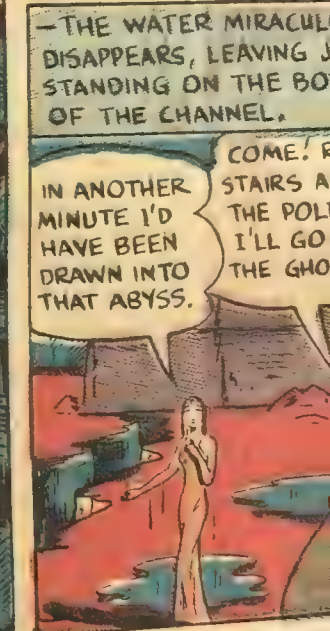
MANTOR HEARS THE SPLASH
OF WATER FROM BELOW AS
HE RACES DOWN THE STAIRS.

THEY'VE THROWN
HER INTO THE
WATER!

SPLASH
HELP!
HELP!



I MUST S
FIRST



-THE WATER MIRACUL
DISAPPEARS, LEAVING J
STANDING ON THE BO
OF THE CHANNEL.

IN ANOTHER
MINUTE I'D
HAVE BEEN
DRAWN INTO
THAT ABYSS.

COME! R
STAIRS A
THE POL
I'LL GO
THE GHO



AT LAST. THE
TREASURE!

MEANWHILE -



LOOK! IT'S
FLOATING
AWAY!

SUDDENLY THE CHEST OF
FLOATS UPWARD AND M
TOWARD THE DOOR!



JACK CAST
PHYSICIAN
ENDOWED W
POWERS OF TH
WHEN HE TAN
A MAD SCIEN
FIRST ESCAP
SPECIAL POLI
HIS SUPER
STRENGTH A
CAST ELECT
FROM HIS B
EARNED HIM
The FIER
SCOURG
UNDE



WHAT THE — THEY ESCAPED!

THEY WON'T THIS TIME —



— IF I CAN HELP IT!

THE GHOST AIMS HIS REVOLVER AT MANTOR WHEN —



PLAYING WITH A WATER PISTOL, EH?



AS THE GHOSTS RUSH MANTOR HE MAKES ANOTHER GESTURE AND —



WHY — IT'S SAUNDERS AND HIS LOST BROTHER!

I THINK THAT YOUR TREASURE WILL BE SAFER IN A BANK VAULT!

COME ON, YOU TWO!

THE GHOSTS ARE UNCOVERED.



EXTRA! EXTRA! EXTRA! READ.... EXTRA!! MARVEL COMICS! THE BEST MAGAZINE ON THE STANDS!



The FIERY MASK

The STRANGE BLOODLESS

JACK CASTLE, A YOUNG PHYSICIAN ... BECAME ENDOWED WITH ALL THE POWERS OF THE ELEMENTS WHEN HE TANGLED WITH A MAD SCIENTIST IN HIS FIRST ESCAPE AS A SPECIAL POLICE OFFICER... HIS SUPER-HUMAN STRENGTH AND ABILITY TO CAST ELECTRICAL RAYS FROM HIS BODY HAVE EARNED HIM THE TITLE OF

The FIERY MASK
SCOURGE OF THE UNDERWORLD!

IN THE OFFICE OF THE CAPTAIN OF DETECTIVES

YOU SENT FOR ME, CAPTAIN?

ER...UH...OH, YES...DR. CASTLE! COME IN!



HEY WON'T
HIS TIME—



—IF I CAN
HELP IT!

THE GHOST AIMS HIS REVOL-
VER AT MANTOR WHEN—

AS THE GHOSTS RUSH
MANTOR HE MAKES
ANOTHER GESTURE AND—



RS I THINK THAT
YOUR TREASURE
WILL BE SAFER IN
BANK VAULT!

COME ON, YOU
TWO!



EXTRA!
EXTRA!
EXTRA!
READ....
MARVEL COMICS!
THE BEST MAGAZINE
ON THE STANDS!



The STRANGE CASE OF THE BLOODLESS CORPSES



JACK CASTLE, A YOUNG
PHYSICIAN ... BECAME
ENDOWED WITH ALL THE
POWERS OF THE ELEMENTS
WHEN HE TANGLED WITH
A MAD SCIENTIST IN HIS
FIRST ESCAPE AS A
SPECIAL POLICE OFFICER...

HIS SUPER-HUMAN
STRENGTH AND ABILITY TO
CAST ELECTRICAL RAYS
FROM HIS BODY HAVE
EARNED HIM THE TITLE OF

The FIERY MASK
SCOURGE OF THE
UNDERWORLD!

IN THE OFFICE OF THE
CAPTAIN OF DETECTIVES...

YOU SENT FOR
ME, CAPTAIN?

ER..UH...OH,
YES...DR. CASTLE!
COME IN!



YOU KNOW WHY
I CALLED YOU,
I PRESUME!

YES—
I'VE BEEN
READING
THE PAPERS!



A cartoon illustration showing a man in a purple robe on the left, pointing his finger towards a woman in a green dress and a man in a green cap on the right. They are standing in front of a wooden door. Above the door, a sword is hanging on the wall. The man in the purple robe has a mischievous expression, while the woman and the man in the green cap look concerned or surprised.

-IF I CAN HELP IT!

THE GHOST AIMS HIS REVOLVER AT MANTOR WHEN —

WITH
PISTOL.

AS THE GHOSTS RUSH MANTOR HE MAKES ANOTHER GESTURE AND —



TRA!
TRA!

The FIERY MASK
SCOURGE OF THE
UNDERWORLD!



The STRANGE CASE OF THE BLOODLESS CORPSES

JACK CASTLE, A YOUNG PHYSICIAN ... BECAME ENDOWED WITH ALL THE POWERS OF THE ELEMENTS WHEN HE TANGLED WITH A MAD SCIENTIST IN HIS FIRST ESCAPE AS A SPECIAL POLICE OFFICER... HIS SUPER-HUMAN STRENGTH AND ABILITY TO CAST ELECTRICAL RAYS FROM HIS BODY HAVE EARNED HIM THE TITLE OF **The FIERY MASK** SCOURGE OF THE UNDERWORLD!





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IN THE OFFICE OF THE
CAPTAIN OF DETECTIVES...

YOU SENT FOR
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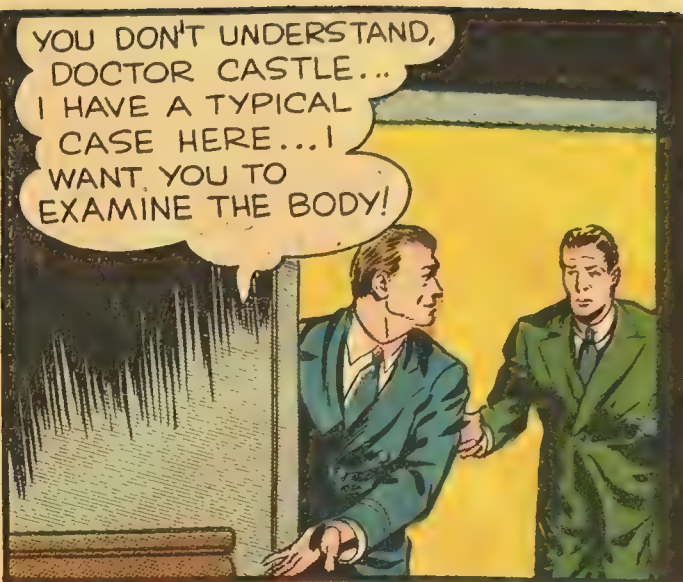
ER...UH...OH,
YES...DR. CASTLE!
COME IN!



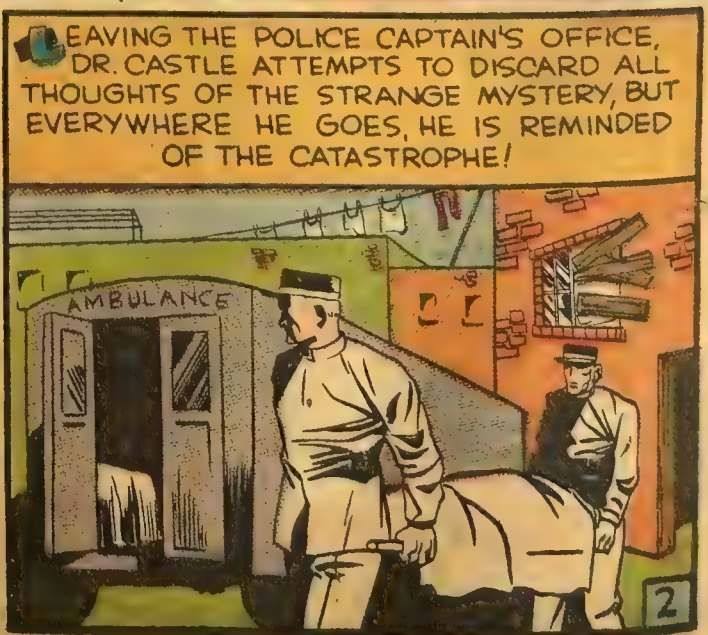
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I'VE BEEN
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THE PAPERS!

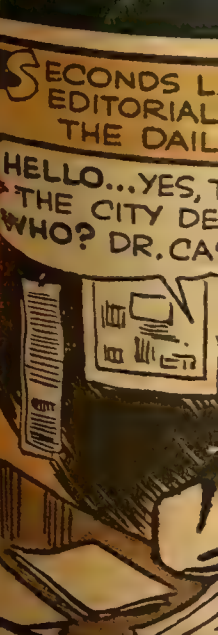




THE PUZZLED YOUNG PHYSICIAN HESITANTLY STOOPS DOWN TO EXAMINE THE MARBLE-LIKE CORPSE... SUDDENLY HE STIFFENS AND HIS ENTIRE BEING SHUDDERS AS HE REALIZES THE AWFUL TRUTH...



FOR THE M... TO THE MY... SNAPS AT A... READY SC... PLAYING



FOR THE NEWSPAPERS HAD SNATCHED ON TO THE MYSTERIOUS DEATHS AS A MOUSE SNAPS AT A PIECE OF CHEESE, AND ALREADY SCREAMING HEADLINES WERE PLAYING UP THE HIDEOUS MENACE...



CHILDREN ARE KEPT OUT OF THE STREETS... DOORS ARE LOCKED AT ALL TIMES... CITIZENS ARE DEMANDING PROTECTION FROM THIS WEIRD AND MYSTERIOUS DEATH!... VIGILANTE COMMITTEES STORM THE CITY HALL AS THE PANIC SPREADS!



IT'S THE ELEMENT OF MYSTERY WHICH CAUSES THE PANIC! WHEN THE CAUSE OF THE DEATHS ARE FOUND, THE REST WILL BE EASY!



REALIZING THAT WITH EACH PASSING SECOND, MORE LIVES ARE BEING SNUFFED OUT... DR. CASTLE SNAPS INTO ACTION!

THE FIERY MASK WILL SUCCEED WHERE THE POLICE HAVE FAILED!



SECONDS LATER, IN THE EDITORIAL OFFICE OF THE DAILY HERALD...

HELLO...YES, THIS IS THE CITY DESK... WHO? DR. CASTLE?



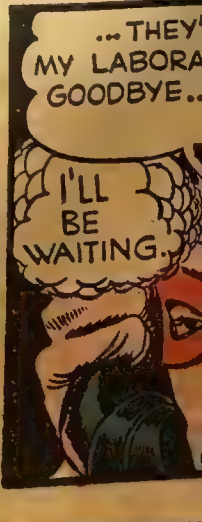
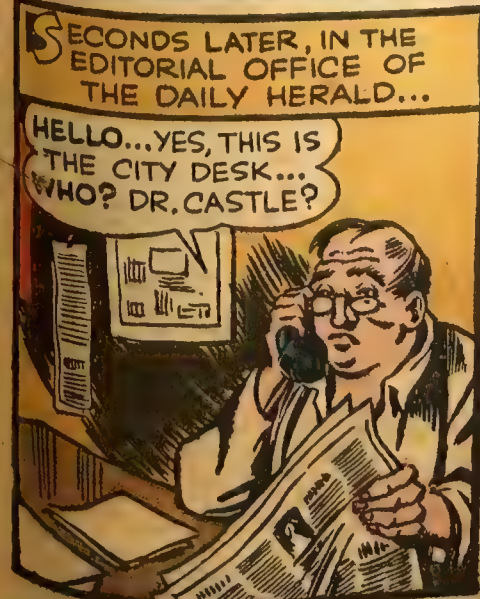
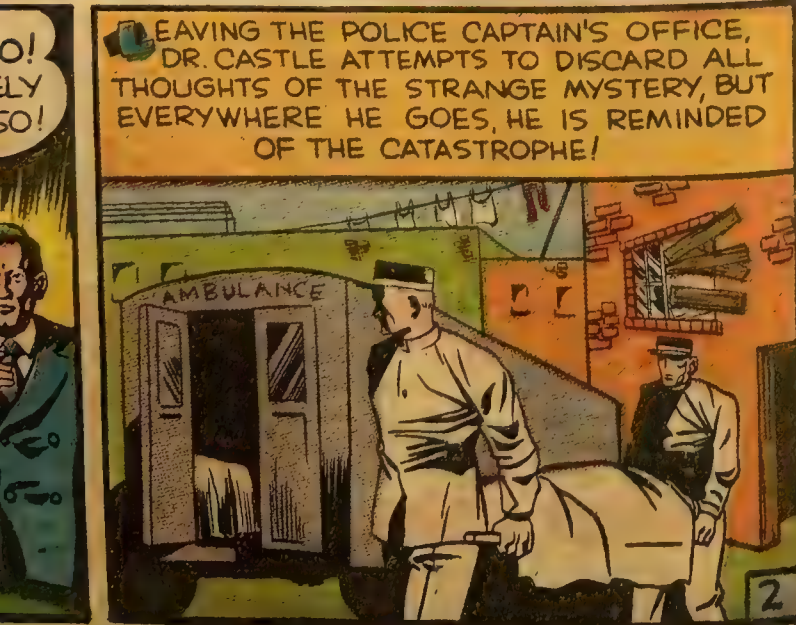
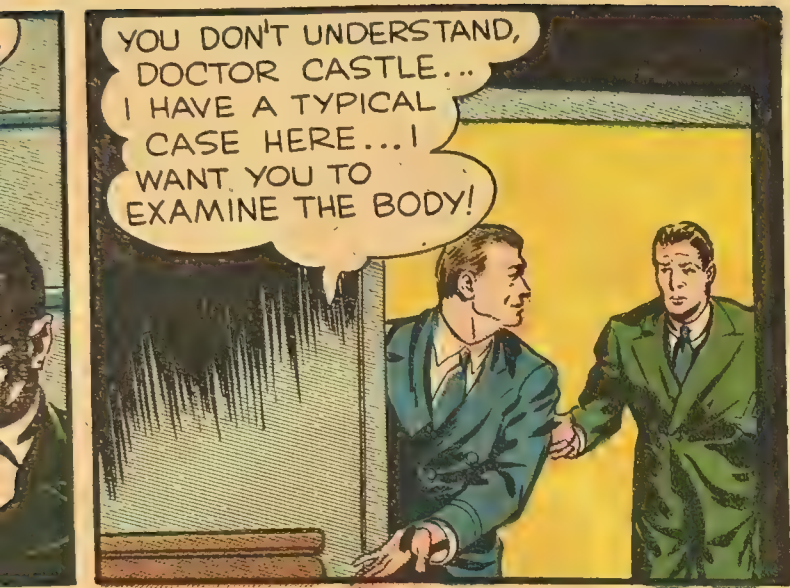
YES... I HAVE A CURE FOR THIS NEW MALADY- A BLOOD BANK... I HAVE STORED A HUNDRED QUARTS OF BLOOD OF ALL TYPES!



...THEY'RE IN MY LABORATORY!... GOODBYE...



I'LL BE WAITING...





POLICE CAPTAIN'S OFFICE, ATTEMPTS TO DISCARD ALL THE STRANGE MYSTERY, BUT HE GOES, HE IS REMINDED OF THE CATASTROPHE!

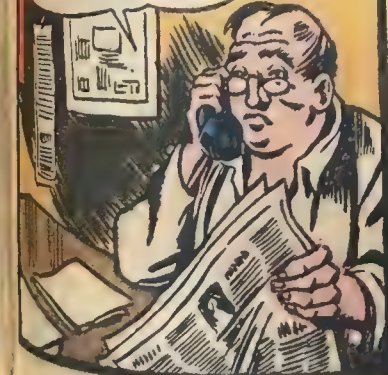


FOR THE NEWSPAPERS HAD SNATCHED ON TO THE MYSTERIOUS DEATHS AS A MOUSE SNAPS AT A PIECE OF CHEESE, AND ALREADY SCREAMING HEADLINES WERE PLAYING UP THE HIDEOUS MENACE...

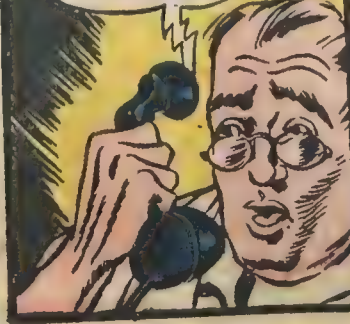


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REALIZING THAT WITH EACH PASSING SECOND, MORE LIVES ARE BEING SNUFFED OUT... DR. CASTLE SNAPS INTO ACTION!



...THEY'RE IN MY LABORATORY!... GOODBYE...



MYSTERIOUS
WEeping

SO
BOUT
E MUST
RELY A
THAT
VE
D

YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND,
DOCTOR CASTLE...
I HAVE A TYPICAL
CASE HERE... I
WANT YOU TO
EXAMINE THE BODY!

HE'S BEEN MURDERED,
ALL RIGHT... BUT
NO SIGN OF A WOUND-
AND THE BODY...
NOT AN OUNCE OF
BLOOD!

EXACTLY... SO
YOU SEE... IT'S MORE
THAN A DEATH WAVE-
IT'S MORE THAN THE
POLICE HAVE BEEN
ABLE TO FIGURE OUT!
THERE IS ONLY ONE
MAN WHO CAN FIGHT
THIS DEVILISH
MURDERER... THE
FIERY MASK!
YOU... DR. CASTLE!

HOPE SO!
CERELY
HOPE SO!

LEAVING THE POLICE CAPTAIN'S OFFICE,
DR. CASTLE ATTEMPTS TO DISCARD ALL
THOUGHTS OF THE STRANGE MYSTERY, BUT
EVERYWHERE HE GOES, HE IS REMINDED
OF THE CATASTROPHE!

FOR THE NEWSPAPERS HAD SNATCHED ON
TO THE MYSTERIOUS DEATHS AS A MOUSE
SNAPS AT A PIECE OF CHEESE, AND AL-
READY SCREAMING HEADLINES WERE
PLAYING UP THE HIDEOUS MENACE...

EPIDEMIC
SPREADS

IT'S THE ELEMENT
OF MYSTERY WHICH
CAUSES THE PANIC!
WHEN THE CAUSE
OF THE DEATHS
ARE FOUND,
THE REST WILL
BE EASY!

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DOORS ARE LOCKED AT ALL TIMES... CIT-
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FOR THIS NEW MALADY-
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HAVE STORED A
HUNDRED QUARTS
OF BLOOD OF
ALL TYPES!

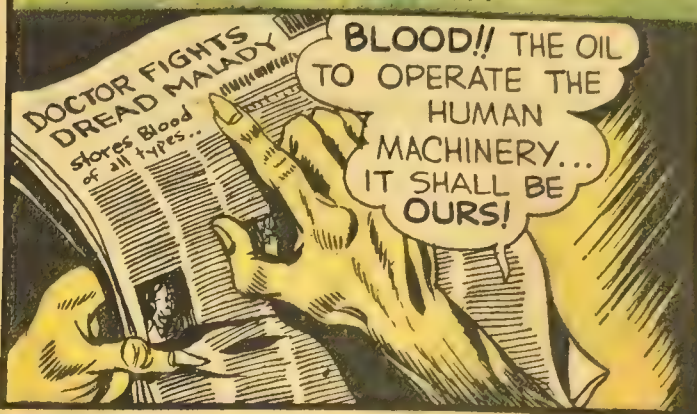
...THEY'RE IN
MY LABORATORY!...
GOODBYE...

I'LL
BE
WAITING.

HIS TRAP SET, THE FIERY MASK PREPARES TO MEET HIS ELUSIVE QUARRY...

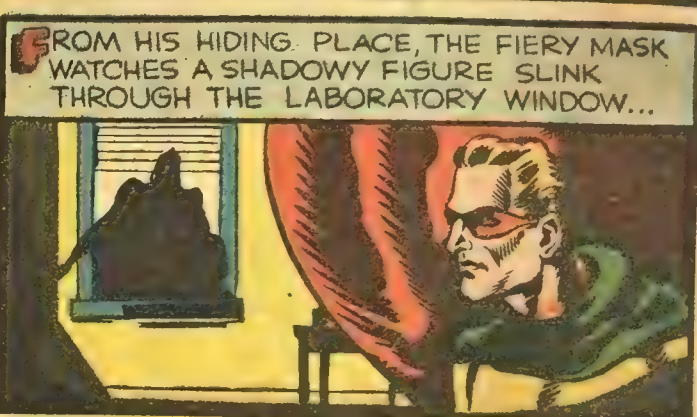


WHILE GREEDY EYES SCAN A NEWS-PAPER ITEM....



THAT NIGHT...

THIS IS THE ADDRESS...
DR. CASTLE'S OFFICE!



THE FIGURE LOOKS ABOUT THE ROOM... THEN MAKES A LUNGE AT THE CABINET, AND TAKES OUT A LARGE JAR!



HOLY SMOKES!
HE'S INJECTING THE STUFF INTO HIS BODY!



MAN OR DEMON...?

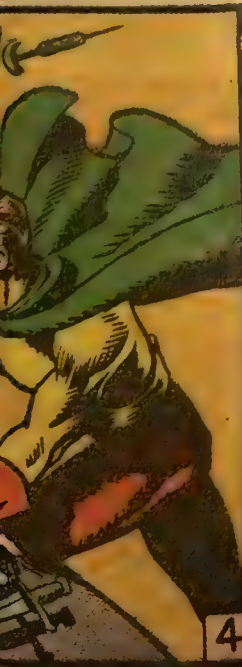
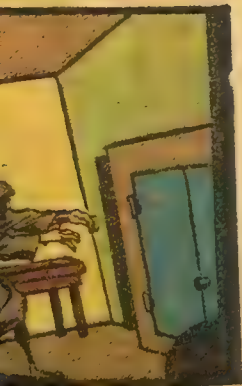


WE'LL KNOW SOON ENOUGH!

A NEWS-

THE OIL
E THE
AN
ERY...
BE

FIERY MASK
SLINK
WINDOW...

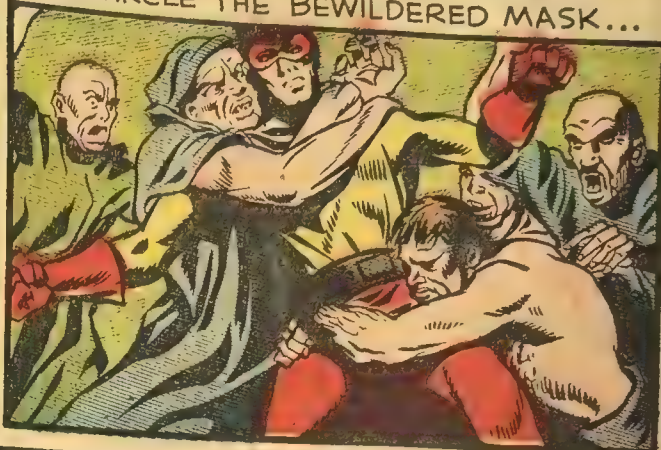


4

HIS EYES ABLAZE... THE STEEL FINGERS OF
THE FIERY MASK SLOWLY TIGHTEN
AROUND THE COLD FLESH OF THE
MYSTERIOUS FIGURE!



BUT SUDDENLY THE ROOM IS TURNED
INTO A HOWLING INFERNO AS MANY
PAIRS OF COLD, CLAMMY HANDS
ENCIRCLE THE BEWILDERED MASK...



LIKE A HUMAN
TORNADO, THE
SAVAGE YOUNG
CRIME-FIGHTER
TEARS THROUGH
HIS
MYSTERIOUS
ASSAILANTS...



SO!... IT'S FIGHT
YOU WANT, YOU
DEVILS? WELL...
COME AND
GET IT!

A WELL-
AIMED SOLAR
PLEXUS BLOW
SENDS SEARING
PAIN TINGLING
THROUGH THE
HANDS OF
THE FIERY
MASK!



WOW! WHAT
ARE THOSE
STOMACHS
MADE OF...
IRON OR
CONCRETE?



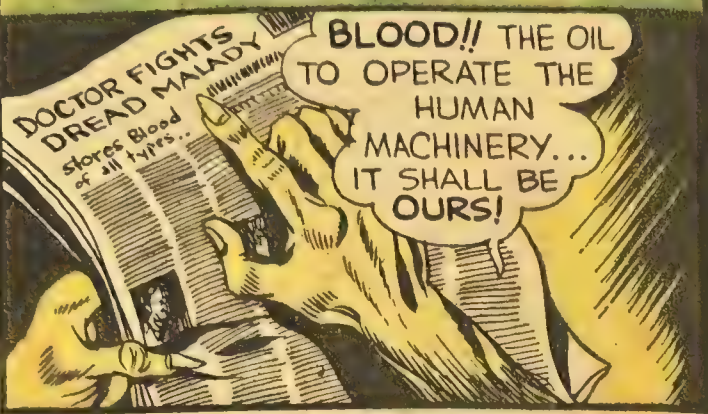
HE WILL BOTHER
US NO MORE!



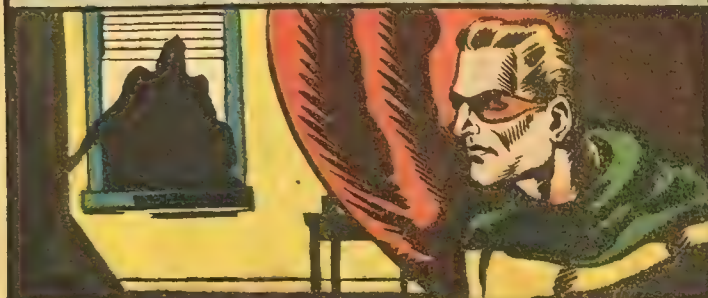
THE
MASK
IS
DOWNED.

5

WHILE GREEDY EYES SCAN A NEWS-PAPER ITEM....



FROM HIS HIDING PLACE, THE FIERY MASK WATCHES A SHADOWY FIGURE SLINK THROUGH THE LABORATORY WINDOW...



THE FIGURE LOOKS ABOUT THE ROOM... THEN MAKES A LUNGE AT THE CABINET, AND TAKES OUT A LARGE JAR!



WE'LL KNOW SOON ENOUGH!



HIS EYES ABLAZE...THE STEEL FINGERS OF THE FIERY MASK SLOWLY TIGHTEN AROUND THE COLD FLESH OF THE MYSTERIOUS FIGURE!

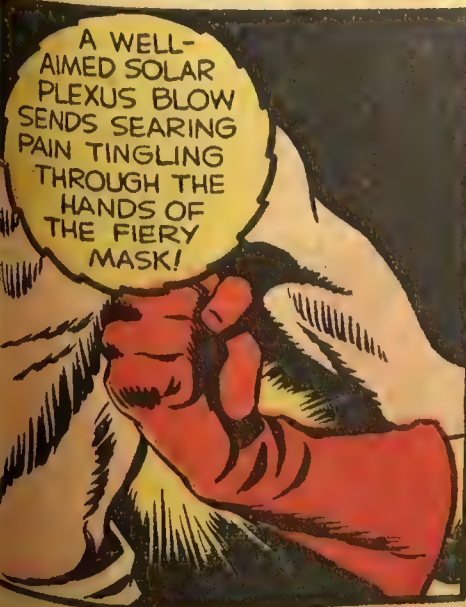


BUT SUDDENLY THE ROOM IS TURNED INTO A HOWLING INFERNAL PAIRS OF COLD, CLAWING HANDS ENCIRCLE THE BEWILDERED...



LIKE A HUMAN TORNADO, THE SAVAGE YOUNG CRIME-FIGHTER TEARS THROUGH HIS MYSTERIOUS ASSAILANTS...

SO!...IT'S FIGHT YOU WANT, YOU DEVILS? WELL... COME AND GET IT!

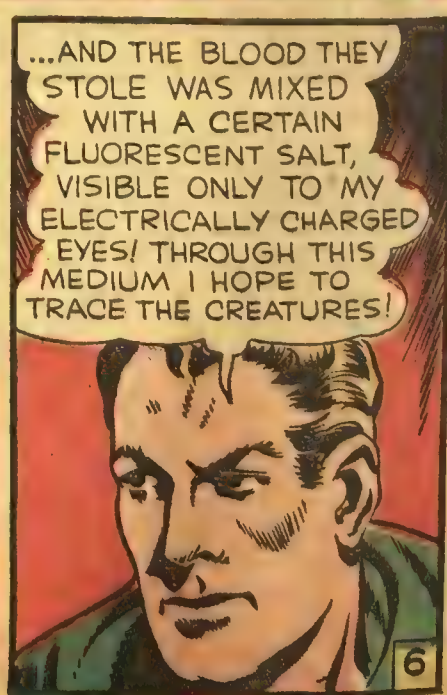
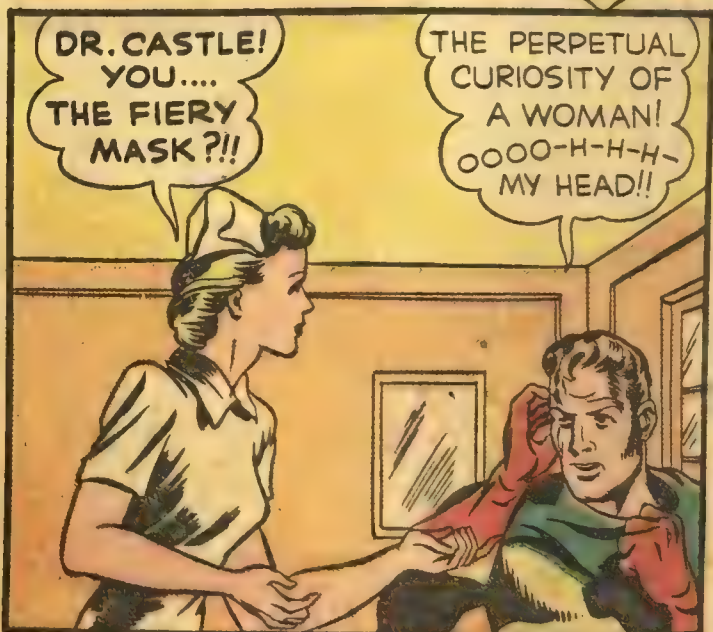
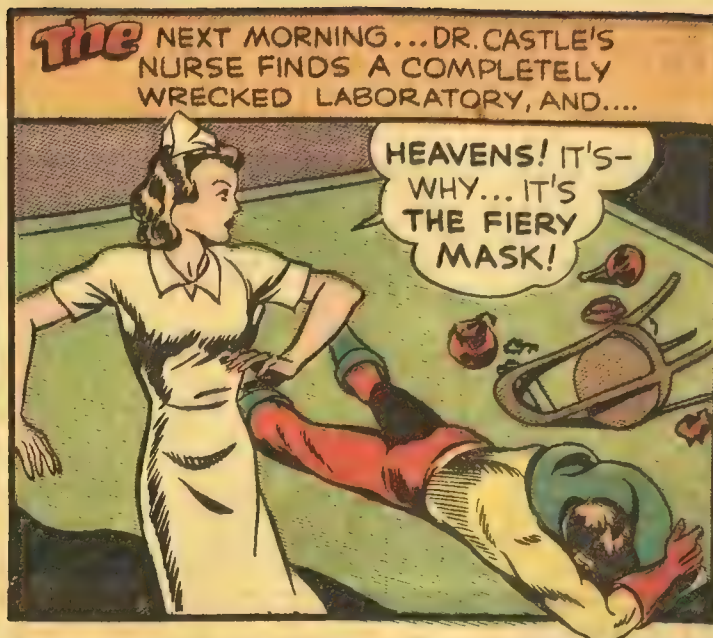


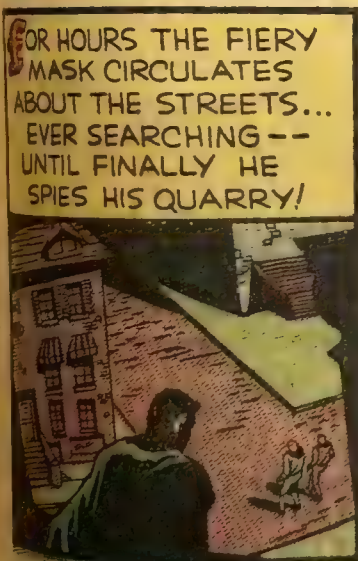
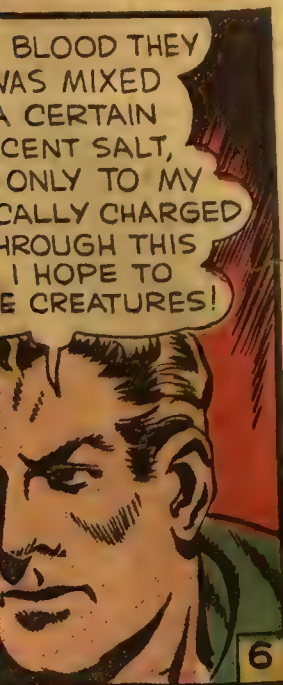
A WELL-AIMED SOLAR PLEXUS BLOW SENDS SEARING PAIN TINGLING THROUGH THE HANDS OF THE FIERY MASK!

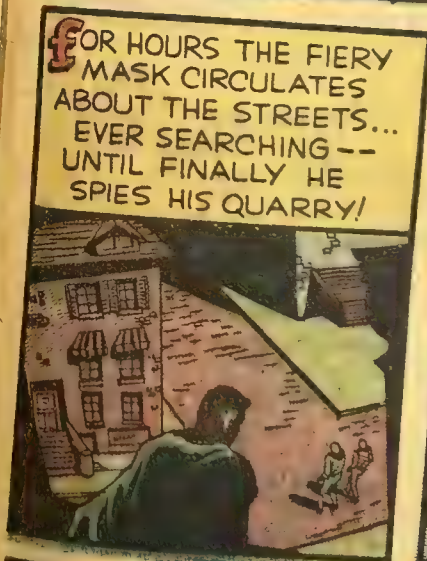
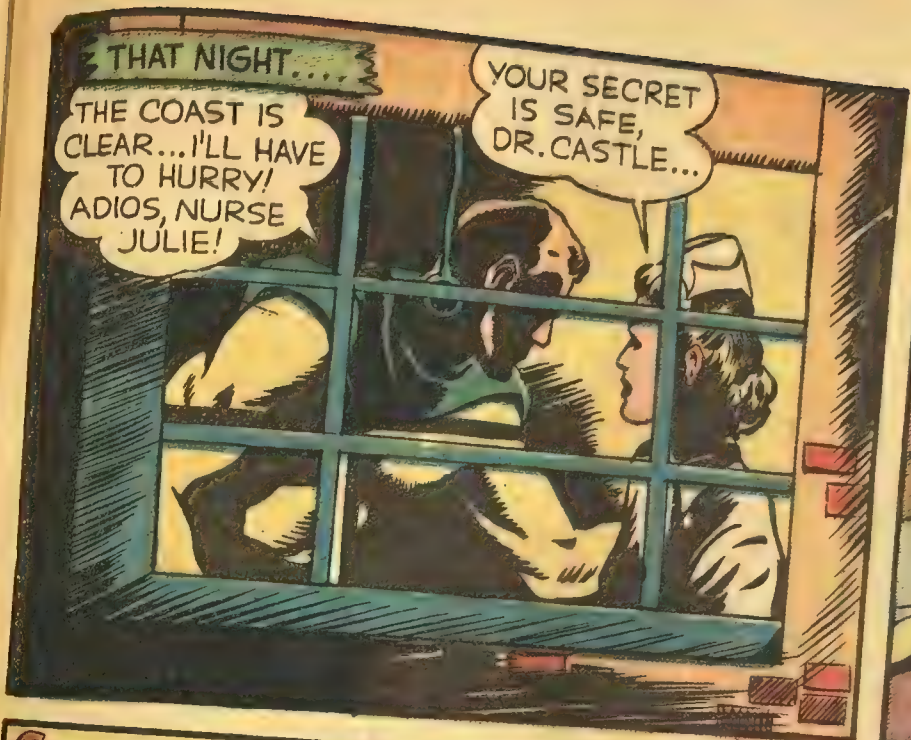
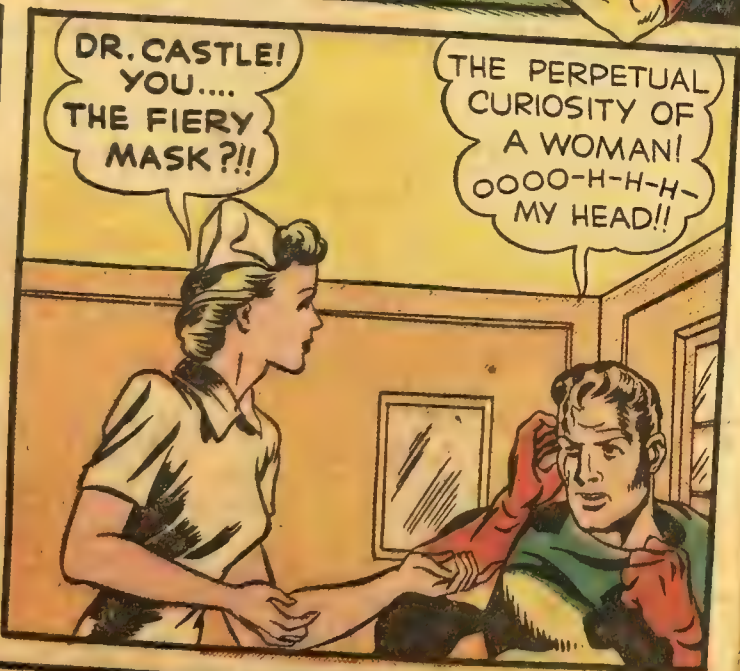


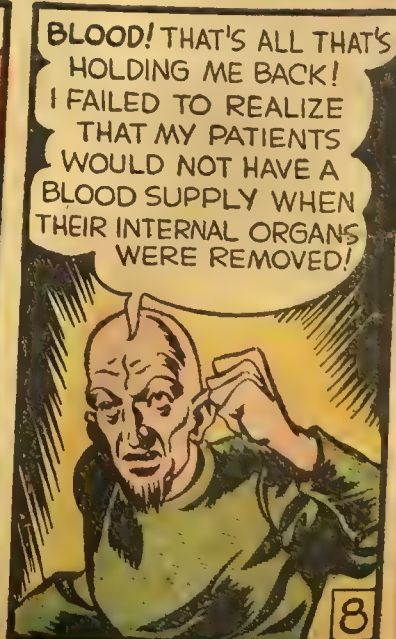
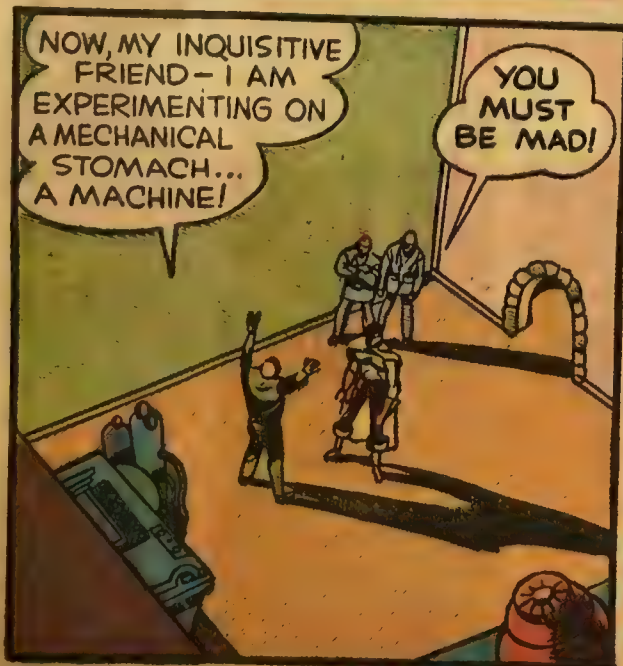
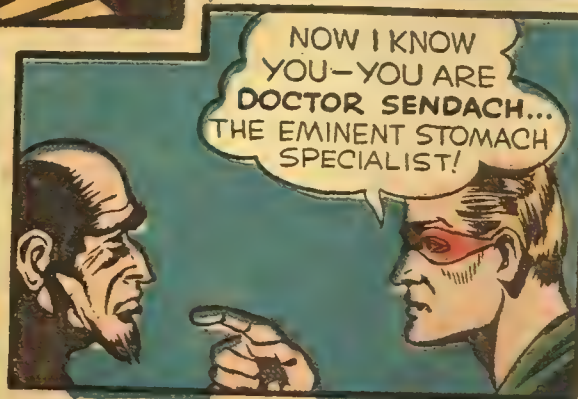
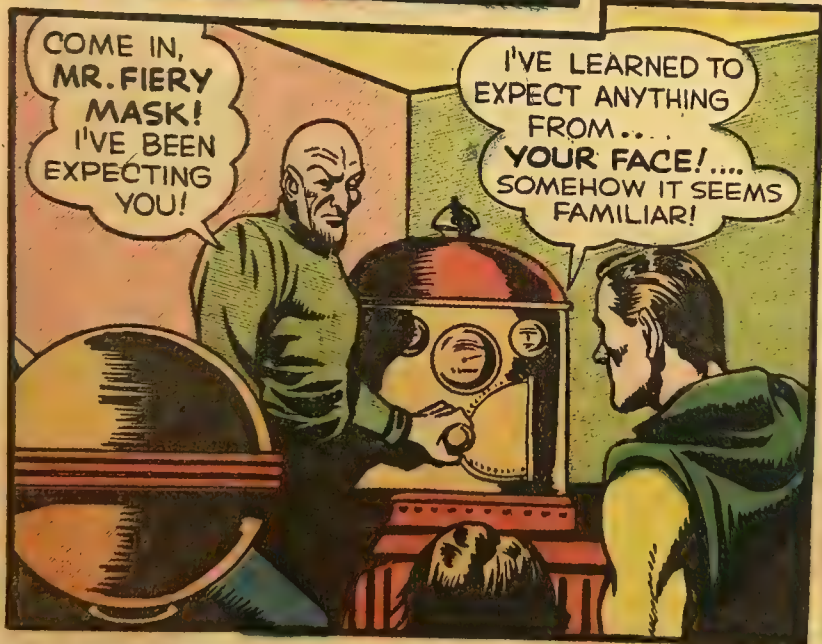
WOW! WHAT ARE THOSE STOMACHS MADE OF... IRON OR CONCRETE?











A MODERN
BIG ROOM...



KNOW
YOU ARE
SENDACH...
STOMACH
ALIST!



THAT'S ALL THAT'S
ING ME BACK!
TO REALIZE
MY PATIENTS
DO NOT HAVE A
SUPPLY WHEN
INTERNAL ORGANS
WERE REMOVED!



8

SO YOU MURDERED
A SCORE OF
HUMANS FOR
YOUR CRAZY
SCHEME!



MURDERED? NO...
EXPERIMENTED ON THEM
THE SAME AS I
SHALL EXPERIMENT
ON YOU!



NOT SO
FAST!

HE WHO FIGHTS AND
RUNS AWAY....



...LIVES TO FIGHT
ANOTHER DAY...
HELLO! WHO ARE
YOU?



I'M THE NEXT
PATIENT IF YOU
DON'T GET ME
OUT OF THIS
MADHOUSE!!

I MAY BE ABLE
TO USE YOU...
THERE!
YOU'RE
FREE!



SOMEONE'S
COMING!

ONE FALSE MOVE AND
WE'LL ALL BE
BLOWN TO
BITS!

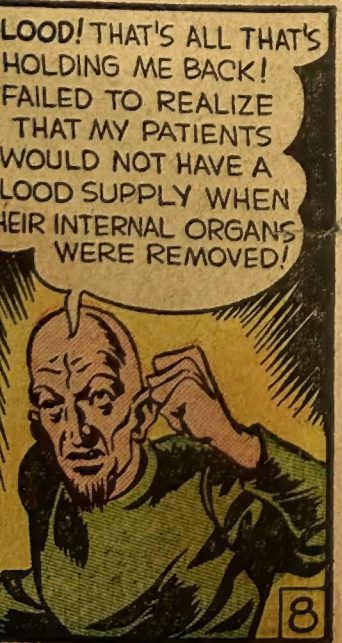


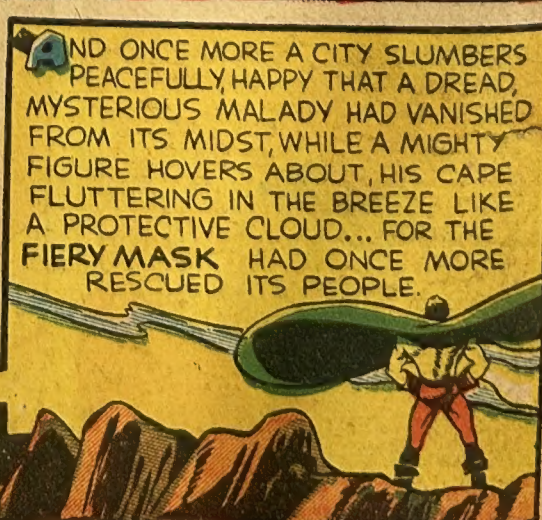
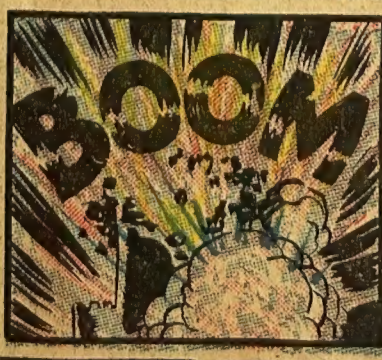
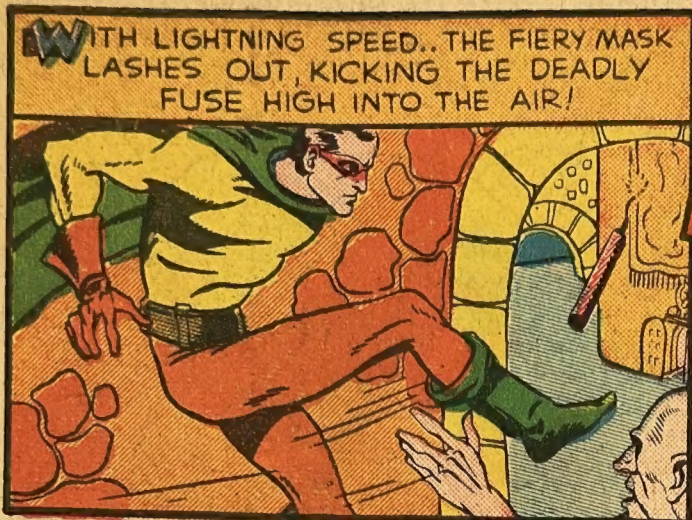
DYNAMITE!!!



9

nd INTO A MODERN
OPERATING ROOM...





REMINO

A beautiful and silver—only one d Noiseless R can be mov dred (600) office at ho

THESE

LEA

To help you special offer a to teach you method. When Remington R using your R Remember, th this offer hold

SPECIAL

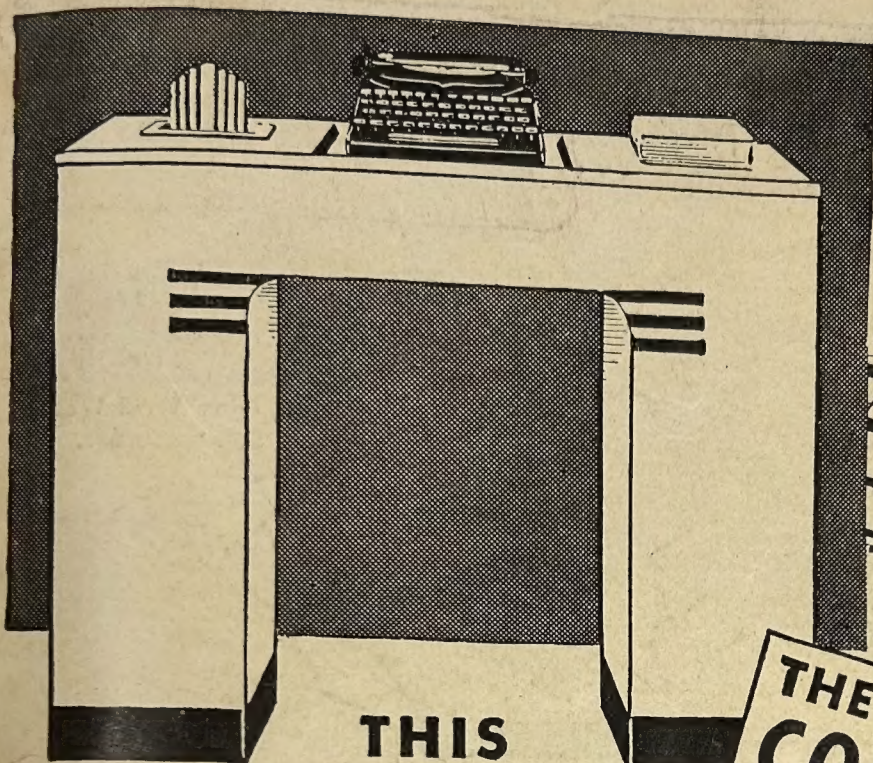
The Remington weight, easily c ton supplies a h 3-ply wood bo

SP

ALL ESSENT office machines able—standard stops and margi ribbon and aut paper fingers; m paper 9.5" wide cards and white

MON

The Remington sold on a trial b ten days trail, it back, paying good will depos



THIS BEAUTIFUL DESK FOR ONLY \$1.00

WITH ANY

REMINGTON PORTABLE TYPEWRITER

A beautiful desk in a neutral blue-green—trimmed in black and silver—made of sturdy fibre board—now available for only one dollar (\$1.00) to purchasers of a Remington Deluxe Noiseless Portable Typewriter. The desk is so light that it can be moved anywhere without trouble. It will hold six hundred (600) pounds. This combination gives you a miniature office at home. Mail the coupon today.

THESE EXTRAS FOR YOU LEARN TYPING FREE

To help you even further, you get Free with this special offer a 24-page booklet, prepared by experts, to teach you quickly how to typewrite by the touch method. When you buy a Noiseless you get this free Remington Rand gift that increases the pleasure of using your Remington Deluxe Noiseless Portable. Remember, the touch typing book is sent Free while this offer holds.

SPECIAL CARRYING CASE

The Remington Deluxe Noiseless Portable is light in weight, easily carried about. With this offer Remington supplies a beautiful carrying case sturdily built of 3-ply wood bound with a special Dupont Fabric.

SPECIFICATIONS

ALL ESSENTIAL FEATURES of large standard office machines appear in the Noiseless Deluxe Portable—standard 4-row keyboard; back spacer; margin stops and margin release; double shift key; two color ribbon and automatic reverse; variable line spacer; paper fingers; makes as many as seven carbons; takes paper 9.5" wide; writes lines 8.2" wide, black key cards and white letters, rubber cushioned feet.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

The Remington Noiseless Deluxe Portable Typewriter is sold on a trial basis with a money-back guarantee. If, after ten days trial, you are not entirely satisfied, we will take it back, paying all shipping charges and refunding your good will deposit at once. You take no risk.



ACT NOW!
ON THIS BARGAIN
OFFER.

**THE
COMBINATION
FOR AS LITTLE AS 10c A DAY**

How easy it is to pay for this combination. Just imagine! A small good will deposit and terms as low as 10c a day to get this combination at once. You will never miss 10c a day. Become immediately the possessor of this combination. You assume no obligation by sending the coupon.



SEND COUPON

NOW!

Remington Rand Inc. Dept. 423-11
465 Washington St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Tell me, without obligation, how to get a Free Trial of a new Remington Noiseless Deluxe Portable, including Carrying Case and Free Typing Booklet, for as little as 10c a day. Send Catalogue.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

PRIZES! For You!

**DAISY'S
1000 SHOT
RED
RYDER
CARBINE**

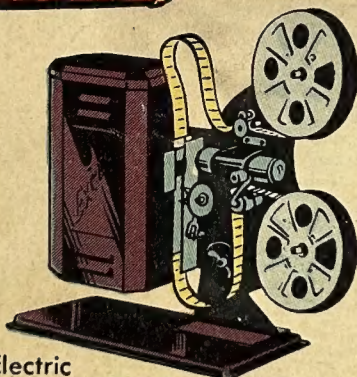
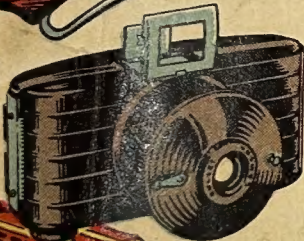
1000-shot repeater.
Sell one order.



Boys', Girls' Wrist Watches
Sell one order.



Sell one
order and get
your choice of
Eastman
Cameras.



Electric
Movie Outfit. Sell one order.



Fitted
Overnight Case.
Given for selling one order.



5-pc. Train
outfit with track.
Sell one
order.



10-pc. Toilet and Manicure Set.
Given for selling only one order.



Yale
Football
Set. Given for
selling one order



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HOLSTER SET**

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RING**



Be a "two-gun" cowboy—
belt, two holsters, two
Gene Autry revolvers,
all given for selling
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or fine gifts for Mother and Dad. They're yours
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IT'S EASY! Do like thousands of others have done—
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Christmas Packs at 10c each. Each pack contains
96 sparkling Xmas seals in brilliant colors—a
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choose your prize. It is sent **AT ONCE**.

Send coupon today for Xmas Packs and Big
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Please send me your Big Prize Sheet and one
order of 40 Xmas Packs. I will resell them at 10c
each, send you the money and get my prize.
My choice of prize is _____

Name _____

Street Address
or R.F.D. Box _____

City _____

State _____